

THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

May to November



M.D. CCC. XC. IV.

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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

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VOLUME I.

From May 15th to November 1st

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THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for May 15, 1894

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T. B. METEYARD

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POEMS. BLISS CARMAN

A BITTER COMPLAINT OF THE UNGENTLE READER.

"ME 'N' MAJE."

MARIA LOUISE POOL

THE EGOTIST.

MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY — AFTER HIMSELF.

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THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER I

MAY 15TH

THE UNSLEEPING

ISOOTHE to unimagined sleep
The sunless bases of the deep;
And then I stir the aching tide
That gropes in its reluctant side.

I heave aloft the smoking hill;
To silent peace its throes I still.
But ever at its heart of fire
I lurk, an unassuaged desire.

I wrap me in the sightless germ
An instant or an endless term;
And still its atoms are my care,
Dispersed in ashes or in air.

I hush the comets one by one
To sleep for ages in the sun.
The sun resumes before my face
His circuit of the shores of space.

The mount, the star, the germ, the deep,
They all shall wake, they all shall sleep.
Time, like a flurry of wild rain,
Shall drift across the darkened pane.

Space, in the dim predestined hour,
Shall crumble like a ruined tower.
I only, with unfaltering eye,
Shall watch the dreams of God go by!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



TITLEPAGE FOR "THE EBB TIDE" DESIGNED BY MR. T. B. METEVARD.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POEMS

NO other book of verse in the past two years has had such a sudden and surprising vogue among the critics as this of Mr. Thompson's. The reason is not easy to find, for he has not the qualities of prettiness and commonplace which make for usual popularity. He is neither simple nor sweet. His thought is neither vulgar nor obvious. The immediate phrase and the memorable cadence are alike beyond him. He is no little wooden Wordsworth; to read him is like chewing sand. Still he is being talked about, and his private life is food for the paragrapher.

I do not believe that his notoriety is due to the originality of his badness, nor to our own slavery to the reign of the Queer under which we live. I would rather believe it due to some taint he has of that finest, most inseparable element of all art — the element of imagination. This is the touch that even the Literary Critic cannot escape.

Imagination he certainly has, as several of his lines attest, flaring and undoubted; but it is an imagination uncouth and unschooled. It has never had its hair cut. He cannot depend upon it.

It dances before him like a Jack-o'-lantern and leads his judgment down woful, dark ways of flinty diction, where the forlorn reader toils after him, distraught and out of temper, only to be bogged at last in some ferocious solecism of idiom and good taste. He has made an indulgence of Browning. The pardonable sins of that great master have become in him a loathsome habit. There was in Browning's voice an occasional wayward accent, a personal inflection, that removed

much of his work from the perfect sphere of the great normal English, the poetry where all individual tones are submerged in the single beauty of a completely simple expression. And this wayward accent, this wholly personal mannerism, Mr. Thompson has acquired and elevated into a dialect. He is never simple nor direct nor sufficient for himself.

And yet I am not quite fair here, for it is Browning's vice rather than his manner that Mr. Thompson has acquired. He is worse than Browning's worst (in versification, I mean, of course), but he is not imitative. His evil deeds are his own and not another's. Though he fails lamentably of access to Heaven, he is yet, unlike Tomlinson of Berkley Square, worthy of damnation for sins original with himself.

“Chaste and intelligential love.”

“If I would praise her soul (temerarious if!)”

“The Sopped Sun — toper as ever drank hard —
Stares foolish, hazed,
Rubicund, dazed,
Totty with thine October tankard.”

Shade of Keats, what a jargon! And in this distorted fashion of speech all the work labors for utterance. The diction is affected and abominable, the technique is barbarous, slovenly and wilful. There is no excuse for an artist in words today allowing himself such gross liberties with his mother tongue. Tennyson and Milton have not lived in vain, and Mr. Swinburne, while he is a deadly model, is an indispensable master. But the English,— I mean, we English,—are the lords of whim, and every stripling who cannot master his art with ease, sets himself to acquire fame by his oddity.

An affectation of style is about as sensible as an affectation of dress. Mannerism is odious, manner is adorable. Affectation is the cardinal sin in all art. For art is the outcome of expression, and expression is the revelation of self,— sincere or nothing. The only excuse for manner and style is the compelling blind necessity the person has felt for just that ex-

pression and no other. He then becomes master even of his own style. But the little man is a slave to manner, even to his own manner; he is a mannerist.

Not that Mr. Francis Thompson is a mannerist, not at all. He is too young to be a mannerist. His manner is his own, and it is entirely sincere, but it is an essentially bad manner. And in ten years, unless he assiduously correct it, and strive for simplicity and naturalness and common dignity, it will have been stereotyped, it will have become mannerism.

If there were nothing, however, in this new book of poems but a strange manner of verse and a rough provincial accent, it certainly would not be worth mentioning. But there is more than that. There are fitful, wayward gleams of imagination, as I have said.

“Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars.”

“This laboring, vast, Tellurian galleon,
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
Had broken its cable, and stood out to space.”

It is not common to write so. And a few lines like these fully justify one in taking Mr. Thompson to task for his multitude of offences, his vagaries, his slipshod verse, his intolerable ugliness of phrase, his unhappy minting of words, and his straining of fancies to their death. He treats a fancy or a conceit as a child might treat a butterfly. He pulls the gauzy wings apart until the poor thing is wracked beyond all hope of loveliness forever. Indeed all his fault is the fault of youth. Whatever his age, he is a very young poet. He follows his eye too far abroad. He is not content to be simple; he has that great first lesson still to learn.

“And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.”

“Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.”

"But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose."

"Ere thy poet-mouth was able
For its first young starry babble."

"Made to unedge the scythe of Time."

"The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein."

"The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be."

"For we are born in other's pain
And perish in our own."

Scraps such as these (five of them are from one poem) are simple enough, but they are painfully infrequent in this over-rated volume. Acres of turgid juvenility and a few spears of poetry,— no such very great things after all.

No, I cannot feel that Mr. Thompson has yet written a single poem, I can only feel that he has allowed himself to put forth a premature volume of execrable verse, blotched here and there with an untutored though genuine fancy. Still his failures and offences are alike pardonable in his years,— I should say, in his inexperience. And if he will devote himself to the goddess Simplicity, that beauty whom the old parishioner of Rydal so shamefully bedraggled, he may yet write something that people can read, which shall also be worthy of his own vision.

The few romantic reports of Mr. Thompson's private life speak him a man of single purpose and childish heart, one indeed unlikely to be spoiled by praise of critics, or perturbed even for a moment by frank impressions such as these.

BLISS CARMAN.

A BITTER COMPLAINT OF THE UN- GENTLE READER

AN editor, a person of authority and supposed discretion, requested a friend of mine, the other day, to write an essay with this weird title: "How to Read a Book of Poems so as to Get the Most Good out of It." My friend, "more than usual calm," politely excused himself, suffering the while from suppressed oratory. He knew that the diabolic suggestion, made in all

— "Conscience and tendre herte,"

was a horrible implied doubt concerning the lucidity of himself and other minor bards, publishing today and tomorrow. They have become difficult to read only because a too educational world of readers is determined to find them so. Now, eating is to eat, with variations in haste, order, quantity, quality, and nocturnal visions; with results, in short; but eating is to eat. Even thus, as it would appear to a plain mind, reading is to read. Can it be that any two, or two thousand, can wish to be preached at, in order that they may masticate correctly in squads? — that they may never forget, like Mr. Gladstone's progeny, to apportion thirty-two bites to every stanza, with the blessing before, and the grace after? No full-grown citizen is under compulsion to read; if he do so at all, let him do it individually, by instinct and favor, for wantonness, for private adventure's sake: and incidental profit be hanged, drawn and quartered! To enter a library honorably is not to go clam-digging after useful information, or even after emotions. The income to be secured from any book stands in exact disproportion to the purpose, as it were, of forcing the testator's hand. To read well is to make an impalpable snatch at whatever item takes your eye, and run. The schoolmaster has a contradictory theory. He would have us in a chronic agony of inquisitiveness, and with minds gluttonously receptive, not of the little we need (which it is the ideal end and aim of a university education, according to Newman, to perceive and to assimilate) but of the much not meant for us. Wherefore to the schoolmaster there may be chanted softly in chorus: *Ah, mon père, ce que vous dites là est du dernier bourgeois.* The Muse is dying nowadays of

over-interpretation. Too many shepherd swains are trying to Get the Most Good out of her. When Caius Scriblerius *Bostoniensis* prints a lyric about the light of Amatoria's eyes which disperses his melancholy moods, the average public, at least in Boston, cares nothing for it until somebody in lack of employment discovers that as Saint Patrick's snakes were heathen rites, and as Beatrice Portinari was a system of philosophy, so Amatoria's eyes personify the sun-myth! And Caius shoots into his eleventh edition.

Mr. Browning, perhaps, will continue to bear this sort of enlargement and interfusion; indeed, nothing proves his calibre quite so happily as the fact that his capacious phantasmal figure, swollen with the gases of much comment and expounding, has a fair and manly look, and can still carry off, as we say, its deplorable circumference. But at the present hour, there is nothing strange in imagining lesser and more lucid subjects coming in for their share of dissection before Browning societies. Picture, for instance, a conclave sitting from four to six over the sensations of Mrs. Boffkin,

“Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits!”

(For Mr. Kipling must be a stumbling-block unto some, as unto many a scandal.) Is there no fun left in Israel? Have we to endure it, for our sins, that a super-civilization insists on being vaccinated by the poor little poets who have brought no instrument along but their lyre? Can we no longer sing without the constraint of feeding separately to the hearer what rhetoric is in us, what theory of cæsural pauses, what origin and sequences, what occult because non-existent symbolism? without setting up for oracles of dark import, and posing romantically as “greater than we know”? To what a pass has the ascendant New England readeress brought the harmless babes of Apollo! She seeks to master all that is, and to raise a complacent creation out of its lowland wisdom to her mountainous folly's level; she touches nothing that she does not adorn,—with a problem; she approves of music and pictures whose reasonableness is believed to be not apparent to the common herd; she sheds scholastic blight upon “dear Matt Prior's easy jingle,” and unriddles for you the theological analogies of

“Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy:
‘I am extremely hungaree!’”

She is forever waking the wrong passenger; forever falling upon the merely beautiful, and exacting of it what it was never born to yield. The arts have a racial shyness; the upshot of this scrutiny of their innocent faces is that they will be fain to get into a hole and hide away for good. We lay it all to the ladies; for the old, lazy, unprovincialized world of men was never so astute and excruciating. There were no convenings for the purpose of illuminating the text of Dr. John Donne, although the provocation was extreme. Poets were let alone, once upon a time; and what they did for their own pleasure and sowed broadcast for the pleasure of others failed not somehow to fulfil itself from the beginning unto the end. What is meant for literature now, begotten in simpleness and bred in delight, arises as a quarrel between producer and consumer,

“And thereof come in the end despondency and madness.”

The man's attitude even yet towards a book of poetry which is tough to him, is to drop it, even as the gods would have him do; the woman's is to smother it in a sauce of spurious explanation, and gulp it down.

Even in a sophisticating age, it is the nature of poets to remain young. Their buyers are always one remove nearer to the sick end of the century, and being themselves tainted with the sense of the importance of the scientific, are in so much disqualified to judge of the miracle, the phenomenon, which poetry is. To whomsoever has an idle and a fresh heart, there is great encouragement in the poetic outlook. The one stupendous dread is that modern readers may scorch that hopeful field. They refuse to take us for what we are; they are of one blood with the mediæval nominalists, who regarded not the existence of the thing, but the name by which they denoted it. They make our small gift futile, and their own palates a torment. We solemnly pronounce our wares, such as they be, handsomer in the swallowing than in the chewing; alas! so far, it is our fate to be chewed. Who can help applying to an adult magazine constituency which yearns to be told *How to Read a Book of Poems*, the “so help me God” of dear Sir Thomas More? “So help me God, and none otherwise but as I verily think that many a man buyeth hell with so much pain, he might have heaven with less than the one-half!”

ME 'N' MAJE

"MEBBY you don't take dorgs here, anyway?"

The woman was holding the door so that her figure might just fill the opening, and as she had a very thin figure, the door had an inhospitable appearance. Before she gave any answer she craned her head forward and examined space for a few yards about the man. "I don't see no dorg," she remarked.

"Oh, you can't see him; he's out to the corner of the house settin' down. I told him to se' down 'n' wait for me."

Having said this, the man adjusted his crutches so that he might rest on them more comfortably while he waited. He was used to waiting. He was watching the woman's face. She had pressed her thin lips together while she was considering, and when Mrs. Dart's lips were pressed together it was as if she had only a sort of cut in her face through which she might take her food.

"I don't expect we're called upon to support no dorgs," she said at last; "the town don't provide nothin' for dorgs, anyway. Besides" — here she paused, but added almost immediately, "our cat's dretful 'fraid of dorgs. She brustles all up horrid. She'd likely 's not run away, 'n' I d'know what we should do. She's a reg'lar ratter; 'n' the rats we have here are jest beyend words. I don't see why the town don't do something 'bout 'em. I tell Abram if he tended to things 's he'd ought to he'd say something 'bout them rats to town meet'n'. I tell him I wish the selectmen could see our hog pail 'most any time when it's settin' out there by the pen. It's jest a sight with them rats' tails in a ring right round the top of it, 'n' they with their heads down in the swill."

This seemed irrelevant, but the man did not interrupt. His faded old blue eyes were fixed on the woman's face. Somehow those eyes made her uneasy. She wished they were not

so mild and so gentle. When she stopped speaking he said that he knew some folks didn't like dorgs; they was afraid they'd run mad in the summer 'cause 'twas hot, 'n' in the winter 'cause 'twas cold. "But I aint 'fraid to resk that," he concluded.

There was silence for a moment, during which a Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree close by fluted out his song and then flew off, making a swift line of brilliant color as he went. The old man turned and gazed after the flying beauty. He smiled slightly as he gazed.

"Them birds are a lot of company for me this time er year," he said. "I guess they've built up in the top branch — though mostly they like ellums for their nests."

As he still continued to stand there Mrs. Darte could not quite make up her mind to shut the door on him. Presently he turned toward her again.

"This is the alms-house where I b'long," he began hesitatingly; "I'm towned here, anyway; 'n' I've 'bout made up my mind I can't take care myself no more. I'm gittin' old."

Mrs. Darte just now heard a hissing sound that told her the dried apple stewing on the kitchen stove was boiling over. She felt sure that the half-witted pauper inmate she had left to watch would spill the apple when she tried to move the kettle back. But here was old Lemmy Little who didn't seem to know enough to go away. Of course they couldn't take his dog. It was ridiculous; just like him to think they could. And her mother had always said that a good-sized dog cost as much to keep as a pig. She told herself that she hadn't any right to use the town's money to provide for a useless animal like that.

"I don't see how I can, no way," she said.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Mr. Little brightening, "you jest come out 'n' see Maje, 'n' p'raps you'll change your mind. He's such a good feller. You can't help likin' him; nobody can't."

"I guess I've seen him," was the response, the speaker showing no enthusiasm at the prospect of making acquaintance with Maje, "I've seen him goin' along with you."

"But you jest come out," the old eyes were still bright, "'n' speak to him. He's the best feller you ever seen. Why" — here the stubbly, weak chin quivered slightly — "I aint be'n 'thout him day nor night for ten year; 'n' ten year ago this spring he was a pup. They was goin' ter drowned him. I saved his life. I got him 'way from them two cusses of boys. I took off the rope 'n' the rock they'd tied to his neck. 'Twas the best job I ever done when I saved that pup. He's be'n mine ever since. My wife she'd died, 'n' my son he fin'ly died of that wound he got when the fact'ry blowed up, you know. 'N' I aint be'n fit for nothin' for I d' know how long. I've got ter give up peddlin' on 'count of my back 'n' legs. I knew this was the poor-house where I b'longed. I'd er come here 'fore only I kep' thinkin' how 'twould er made my wife feel if she'd known it. She was real high strung, Abby was; one of them Kimberlys over to North Bixby, you know."

As he said this the man drew himself up on his crutches and flung up his head. But he could not remain in that attitude, so he immediately sagged again between his supports.

"But you come out 'n' see Maje," cheerfully.

Mrs. Darté reluctantly stepped down from the door. She flung her apron up over her head. She glanced back into the passage that led to the kitchen. She could now distinctly smell the dried apple that was burning on the stove, and this fact did not make her any more amiable.

"Why don't you call him here?" she asked.

"'Cause when I tell him to se' down 'n' wait for me he expects me to come. I've brought him up that way. I aint goin' to begin confusin' of him with new ways."

Mr. Little swung forward on his crutches, and Mrs. Darté followed him. There was a proud and tremulous eagerness in his voice and manner as he reached the corner of the house and cried,

"Here he is! Come, Maje, 'n' give er paw to the lady."

A large, yellow, smooth dog with a square, black muzzle and light, hazel eyes rose from his haunches and came forward wagging his tail; not wagging effusively, but with a polite welcome. He held up his paw, but as Mrs. Darte did not take it, he put it down again. He glanced at his master, advanced his head and gave one lick of his tongue upon his master's dingy hand, then stood waiting, smiling a little, slobbering somewhat, and having a very pleasant look in his eyes. Yet these eyes had the appearance of possessing other powers of expression. A half-peck basket with a cover which was tied down with a string stood on the ground near where the dog had been sitting. The wooden handle of this basket showed unmistakable evidence of having been much carried in a dog's mouth.

"What's in that?"

As Mrs. Darte made this inquiry she pointed one finger at the basket.

"It's my sweet flagroot, you know," was the answer. "It's what I peddle a good deal this time er year. Folks don't care much about it, though; but it don't cost me nothin' to git it if I dig it myself. But it always did 'most kill me to dig it, 'n' my back's so now I can't do it no more. I told Maje I couldn't when I dug that mess. Sometimes I have pins, 'n' thread 'n' needles in there. Maje he carries the barskit,— I couldn't with my two crutches, you see. But 'taint so much 'cause he carries the barskit either, 't I couldn't git 'long 'thout him. It's jest 'cause" —

The man paused. His poor face worked. "It's 'cause I love him. I tell you what 'tis, Mrs. Darte, I don't want ter live 'thout Maje. I don't want ter live much, anyway, but I do hope I sh'll stan' it 's long 's Maje does." The high voice cracked on the last few words. The dog moved closer to his friend and looked up at him.

"What is it?" his eyes asked.

Mrs. Darte did not speak. Her face was not precisely as it was when she opened the door to Lemmy Little. And she had forgotten the burned apple on the cook stove.

"I s'pose he eat 's much as a man?" she remarked finally.

"No, he don't, he don't," eagerly; "he's a real small eater; he is. You're a real small eater, aint you, Maje?"

The dog flapped his tail on the ground; then he yawned. He might have been intimating that there were the best of

reasons why he ate so little. He had ranged up by his master and sat down as if to indicate that he and the man belonged to one party and the woman to another.

"I'll tell ye what le's do," said Mr. Little suddenly. "You let us in, Maje 'n' me. You jes' lemme have my share of victuals, 'n' I'll share with Maje. You c'n jes measure my victuals if you want to, 'n' I wont take nothin' more; honest, I wont. 'N' I'll feed Maje outer my share. 'N' he c'n sleep 'long of me. He always does. You see, 'twon't cost the town er cent; not er cent. Now will ye do it? If you don't, I d' know what'll become of us. I b'long to this poor-house, but I swow I won't stay where they wont take my dorg. I'll jest lay down 'n' die, 'n' be glad to, if they wont take my dorg."

As the quavering voice ceased, the owner of it leaned his crutches against the house and sat down on the ground beside Maje, who immediately put his head on the man's ragged knee. These movements were not made dramatically but as if this were the way the two wayfarers rested when they became weary on their journeys from town to town. Mr. Little looked up at the woman. His eyes were bleared and pale in the vivid sunshine. He had his hand on the dog's head, and the fingers of the hand were moving restlessly up and down. His toothless mouth hung open as he turned his head upward. Some sort of a pitiable attempt at an assumption of cheerfulness made him smile as he said,

"Guess if you'd ever had er dorg, 'n' nothin' else, you'd know 'bout me 'n' Maje. 'N' he's be'n wuss off nor me, 'cause he aint had only me, 'n' I've had him."

The man now gazed down at the dog again, and all the blurred lines of his face trembled.

"Wall," said Mrs. Dart suddenly and resolutely, "I tell you what 'tis, I've made up my mind to take you 'n' the dorg. 'N' if the town don't like it they may jest turn me 'n' Abram out. That's all there is about that."

Mr. Little glanced up at the speaker with a pathetic brightness. Then he quickly clasped the dog's head between his hands.

"Hear that, Maje?" he asked. "What 's mine 's yourn, anyway." He raised his eyes again and said firmly, "But you'll see 't the town wont be out er cent by my Maje."

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

NOTES

MR. Aubrey Beardsley is a person against whom the charge of secreting a moral precipitate in the potion of his art, cannot possibly be laid. This clever, more than clever, draftsman has disclosed himself to us in his pictures to Mr. Wilde's *Salome*. I do not know what he is trying to do.

He is neither Egyptian, Japanese, nor French, but a mixture of all three. Think of it—in an Englishman! His chief delight is a Parisian Mousmee in an Egyptian attitude. He is too noxious to be quite amusing, yet too humorous to be revolting. His imagination peeped from behind the tree at Adam's first bite of the apple; and he laughed in his sleeve at the unsuspected taste. With his mordant wit, his inhuman sympathies, his devilish grin, I should not be surprised to see him our greatest Satirist since Hogarth.



MR. BEARDSLEY—AFTER HIMSELF.

☞ He is hardly more than a boy, they say, but he is a wise youth, and in the last two years has so improved that now he wears puffed sleeves and gives octavo revelations of Egyptian anatomy which filled that mournful saint, Iokanaan, with a proper desire to die. And do you wonder? Fancy living day after day in the company of black-caped ladies, with "dissicated sponge" arrangements in place of hair, and rampant roses where petticoats ought to be! Any reputable person would have persisted in saying unpleasant things to Salome,

daughter of Herodias, princess of Judea, under such circumstances and in the very hope of sudden death.

☛ Mr. Beardsley, I believe, is engaged on some illustrations to Poe. With impatience and anxiety I await the picture of the episode where the Lady of the Rue Morgue had a wrestling match with an orang-outang, and got stuffed up the chimney for her pains.

☛ I often wonder if people really enjoy the poetry of the magazines. To me it is the most ghastly twaddle, and yet I wade through it year after year, partly because I have to, and partly for the pleasure of discovering a priceless treasure now and then. This good fortune, I note, happens about once a year, not oftener, to me at least. And the latest real poem I find in *Scribner's* for this month. It goes at once among the perfect lyrics, a spring poem called "Afoot."

" Comes the lure of green things growing,
Comes the call of waters flowing—
And the wayfarer desire
Moves and wakes and would be going.

" Hark the migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon!
Hark the gossip of the grasses
Bivouacked beneath the moon."

☛ This is the opening of the poem, as delicious as the first plunge in the sea. I catch my breath and go on, until I reach

" He shall chase the fleeting campfires
Of the Bedouins of Time."

Then I am completely off my feet, over my depth, and the whole shadowy sea to swim in. What are the "Bedouins of Time"? I am sure I don't know. What matter is it, what they are? If you will only give yourself up to the influence of the poem you will be exhilarated and refreshed; and when you come to the last line:

" Sink to sleep the nomad years,"

you will be full of dreams and peace. Why do you wish to torture yourself with thought? Is it not enough that you should be made glad and happy?

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THE next number of the Chap-Book will contain a review of GILBERT PARKER'S "A Lover's Diary" by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 2

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WHO KNOWS?

THE Lily bends to mine her nun-like face,
But my wild heart is beating for the Rose.
How can I pause to heed the Lily's grace?
Shall I repent me by and bye? Who knows?
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



MR. PARKER'S SONNETS.*



SEQUENCE of songs, of which this collection of Mr. Parker's sonnets is an example, is more recondite and remote than most of its readers probably imagine. It would be as difficult to trace its origins as to trace springs, which, flowing from many subterranean sources, unite somewhere in one current, and force their way onward and upward until they

appear at last, and are hailed as the well-heads of famous rivers. Who will may trace its beginnings to the lays of the troubadours, which were nothing if they were not amorous: I am content to find them on Italian soil in the sonnets of Petrarch, and on English soil in the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey.

*"A Lover's Diary. Songs in Sequence." By Gilbert Parker. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. MDCCCXCIV. London: Methuen & Co.

What the literatures of Greece and Rome were to men of letters the world over, once they were freed from the seclusion of the manuscripts which sheltered them so long, the literature of Italy was to English men of letters from the days of Chaucer down. They read Italian more than they read Latin and Greek: they wrote Italian, not more clumsily, let us hope, than they wrote English: and they sojourned in Italy, if they could get there, not greatly to their spiritual welfare, if the satirists of their time are to be believed. One need not be deeply read in English literature of the sixteenth century to perceive its obligations to Italian literature, to detect the influences of Boccaccio, and Bandello, and other Italian story-tellers in its drama, and the influence of Italian poets in its poetry, particularly the influence of Petrarch, the sweetness, the grace, the ingenuity of whose amorous effusions captivated the facile nature of so many English singers. He was the master of Wyatt and Surrey, who, tracking their way through the snow of his footprints, introduced the sonnet form into English verse, and, so far as they might, the sonnet spirit, as they understood it. They allowed themselves, however, licenses of variation in the construction of their octaves and sextettes, which, judging from his avoidance of them, would have displeased Petrarch,—a proceeding which was followed by their immediate successors, who seldom observed the strict laws of the Petrarchian sonnet. Whether the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey were expressions of genuine emotion, or were merely poetic exercises, is not evident in the sonnets themselves, which are formal and frigid productions. They were handed round in manuscript copies, and greatly admired in the courtly circles in which their authors moved, and ten years after the death of Surrey were collected by Master Richard Tottell, to whom belongs the honor of publishing the first miscellany of English verse. That this miscellany, the original title of which was "Songs and Sonnets written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and other," was very popular is certain from the

number of editions through which it passed, and from the number of similar publications by which it was followed. It was an epoch-making book, like the "Reliques" of good Bishop Percy two centuries afterwards, and like that rare miscellany was fruitful of results in the direction of what chiefly predominated there,—the current of personal expression in amatory sonnets. The first notable scholar of Wyatt and Surrey, a scholar who surpassed his masters in every poetical quality, was Sir Philip Sidney, whose sequence of sonnets was given to the world five years after his death as "Astrophel and Stella." This was in 1591. Samuel Daniel appeared the next year with a sequence entitled "Delia," Michael Drayton a year later with a sequence entitled "Idea," and two years after that came Edmund Spenser with a sequence entitled "Amoretti." The frequency of the sonnet form in English verse was determined at this time by this cluster of poets, to which the names of Constable, Griffin and others might be added, and determined for all time by their great contemporary, whose proficiency as a sonneteer, outside of his comedies, was chiefly confined to the knowledge of "Mr. W. H." and his friends until 1609. To what extent this treasury of sonnets is read now I have no means of knowing, but it cannot, I think, be a large one, the fashion of verse has changed so much since they were written. They should be read for what they are rather than what we might wish them to be; in other words, from the Elizabethan and not the Victorian point of view. So read they seem to me "choicely good," as Walton said of their like, though I cannot say that they are much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Only two of these sonnet sequences are known to have been inspired by real persons, Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," which celebrates his enamourment of Lady Rich, and consists of one hundred and eight sonnets and eleven songs, and Spenser's "Amoretti," which celebrates his admiration for the unknown beauty whom he married during his residence in Ireland, and which

consists of eighty-eight sonnets, and an epithalamium. Of the two sequences, the Sidneyan is the more poetical, and making allowance for the artificial manner in which it is written, the more impassioned, certain of the sonnets authenticating their right to be considered genuine by virtue of their qualities as portraiture, their self-betrayal of the character of Sidney, and the vividness of their picturesque descriptions or suggestions. Such I conceive to be the twenty-seventh ("Because I oft, in dark, abstracted guise"), the thirty-first ("With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies"), the forty-first ("Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance"), the fifty-fourth ("Because I breathe not love to every one"), the eighty-fourth ("Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be"), and the one hundred and third ("O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear"). If Sidney had followed the advice of his Muse in the first of these sonnets,

"Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write,"

that noble heart would surely have taught him to write in a simpler and more sincere fashion than he permitted himself to do in "Astrophel and Stella," which is more important for what it promised than for what it achieved.

The ease of a more practised poet than Sidney lived to be is manifest in Spenser's "Amoretti,"—as manifest there, I think, as in "The Faerie Queene," the musical cadences of whose stanzas and, to a certain extent, its rhythmical construction are translated into sonnetry; but, taken as a whole, they are as hard reading as most easy writing. They are fluent and diffuse, but devoid of felicities of expression, and the note of distinction which Sidney sometimes attains. Daniel and Drayton were reckoned excellent poets by their contemporaries, and measured by their standards, and within their limitations, they were; but their excellence did not embrace the emotion which the writing of amatory sonnets demands, nor the art of simulating it successfully, for the "Delia" of the one was as surely an ideal mistress as the "Idea" of the other.

The substance of Drayton's sonnets is more prosaic than that of Daniel's and his touch is less felicitous, is so infelicitous, in fact, that only one of the sixty-three of which the sequence is composed lingers in the memory as the expression of what may have been genuine feeling. The sonnets of Daniel are distinguished for sweetness of versification, for graces of expression, and for a vein of tender and pensive thought which was native to him. One of them (there are fifty-seven in all) which begins, "Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night," recalls a similar invocation to sleep in "Astrophel and Stella," and others, especially the nineteenth, which begins, "Restore thy tresses to the golden ore," remind us of some of the sonnets of Shakespeare, whose first master in sonnetry was as certainly Samuel Daniel, as in dramatic writing Christopher Marlowe.

Of the sonnets of Shakespeare, I shall say nothing here, for though they form a sequence, the sequence is not of the kind which the sonnets of Sidney and Daniel and Drayton and Spenser illustrate, and of which the purpose is to celebrate the love of a man for a woman, but of a kind which the genius of Shakespeare originated, and which deals with the friendship of a man for a man, and of which the most noteworthy example is Tennyson's "In Memoriam." I pass, therefore, from Spenser to Drummond of Hawthornden, who, in the year of Shakespeare's death, published in his second collection of verse a series of sonnets, songs, sextains and madrigals, the majority of which are of an amatory nature. Modelled after the manner of his Italian and English predecessors, and consequently academical rather than individual, they are characterized by tenderness of sentiment and a vein of melancholy reflection, by studied graces of scholarly phrasing which are not free from Scoticisms, and by a chastened remembrance of his sorrow for the loss of Mary Cunningham, the daughter of a laird, who was carried off by a fever before the arrival of their nuptial day. The line of amatory sonnetters ended with Drummond; but not the line of amatory

poets, the best of whom (apart from mere lyrists like Lovelace and Suckling) was William Habington, who in 1634-35 celebrated his affection for Lucia, daughter of William, Lord Powis, and the worst of whom was Abraham Cowley, who, at a later period, celebrated nobody in "The Mistress, or Several Copies of Love-Verses." There are exquisite things in "Castara," the title of which is fully justified by the spiritual purity of the love of which it is a memorial, and there are execrable things in "The Mistress," where the fancy of Cowley exhausted itself in a profusion of ingenious conceits, the brilliant absurdity of which is absolutely bewildering. Love there is none, nor any serious pretence of it, Cowley's motive in writing being that poets are scarce thought free-men of their Company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to Love.

To follow the succession of English amatory poets later than their founders, the writers of sonnet sequences and their lyrical children, lies outside the purpose of this paper, which is simply to trace the position of Mr. Parker; so I shall say nothing of two illustrious and comparatively recent members of the guild, one being Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who in "The House of Life," has preserved and Italianated the romantic traditions of Sidney and Daniel, and the other, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are the most impassioned utterances of love in any language, linking her name forever with the burning name of Sappho. I find in "A Lover's Diary" a quality which is not common in the verse of today, and which I find nowhere in its fulness except in the poetry of the age of Elizabeth. To describe what evades description, I should call it suggestion,—a vague hinting at rather than a distinct exposition of feeling and thought,—the prescience of things which never beheld are always expected, the remembrance of things which are only known through the shadows they leave behind them, the perception of uncommon capacities for pain, the anticipation of endless energies for pleasure, the instinc-

tive discovery and enjoyment of the secret inspirations of love. The method which Mr. Parker preserves is that of the early masters, whose sole business when they wrote sonnets was to write sonnets, not caring what they proved, or whether they proved anything, not disdainng logic, though not solicitous to obey its laws, not avid for nor averse from the use of imagery; content, in the best words they had, to free their minds of what was in them. They wrote well or ill, according to their themes and moods, but nobly, gloriously, when at their best; and to be reminded of them by a sonneteer of today, as I am by Mr. Parker, is a poetic enjoyment which is not often vouchsafed to me.

R. H. STODDARD.



IMPORTANCE.

THE Last Day is.

The Earth drops through space like a ball dropt from the hand. Flame trails after it like a red cloak outborne by the wind.

Far away in a garden on one of the planets, where their only companion is the sweet dusk, sit two lovers who think that love is eternal.

They are silent.

Suddenly the girl points towards the sky. And as she does so the loose sleeve falls back from her white arm.

"Look, love!" she cries.

"Yes," answers he; "it is a falling star."

But he is thinking of her arm.

CHARLES MINER THOMPSON.

THE PRAYER IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

L ORD of this rose garden
At the end of May,
Where thy guests are bidden
To tarry for a day,

Through the sweet white falling
Of the tender rain,
With thy roses theeward
Lift this dust again.

Make the heart within me
That crumbles to obey,
Perceive and know thy secret
Desire from day to day ;

Even as thy roses,
Knowing where they stand
Before the wind, thy presence,
Tremble at thy hand.

Make me, Lord, for beauty,
Only this I pray,
Like my brother roses,
Growing day by day,

Body, soul and spirit,
As thy voice may urge,
From the wondrous twilight
At the garden's verge.

Till I be as they be,
Fair, then blown away,
With a name like attar,
Remembered for a day.

BLISS CARMAN.

CONCERNING ME AND THE METROPOLIS.

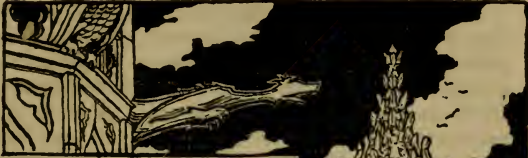
IT is my wish to make a confession, an extraordinary one for an American, to wit: I am no lover of Paris. This is putting it mildly. I had never misery elsewhere of which I could not get, and hold, the upper hand. Now we were there under pleasantest conditions, at good headquarters, within reach of things I profess to love: the crowd, the studios, the concerts and cafés, the lights of the Place de la Concorde, the parks, the Louvre, the river-boats, the circuses, the old schools, the National Library. We had sweet weather; we had health, youth, leisure; we had a menu; O shade of Angry Cat! (which, you must know, is French for the best of kings, Henry of Navarre,) what a menu we did have! But over me and my hitherto unperturbed jollity there fell a deadly melancholy. My family shopped and sported, while I stood amid a thousand wheels in the Carrefour Montmartre, or in the lee of Molière's fountained house-wall, with tears bursting down these indignant and constitutionally arid cheeks. All day I wandered about alone, like a lunatic or a lover; by night I slept little, and had visions weird and gory. This lasted an entire autumn, which I count as lost out of my life, and during which I never once could lay salt on the tail of what had been myself. Something in that nervous latitude knocked out my congenital stoicism; I began to have all manner of unmanageable emotions, like an eighteenth-century heroine with the spleen or the vapors; I was more sentient, more intelligent, more humanistic, more capable of vast virtues and vices than would have seemed credible to the New England which bred me upon her sacred bean. A violent quarrelsomeness possessed me; whatever I saw and heard was an irritation; I believe I could have offered, in all soberness, to reform the Comédie Française, to unbuild the Tour de l'Horloge, and to

fight the Immortals, man by man. The bearing and gesture of the polite wee police were odious in my eyes, and the parlor Parisian nurselings appeared insufferably like goblins. Frequently I would fall literally on the neck of that dear little bronze Faun tiptoeing at the entrance to the gardens of the Luxembourg, on the side of the Boule-Miche, scolding him fiercely for being able to live and smile and dance in fatal Paris!

It is to be desired, in general, that I were a less unspiritual creature; but there, at least, I haunted the great churches, especially Saint-Sulpice, with its solemn evensong borne on six hundred voices of seminarian men and boys. Whereas I had ever the relish of a genuine antiquarian for tombs and epitaphs, I bolted incontinently from the beaded wreaths of Père-la-Chaise, and paid with a fit of shuddering for my propinquity to historic ashes in Saint-Denis. It would confound any of my acquaintances to be told that I was a misanthrope or a royalist; yet I used to look after the ominous, noisy, big-hatted, blue-chinned, whip-cracking cabbies, and grind my teeth at them as at the whole incarnate Revolution which they instantly bring to mind. As for the Louvre, it gave me no comfort; I crossed its threshold but twice, for it tore me in pieces with the unbearable glory on its walls.

In fine, Paris had about driven me mad. While I strolled the Quarter, I had for company, step for step, now Abelard, now Jacques de Molau and his Templars, now the Maid, now Coligny or Guise, now the Girondists and André Chénier: the long procession of the wronging and the wronged, the disillusioned, the slain, which belongs to those altered and brightened streets. Strange theories inhabited me; I was no crass optimist any more. My head hummed with the tragic warning of Bossuet that at the bottom of every knowable thing was nothingness. And all this with a bun in one fist, and in the other a gem of a duodecimo, bought at the quays for three sous; with a cloudless sky above and every incentive, including poverty, towards fullest content and exhilaration.

In London I had been happy, and "clad in complete steel" against such alien moods as these. And to London,



eventually, I had to go back, although M. S., who lives for art and Chicago, and who always knows what's what, compared me to a spook with no stomach for Paradise, whimpering for Hades and the sooty company thereof. But in London I was calm, normal, free, as by some eternal paradox.

One door in Paris I regretted to leave, for I went almost daily, like Little Billee and his cheerful colleagues, to the Morgue. I should have become a great novelist, had I taken my chances there a bit longer! Next to the Morgue, I was loathe to part with the bridges, over which goes so much laughing and shining life, under which so much mystery is forever being fished up by aid of the torch and the prong. Ah, those men and women, stung, from the beginning, by the scorpions in that smooth, clean, treacherous air, and asking of the Seine water that it should quench immaterial fires!



So long as I have an eye to my own longevity and peace, I shall never put foot in Paris. Moreover, the place is painful, as having shaken to the base my smug opinion of myself. It taught me my moral ticklishness, and shrunk me into less than a cosmopolite; though I make puns again, I do so humbly, and out of a psychic experience. Nor must the item go unrecorded that I had a French ancestor, an unimportant personage remembered not then so much as since. He was born on the borders of Provence; what Paris was to him, or whether he ever beheld it, I know not. It is possible that he may have burnt his fingers there, and that his bullying spirit imposed upon mine this fantastic attraction of repulsion, this irrational hatred of what I knew all the time to be the most animated, the most consistent, and the most beautiful city in the world.



FOR A JEST'S SAKE.

THERE was something of a hiss in the air the night-wind was whistling as it passed over the housetops. Pierrot, listening, shuddered and closed his eyes.

"Like a sword," he whispered to himself, "like a sword!" He leaned his chin upon his elbows and looked over toward the east. "Tomorrow," he sighed, "after tomorrow there may not be for me — another tomorrow."

He turned from the window and threw himself upon a couch by the wall. He placed his ear against the wall; mere paper partition that it was, he could hear distinctly the slightest noise in the adjoining attic. He crossed his arms over his chest, for greater warmth's sake. Presently he was muttering, half asleep, half awake. The wind shook the little attics as if they were dovecotes on a pole. From the next room came the sound of someone humming, "*Robert, toi que j'aime.*"

"Ah," Pierrot was muttering, "how I love her! She is there, my pretty Pierrette, just beyond the partition, with her gentle eyes and her cruel little mouth that will not accept my kisses. Why is she so vain, this dear Pierrette? Why am I not enough for her, I who can do nothing but love her? But no! Foolish one, hyper-romantic girl! She declares it would be altogether too tame to surrender without a struggle; to give me a victory without a battle. Ah! Pierrette, I, who want nothing better than to kiss you, I am to cross swords for you, because you are so vain, you little lily you! Ah, misery, what shall I do! She has found a rival for me; she has made me promise to fight him. For what? For her; for her vanity! Who wins may have her! Oh, this pride, this foolish romance, this absurd vainglory!"

From the east a pale streak of grey spun out along the horizon. Pierrot shivered again. "Today," he said, "is the day of the duel. With whom? I do not know. For what? For Pierrette. That is all."

In the adjoining attic all was still. As the grey dawn stole over the ramparts of night, Pierrot, still leaning his head against the thin partition, fell asleep.

WHEN he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. With a startled cry Pierrot shook himself, threw his white cloak all around his shoulders, and hid his bright sword in one of the folds. Then he passed out.

"The balcony of St. Peter's, at noon," he repeated to himself, as he strode over the housetops. A white cat bounded across his path. "Ah, thou cat," cried Pierrot, "wish me luck! I am going to a duel." But the cat sprang swiftly down a chimney. "My rival wears a black mask, so Pierrette told me," Pierrot went on; "will it be a death-mask for him or for me, I wonder." He drew the cloak more closely about his shoulders.

Along the balcony of St. Peter's paced a figure also enveloped in a white cloak, wearing a black mask.

Silently the black mask bowed. Silently the two crossed swords.

No one else; only Pierrot and the black mask. The sparrows twittered curiously. The church bells tolled out the noon hour.

Crash! The swords came together with a coruscating gleam.

Pierrot, knowing his lack of skill with the sword, prayed to God to help him. "Help me," he begged, from between his teeth, while he parried blows and made thrusts, "help me to win Pierrette. Because—I love her!"

The black mask was pressing Pierrot close. As when a blacksmith is forging horse-shoes, so the sparks flew from the meeting blades. The black mask pressed on, eagerly, never seizing many chances to wound, seeming only anxious to disarm. Pierrot receded, praying ever for help.

They were close to the parapet, still crashing blades fiercely together.

A fierce lunge from Pierrot. Then a yet fiercer attack by the black mask; Pierrot stepped back, back—his heel slipped; he felt himself going; with a cry of "Pierrette! for you—I love"—with his right hand, holding the sword, high in air, he fell backwards,—backwards and downwards. As he fell, his sword caught the gleam of the noonday sun. And, like a gleam of sunshine before night comes, there came to him, ere the awful rush into space stunned him, the voice of Pierrette.

She stood there over him, aghast! It had all been a joke, a pretty trial of courage. She stood there, clutching her sword convulsively, leaning far over the parapet. Then she tore the black mask from her face, and crying out, despairingly, "Pierrot! I come!" she flung herself over the parapet.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.

THE YELLOW BOOKMAKER.

THERE once was a certain A. B.
And a Yellow Bookmaker was he.
His dead black and white
Was such a delight,
All Vigo street came out to see.

He drew the bold, bad Salomee,
The Biblical daughter of glee,
With ludicrous smile
As she danced to beguile
Poor Herod, the king of Judee.

In a manner remarkably free,
With her dancing skirt up to her knee,
She astonished the King
With a marvellous thing,
Half modern, half ancient Chaldee.

It is all very well in Judee
For a hypnotized, doting grandee
To order a dance
And pay in advance
With a holy man's head for a fee;

But the monarch was simple, you see,
And wily was young Salomee,
By her mother well-schooled;
So the monarch was fooled,
And the saint was dished up to the three.

Yes, Herod was "pinched" to agree
To a very unrighteous decree.
What a lesson to men
Is the good prophet, then,
Done up by an impudent she!

Circassian, Hindoo, Japanee,
 The Mannikin Maids of Goree,
 The ruinous blonde,
 The icily fond
 Dark duchess without pedigree,—

There are beauties in every countree;
 But if such a looking mousmee
 Had come here and plead
 For Lokanaan's head,
 She wouldn't have got it from me.

So the whimsical, impish Aubrey
 Must have laughed in his sleeve, Te-he-he,
 To play such a game
 When Oscar the Tame
 Was Tetrarch of Piccadilly.

And everyone whispered, "Dear me,
 How very extraordinary!"
 And poor Mrs. Grundy
 Was buried on Sunday,
 Oscarified such things could be.

Now this is the tale of A. B.
 The grotesque black and white devotee,
 The *décadent* fakir,
 The Yellow Bookmaker,
 The funny-man over the sea.

P. S. If you're anxious to see
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EUGENE FIELD,	GEORGE SANTAYANA,
BLISS CARMAN,	ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN,
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD,	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS,
DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT,	RICHARD HOVEY,
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THE next number of the Chap-Book will contain a review of BLISS CARMAN'S "Low Tide on Grand Pré," by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

DR. HAKE is one of the most earnest and original of poets. He has taken nothing from his contemporaries, but has imagined a message for himself, and has chosen to deliver it in terms that are wholly his own. For him the accidents and trivialities of individualism, the transitory and changing facts that make up the external aspect of an age or a character, can hardly be said to exist. He only concerns himself with absolutes — the eternal elements of human life and the immutable tides of human destiny. It is of these that the stuff of his message is compacted; it is from these that its essence is distilled. His talk is not of Arthur and Guinevere, nor Chastelard and Atalanta, nor Paracelsus and Luria and Abt Vogler; of "the drawing-room and the deanery" he has nothing to say; nothing of the tendencies of Strauss and Renan, nothing of the New Renaissance, nothing of Botticelli, nor the ballet, nor the text of Shakespeare, nor the joys of the book-hunter, nor the quaintness of Queen Anne, nor the morals of Helen of Troy. To these he prefers the mystery of death, the significance of life, the quality of human and divine love; the hopes and fears and the joys and sorrows that are the perdurable stuff of existence, the inexhaustible and unchanging principles of activity in man. . . . His (Dr. Hake's) imagination is at once quaint and far-reaching — at once peculiar and ambitious. . . .

Last of all, in an epoch trained upon the passionate and subtle cadences of the Laureate and the large-moulded, ample, irresistible melodies of Mr. Swinburne, Dr. Hake chooses to deal in rhythms of the utmost naïveté and in metrical forms that are simplicity itself.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY in *Views and Reviews*.
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This is certainly the most unique of all the magazines ever published, and because of its uniqueness it attracts you. Its size is about the shape of the popular coat pocket editions of many publishers, and contains some twenty-five pages; the paper is heavy and unglazed; the type clear; the title page printed in red and black.

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G. da Sanetti



THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 3

JUNE 15TH

A BALLADE OF DEATH-BEDS

HIS limbs were heavy from the fight,
His mail was dark with dust and blood :
On his good steed they bound him tight,
And on his breast they bound the rood,
To help him in the ride that night.

When he crashed through the wood's wet rim,
About the dabbled reeds a breeze
Went moaning broken words and dim ;
The haggard shapes of twilight trees
Caught with their scrawny hands at him.

Between the doubtful aisles of day,
Strange folk and lamentable stood
To maze and beckon him astray :
But through the grey wrath of the wood
He held right on his bitter way.

When he came where the trees were thin,
The moon sat waiting there to see :
On her worn palm she laid her chin,
And laughed awhile with feeble glee,
To think how strong this knight had been.

A keen star cried : " His breast is torn,
His eyes are dull as balls of lead !
Think you he rides against the morn
To some soft woman he has wed ?
He is a thing for ghosts to scorn."

When he rode past the pallid lake,
The withered yellow stems of flags
Stood breast-high for his horse to break :
Lewd as the palsied lips of hags,
The petals in the moon did shake.

The lewd lips babbled to the pool :
“ The pastures were agaze with flowers
When first he met the soft-heart fool ;
And they would kiss for hours and hours ;
But now, God knows, their blood is cool ! ”

When he fled past the mountain wall,
The snow upon the heights looked down,
And said, “ The thing is pitiful.
The nostrils of his steed are brown
With frozen blood, and he will fall.”

The iron passes of the hills
With question were reverberate,
And but the sharp-tongued little rills
Had grown for once compassionate,
The spiteful shades had had their wills.

Just when the ache in breast and brain,
And the frost smiting at his face,
Had sealed his spirit up with pain,
He came out in a better place,
And morning lay upon the plain.

He saw the wet snails crawl and cling
On fern leaves where the dew had run ;
The careless birds went wing and wing,
And in the low smile of the sun
Life seemed almost a pleasant thing.

Right on the panting charger swung
 Through the bright depths of quiet grass;
 The knight's lips moved as if they sung,
 And through the peace there came to pass
 The flattery of lute and tongue.

From the mid flowering of the mead
 There swelled a sob of minstrelsy,
 Faint sackbuts and the dreamy reed,
 And plaintive lips of maids thereby,
 And songs blown out like thistle seed.

The singers parted either side,
 And as his loosened rein fell slack
 He muttered, "In their throats they lied,
 Who said that I should ne'er win back
 To kiss her lips before I died!"

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.



MR. BLISS CARMAN'S POEMS

Like Rossetti, Mr. Carman had won an enviable reputation as a poet before he fairly challenged opinion with a printed book. From time to time in the magazines appeared verses of strange flavour, over a name which readers resolutely mistook for a *nom de plume*; and discriminating ears detected a new voice rising over the sweet but rather monotonous concord of the general choir. From time to time, also, came manuscripts and printed slips, which passed from hand to hand like Shakespere's "sugared sonnets among his private friends"; and so distinctive and penetrating a quality was there in these flying leaflets, that the praise of them went far beyond the circle of their readers. People who had never seen a line of Mr. Carman's came to hear his name so often that they grew curious about him. And presently there arose

a demand for a volume of his verse. In the gratification of this demand, Mr. Carman showed no indiscreet haste; but at last he has put forth a small volume of lyrics, under the title of "Low Tide on Grand Pré."

This collection, being made up of poems exclusively in the minor key, leaves unrepresented one side of Mr. Carman's genius,—a side which is of particular importance in these dilettante days. Certain poems in the periodicals have shown him to possess a joyous major note, masculine and full-throated. But in the quieter moods and more reserved measures of the volume before me, his distinctive qualities are not less unmistakably displayed. One of these is a combination of verbal simplicity with an extreme complexity of suggestion and intention. He is master of the inevitable phrase, the unforgettable cadence. As far as technique is concerned, this, I think, is his peculiar achievement. His lyric utterance is thoroughly individual, and in its music so fresh and alluring that its influence is quickly apparent in the verse of contemporaries. His style has that distinction which, in the case of an older writer, we would call the mark of the master, and which declares its authority by attracting disciples or imitators. It is in many such stanzas as this:—

Because I am a wanderer
 Upon the roads of endless quest,
 Between the hill-wind and the hills,
 Along the margin men call rest.

It is in all that perfect and impassioned lyric called "A Northern Vigil," of which I must quote some portions:—

"I sit by the fire and hear
 The restless wind go by,
 On the long dirge and drear,
 Under the low bleak sky.

"When day puts out to sea
 And night makes in for land,
 There is no lock for thee,
 Each door awaits thy hand!

* * * * *

“When the zenith moon is round,
 And snow-wraiths gather and run,
 And there is set no bound
 To love beneath the sun,

“O wayward will, come near
 The old mad wilful way,
 The soft mouth at my ear
 With words too sweet to say!

* * * * *

“The windows of my room
 Are dark with bitter frost,
 The stillness aches with doom
 Of something loved and lost.

* * * * *

“And though thy coming rouse
 The sleep-cry of no bird,
 The keepers of the house
 Shall tremble at thy word.

“Come, for the soul is free!
 In all the vast dreamland
 There is no lock for thee,
 Each door awaits thy hand.

* * * * *

“Yea, wilt thou not return,
 When the late hill-winds veer,
 And the bright hill-flowers burn
 With the reviving year?

* * * * *

“The curtains seem to part;
 A sound is on the stair,
 As if at the last . . . I start;
 Only the wind is there.”

With memorable line or inescapable grace of turn and fall it waylays us deliciously in almost every poem of the collection. It is the whole charm of the flawless fragment called “A Sea-Drift”:

“As the seaweed swims the sea
In the ruin after storm,
Sunburnt memories of thee
Through the twilight float and form.

“And desire when thou art gone
Roves his desolate domain,
As the meadow-birds at dawn
Haunt the spaces of the rain.”

Of poetry, half is in the manner, half in the matter. Mr. Carman's matter is not less distinctive than his manner. Whatever concerns of the human heart may occupy his song,—pain or pleasure, love or death, a memory or a desire,—the voice of nature is always making itself heard. He does not transcribe nature, or set himself to interpret her; but in terms of her all his emotions express themselves. He can no more escape her than can the strings of the æolian harp escape the wind. In his lines we hear the irresponsible, elusive speech of the rain, the trees, the grasses; we catch hints of the incalculable purpose of wind and sea. He is elemental. The savour of nature is in his grain, as the salt of the sea is through and through the fibre of a bit of driftwood.

In the case of a poet so significant and vital, it is worth while trying to trace his poetic lineage. It seems to me that Mr. Carman derives in the main from Emerson and Swinburne,—a strange and piquant blend. But the fusion is complete, the influences not to be detected without careful analysis. A study of Arnold, too, has doubtless helped Mr. Carman much, contributing to his purity of phrase. And here and there we feel that he has been conscious, not altogether to his advantage, of the spell of Browning. As a stimulus and an awakener Browning is admirable, but as a master he is dangerous. He will not fuse. In the work of those whom he has influenced his influence gathers in little intractable nodules.

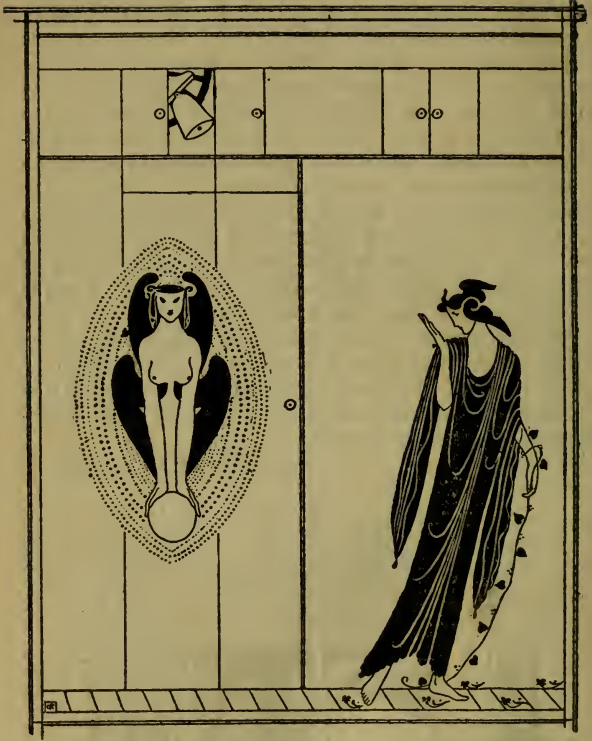
This brief note is concerned not with the defects but with the beauties of Mr. Carman's work, because when an admir-

able poet has arisen it is the duty of the critic to call the attention of readers to the new delight that has come within their reach. Nevertheless, as the critic's authority is apt to be called in question unless he shows himself on the alert for flaws, I shall proceed with diffidence to point out what seem to me to be Mr. Carman's weaknesses. His structure is often defective,—he is not always careful in regard to the architectonics of verse. Many of his poems are built as waywardly as a dream, and one sometimes feels that parts of one poem might as easily fit into the framework of another. He has a tendency to repeat his effects; and while his poems are sharply differentiated from those of other poets, they are not always well differentiated from each other. There is also, at times, a curious and bewildering intricacy of thought which may justly be called obscurity; but this is a fault which Mr. Carman is rapidly eliminating from his work.

The volume before me is one of the second edition of "Low Tide on Grand Pré." As a piece of book-making it is so artistic and satisfying that I can not refrain from complimenting the publishers upon it.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.





DESIGNS BY CHARLES S. RICKETTS
FOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS
"THE SPHINX" BY OSCAR WILDE



A NORTHERN NIGHT.

"That dark hour, obscurely minatory, in the tide of two lives . . . when, unforeseen and unrecognized, Love and Death come in at the flood together."

SIWÅARMILL.

An hour after midnight. A desolate district of Northern Scotland, hemmed in by mountains and innumerable lochs and tarns and deep, narrow streams. In the remotest part of it, miles from the nearest hut, a semi-ruinous "keep," Iorsa Tower, at the extreme north-end of Loch Malon. It is dead of winter. For weeks the land has been ice-bound. The deer and the hill-sheep are starving; only the corbies and eagles gorge their full. Iorsa Keep stands out black against the snow-covered wilderness. A dull, red light, high up, like a staring eye, gleams under a projecting ledge. There is no sound but the occasional crack of the bitter frost, and, at intervals, the wind pressing-in the frozen surface of the snow depths. In the one habitable room sit two figures, before a rude fire of pine-logs. Most of the room is in deep shadow. The flickering flame-light discloses a small, deep-set window to the left. Between it and the hearth-place, and close to the wall, a bed, startlingly white in the midst of the gloom. Over it, on the wall, the flying lights flash momentarily on old disused weapons.

In all the wild lands around there is not a living soul except the twain who sit before the fire.

MALCOLM — The black frost is about to break: I hear the wind ruffling the snow.

HELDA — Is it the snow?

MALCOLM — Go to the window and look out. You will see the thin, frozen snow beginning to fly along the loch like spray. The wind rises.

HELDA — No; I am afraid.

MALCOLM (*rising*) — Then I will go. . . See, the window is open, and you can now hear the wind.

HELDA — Oh, how cold it is.

MALCOLM — The wind is blowing from behind: it did not come in at the window.

HELDA — Yes, yes, it did: and . . .

MALCOLM (*returning to Helda's side*) — Is not the fire comforting? The logs are red-hot, sparkling and sputtering.

Helda, slightly shivering, glances at him, and then draws nearer to the fire.

MALCOLM — Are you not glad we are no longer on the ice?

HELDA — Yes: oh, yes, yes.

MALCOLM — And that we are here at last, we two! Oh, Helda!

HELDA — Yes, I am glad that we are no longer upon the ice.

MALCOLM — Why do you repeat yourself, Helda?

Helda, in silence, looks straight before her into the fire.

MALCOLM — Why are you glad?

HELDA — Because I feared that we were followed.

MALCOLM — Who would have followed us? Who could have followed us?

Helda stares fixedly, and in silence, at the glowing embers.

MALCOLM — No one followed us.

HELDA — Thrice, when I looked behind my shoulder, I saw a shadow flying along the ice.

MALCOLM — The half-moon was as ruddy as a torch-flame. We should have seen anyone who followed us. And when we reached the frozen loch we could see all around.

HELDA — It was there I saw the flying shadow.

MALCOLM — I heard no one. I heard nothing.

HELDA — Nor I, except the hiss of the wind blowing the ice-spray over the loch.

MALCOLM — There was no wind.

HELDA — The ice-spray flew before the blast. I saw a little cloud of it behind.

MALCOLM — There was no wind. And now, I have told you, the wind is from behind the house.

HELDA — Then, it blew towards the house.

MALCOLM — Well, it does not matter. 'The wind cometh and goeth.'

HELDA (*slowly, and as to herself*) — It cometh — and goeth.

MALCOLM — I wonder what they are doing at the castle? The dancers will have gone now. Perhaps they will be putting out the lights.

HELDA — If we have been missed?

MALCOLM — No one will miss us. But, if so, what then? My father knows that those of us for whom there is not room in the castle will sleep for the night in some of the farm-houses near. As for you, if you are missed, they will think you have skated back to Castle Urquhar. No one can know. We are as safe here, my beautiful Helda, as though we were in the grave.

HELDA — Hush! do not say such things.

MALCOLM — Darling, we are safe here. We are miles from the nearest hut even. No one ever comes here.

HELDA — Malcolm, I wish — I wish ——

MALCOLM — What is it, Helda? Speak.

HELDA — I wish we had not done this thing. He ——

MALCOLM — Who?

HELDA — You know whom I mean: Archibald Graeme.

MALCOLM — Never mind that old man. You will have more than enough of him soon. Is it still fixed that the marriage is to take place ten days hence?

HELDA — He is a good man. He has saved my father from ruin.

MALCOLM — Will he take you away? Will he take you to the South-country?

HELDA — And he loved my mother. He loves me because he loved her.

MALCOLM — He is soon to be so passing rich, Helda. I am to starve, to famish for you, Helda.

HELDA — Dear, I love you with all my heart and with all my soul. You know it. I have given you my secret joy, my true life, my whole love, myself.

MALCOLM — Love like ours would redeem ——

HELDA — Hark!

MALCOLM — It is the wind.

HELDA — It blows again across the loch, against the window.

MALCOLM — No, dear Helda, it is but an eddy. The wind rises more and more, but from the north.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Some white snow was blown up against the window!

MALCOLM — Dearest, you are imagining. No snow can blow against this window with the wind as it is, for the gable shuts us off.

HELDA (*trembling, and with hands claspt*) — I saw a round drift of something pale as snow pressed against the window.

MALCOLM — I will convince you.

Rises, and opens the window. There is no snow on the sill. The wind strikes the Keep behind with a dull boom, and rushes overhead with an incessant screaming sound. But in front all is as quiet as though it were a windless night.

MALCOLM — See, dear, there is no snow; and hark! the wind blows steadily southward.

Closes the window, and returns to Helda's side.

HELDA — Malcolm, you will not be angry with me — if I — if I —

MALCOLM — What?

HELDA — If I pray. I have not prayed for a long time from my heart. To-night I fear the darkness without a prayer. I will say no words, but I must pray.

MALCOLM — Pray if you will, Helda.

HELDA — Yes, . . . yes; . . . I must pray!

MALCOLM — Dear, as you will. You would be alone? . . . See: I shall be in the corridor outside. Call me when you wish me to return. But have mercy on me, sweetheart! Remember that there is no fire out there, and that the air is chill along those stone flags.

Rises and leaves the room. He has scarcely closed the door ere Helda cries loudly:

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm! Come at once! Malcolm!

MALCOLM (*abruptly re-entering*) — What is it: . . . what is it, Helda? Has anything frightened you?

HELDA — Yes, the whiteness at the window: the snow at the window!

MALCOLM — Oh, Helda, Helda, there is no snow at the window.

HELDA — Malcolm, are there any birds that fly by night?

MALCOLM — The owls fly by night, but not at dead of winter.

HELDA — No bats, no moths?

MALCOLM — No.

HELDA — When I looked out at the window when we came in here I saw that there were no trees near, and that no ivy grows up this side of Iorsa.

MALCOLM — There is none.

HELDA (*in a low, strained voice*) — Malcolm, it was as though there were birds tapping at the window.

MALCOLM — You are nervous, darling. Come, let us forget the dark night, and the wind, and the bitter cold. *We* are here, and the world is ours to-night.

HELDA — Hush! There it is again!

MALCOLM — That sound is in the room.

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm!

MALCOLM — My foolish Helda, how easy it would be to frighten you. It is only a little insect in the wall.

HELDA — The death-watch?

MALCOLM — Yes, the death-watch.

HELDA (*shuddering*) — It is a horrible name. *Sst!* How the wind wails.

MALCOLM — I hope ——

HELDA — What?

MALCOLM — I hope it does not bring too much snow.

HELDA — Why?

MALCOLM — We are a long way from home, Helda.

HELDA — Do you fear that we cannot get back if the snow fall heavily?

MALCOLM — If it drifts, we cannot skate. But there is no snow yet. There will be none before morning.

HELDA — Darling, I have lost all fear. I am with you. That is enough. If it were not for my father's sake, I wish we could die to-night!

MALCOLM — My beautiful Helda, my darling, my heart's delight!

They stand awhile together by the fire, she leaning against him, and his left arm round her. A log falls in. Another gives way with a crash. There is only a red gulf of pulsating glow, with over the last charred log pale blue frost-flames flickering fantastically. Suddenly they turn, and look into each other's eyes. Malcolm's shine strangely in the half-light, and his face has grown pale. A tremulous flush wavers upon Helda's face. His breathing comes quick and hard. She gives a low, scarce-heard sob.

MALCOLM — My darling!

HELDA — Oh, Malcolm, Malcolm!

An hour passes. . . .

The fire has fallen in, and smoulders beneath such a weight of ash and charred wood that the room is in complete darkness. Outside, utter silence. The wind had suddenly lulled. Malcolm and Helda lie in each other's arms, but neither has spoken for some time.

HELDA — Malcolm!

MALCOLM — My darling!

HELDA — You will not go to sleep? I am so happy, oh, I am so happy, here in your arms, Malcolm; but I should be afraid if you slept.

MALCOLM — Do you think I would sleep, Helda, to-night of all nights in my life?

HELDA (*after a long silence*) — It is so still.

MALCOLM — The wind has suddenly fallen.

HELDA — Move your arm, dear. Malcolm. . . . Malcolm, I wish it were not so dark! I never knew such darkness.

MALCOLM — The fire smoulders. It will not go out. When we rise, I shall blow the flame into life again.

HELDA — I wish it were not so profoundly, so fearfully dark!

MALCOLM — Sweetheart, if you are unhappy, I will stir up the heart of it at once. I will do it now.

Rises from the bed, and stirs the smouldering fire. A flame shoots up and illumines the room for a moment. Malcolm places a fresh log in the glowing hollow he has disclosed, and returns to Helda. She is cowering against the wall, and shivering with fear. As soon as he is beside her, she clings close to him, and moans faintly.

MALCOLM — Helda, Helda, what ails you? What is it?

HELDA — Malcolm, let us go; let us go at once!

MALCOLM — Dearest, do not be so frightened at nothing. Are we to lose this precious night together because of a death-watch ticking in the wall, or a blown leaf tapping against the window?

HELDA — Oh, Malcolm, what was it?

MALCOLM — What? When?

HELDA — When you rose and stirred the logs, and the flame shot up for a moment, I saw —

Stops, shuddering.

MALCOLM — Tell me, darling, . . .

HELDA — I saw some one — a — a — something — rise from the end of the bed and slip into the darkness.

MALCOLM — Oh, foolish Helda, to be so easily frightened by my shadow. Of course my shadow followed me, dear!

HELDA — It was when you were at the fire! The — the — shadow was not yours.

MALCOLM — Ah, there is a wild bird fluttering in that little heart of yours!

HELDA — Dear, when you kiss me so, I fear nothing more. Nothing — nothing — nothing!

MALCOLM — Nothing — nothing — nothing!

HELDA — Ah, yes, hold me close, close! My darling, I have given you all. Nothing now can come between us!

MALCOLM — Nothing, my beautiful Helda. And dear (*whispering*), you do not wish to go yet? The morning is still far off.

HELDA (*whispering lower still, and with a low, glad cry*) — Not now, not now!

Profound silence, save for their sighs and kisses,

MALCOLM (*in a low voice*) — And when old Archibald Graeme —

HELDA (*starting half up*) — Hark! What was that?

MALCOLM (*listening*) — It was nothing. Perhaps the wind rose and fell.

HELDA (*fearfully*) — If it was the wind, it is in the house! I hear it lifting faintly from step to step.

MALCOLM (*listening more intently*) — There must be wind behind the house. It is causing draughts to play through the chinks and in the bare rooms.

HELDA (*sitting up in bed and staring through the darkness*) — It is in the corridor!

MALCOLM — In the corridor?

HELDA — Yes; that low, ruffling sound.

MALCOLM — The wind is rising.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Malcolm, don't move; don't stir. It is at the door.

MALCOLM — I hear it: it is a current of air swirling the dust along the passage.

HELDA (*with a low cry*) — Oh, Malcolm, it is in the room! What is it that is moving so softly to and fro?

MALCOLM (*springing from the bed*) — Ah, I thought so. The window is open: I must have left the latch unfastened. There: it will not open again!

HELDA — The window was not open before, Malcolm.

MALCOLM — Ha! there is the snow at last! I hear its shovelling sound against the gable. Darling, we must go soon.

HELDA (*sobbing with fear*) — It is in the room! It is in the room! It is in the room!

MALCOLM — There is no one here but ourselves, Helda. That sound is the shoving of the snow along the walls.

HELDA — It is someone moving round the room. O Christ, help us!

MALCOLM — Listen!

They both sit up, listening intently. For nearly three minutes there is profound silence.

HELDA — Oh, my God!

MALCOLM — Be still, for God's sake! Do not move.

Utter silence.

HELDA — (*shudderingly*) — Ah—h—h—h!

MALCOLM (*in a low voice*) — Someone is at the door.

HELDA (*in a dull echo*) — Someone is at the door.

MALCOLM (*whisperingly*) — Quick, Helda! rise and dress.

HELDA — I cannot. Oh, my God, what is it that moves about the room? What is within the door? Oh, Malcolm, save me!

MALCOLM — Let me go! Do not be frightened: I shall move that log, and then we shall see.

Rises, and pulls the log back. A shower of sparks ascends: and then a clear, yellow flame shoots up and illumines the room. There is a wild wail of wind in the chimney, and then a long, querulous sighing sound, culminating in a rising moan. A handful of sleety snow is dashed by a wind-eddy against the window.

MALCOLM — Arise!

HELDA — Come to me. I —

Helda cowers back in her bed, with lips drawn taut with terror and eyes staring wildly.

MALCOLM (*suddenly, in a loud, imperative voice*) — Who is there?

Dead silence.

MALCOLM — Who is there?

Dead silence.

HELDA (*with a strange, sobbing cry*) — It is Death!

She falls back in a death-like swoon.

MALCOLM — Oh, my God!

He takes Helda in his arms, kissing her passionately. Slowly at last, she opens her eyes.

MALCOLM — My darling, my darling! Be frightened no more, Helda! . . . Dearest, it is I, . . . Malcolm!
. . . There is no one there.

HELDA (*whispering*) — Oh, Malcolm, did you hear what he said?

MALCOLM — You were frightened by the stillness; . .

. . . by the wind; . . . the wandering eddies of air in this old place; . . . by . . . by . . .

HELDA — God grant it! Dear, we have paid bitterly for our joy.

MALCOLM — Not too much, Helda! I would go through Hell itself for such rapture as we have known.

HELDA — My darling, I can never face him — I can never face him, with his fierce, penetrating eyes! Ah, would to God that we two could go away together, and be man and wife, and forget him — forget all!

MALCOLM — Even yet, Helda —

HELDA — No, no, no! You know it cannot be. We have sinned enough. Malcolm, are you *sure* no one is there?

MALCOLM — There is not a living soul in this place besides ourselves. . . . But we had best go now, dear. In another hour it will be daylight.

He kisses her tenderly, and then goes to the fire and stirs it afresh. Hurriedly puts on his things, goes to the door, opens it, and, staring into the dark corridor, listens intently. Helda dresses herself rapidly, and ere long glides to his side.

HELDA — Shall we go, Malcolm? It is so dark.

MALCOLM — I will get the torch.

Goes and returns with it lit.

MALCOLM — Let us go. Take my hand.

They descend the long, dark, winding stairway. The torch spurtles and goes out.

MALCOLM (*suddenly*) — Who goes there?

No answer.

MALCOLM — Who goes there?

HELDA (*clinging close*) — Someone brushed past me just now! . . . Oh, Malcolm!

Holding each other's hands they stumble on, and, more by chance than fore-knowledge, reach the door that leads into the court. They search awhile for the skates they left there, but in the dark do not find them. At last they are found. They go out, cross the stone court, and as they go through the old ruined gate they look up. A brilliant, red light gleams through the window of the room they had been in.

Hand in hand, they hasten along the snow-banked track till they reach the loch. There they hurriedly put on their skates. In less than a minute thereafter they are flying along the black ice, his left hand holding her right.

HELDA — Quick, Malcolm!

MALCOLM — We cannot go quicker. The snow has drifted a little here.

HELDA — Is that the wind following us?

MALCOLM — There is no wind. Make haste. We must not stop.

After a brief interval:

HELDA — Malcolm! Malcolm! there is someone else on the loch!

MALCOLM — Impossible. Come, Helda, be brave. It will be daylight soon. In five minutes more we'll have crossed the reach, and then have only the Water of Sorrow to skate up till we come to the Black Kyle.

HELDA — It is coming this way! He — he — the skater — is coming this way!

MALCOLM — He must skate well if he overtake us, HELDA! Come, the ice is clearer again. I see it: it is blacker than the night.

HELDA — Are we going in the right direction?

MALCOLM — Yes, yes; come on, come on!

They fly along at their utmost speed. Suddenly Helda sways, and almost falls. Malcolm supports her, and they skate on, but more slowly.

HELDA (*faintly*) — Someone passed us!

MALCOLM (*eagerly*) — Look yonder! I can see the shadowy ridge of Ben Malon! It is day!

HELDA — I can go no further. Oh, hold me, Malcolm.

He takes her in his arms. She slowly recovers. Gradually an ashy grey gloom prevails to the eastward. They wait silently. Erelong they see the whole mass of Ben Malon looming through the dusk. The ice gleams like white salt in a dark cavern. Soon the loch is visible for some distance; and, a short way beyond them, the narrow mile-long reach of it known as the Water of Sorrow.

MALCOLM — Helda, dearest, can you go on now? The night is over. . . .

HELDA (*with a low, choking sob*) — Thank God, thank God!

They skate on. The dawn vaguely and slowly advances. Soon they enter the frozen Water of Sorrow. The few trees along its banks are still blotches of black. Neither speaks, but, hand in hand, both sway onward as scythes tirelessly sweeping through leagues of grass. At last they reach the end of the Water of Sorrow, and enter the Black Kyle.

MALCOLM — In ten minutes, Helda, we'll be on Urquhar

Water, and then you will be almost at home. Look behind! A white mist is sweeping along after us.

HELDA — I dare not look behind.

MALCOLM — Why?

HELDA — I dare not look behind.

With strained eyes and white, rigid face, Helda skates on, Malcolm still holding her hand. The white wreath of mist gains on them. Helda's breath comes quick and hard, but she increases her speed. Malcolm sways as he strives to keep up with her. They swing out of the Black Kyle and into Urquhar Water. A small islet looms in front of them. Dimly through the grey, chill gloom rises the rugged outlines of Urquhar. The loch forks — one fork toward the castle; the other, and longer, to the right.

HELDA (*gaspingly*) — At last!

MALCOLM — *Sst!* There is someone coming down the Narrow Water!

HELDA — Quick! quick! Let us gain the islet!

They reach it, and Helda sinks exhausted among a bed of reeds, which crackle loudly. Malcolm has just time to recover his balance and to swing round, when a skater dashes from the hidden Narrow and flies across the broad and towards the islet. He sees Malcolm, and hastes in his direction, but without coming right for him. Malcolm recognises him as Martin Brooks, a groom from Urquhar.

MALCOLM (*shouting*) — Ho! Martin! Martin! Stop a moment! Where are you going? Is the side-way open?

MARTIN (*calling, as he swerves for a moment or two*) — I can't stop, sir! I am off across the loch and through the Glen of Dusker to fetch Dr. James Graeme.

MALCOLM — What is wrong?

MARTIN (*shouting, with his hand to his mouth*) — In the dead o' night we heard a wild cry, but no one knew what it was. An hour ago or less the dogs were howling through the house. . . . We found him, sitting straight up and staring at us, with an awful look on his face, stone dead. He must a' died at midnight.

MALCOLM — Who? Who?

MARTIN (*pausing a moment, ere he swings away again*) — Archibald Graeme!

His flying figure disappears in the gloom. The mist-wreath comes rapidly out of the Kyle towards the islet. A thin snow begins to fall.

HELDA (*shaken with convulsive sobs*) — Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! — *From the forthcoming American edition of a book of short stories by WILLIAM SHARP.*

NOTES

Six weeks ago I read the first American notice of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The author was then labelled "hitherto unheard of." Now people are beginning to ask, "Who is Anthony Hope?" Two or three months from now everybody will be talking about him: he has written a fine, stirring, old-fashioned romance. His real name is Anthony Hope Hawkins. He is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, where he was called to the Bar in 1887, and where he still continues to practise. He has not waited for literature to give him prominence. At Oxford he was a striking figure among his contemporaries, and was made President of the Union. Besides this he stood at the last general election as a Liberal candidate for South Bucks, but was beaten by his noble rival, Viscount Curzon.

Mr. Hawkins was born in 1863, his father being the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, Fleet street. He was educated at Marlborough, and was a scholar of Balliol. His first book, "A Man of Mark," was published in 1890 by Messrs. Remington & Co.; and was followed next year by "Father Stafford," and early in 1892 by "Mr. Witt's Widow." In the spring of 1893 there appeared under the title "Sport Royal" a collection of short stories, reprinted for the most part from the *St. James's Gazette*. His first notable book was "A Change of Air," published by Messrs. Methuen last June. The story is a clever one and is rated by some critics above "The Prisoner of Zenda." A bright vivacity and amiability characterize it and its spirit is essentially youthful and light, but it is, on the whole, reflective and charitable in its humor and fancy. Given such a fair record for so brief a period, what may Anthony Hope not yet become? His literary career has been short, he has worked hard and he has always been interesting. "The Prisoner of Zenda" at once gives him a high place in the new romantic school, and one of these days everybody will be reading him.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second Class Matter

NOTES

Isn't it just a bit curious to find Mr. Arthur Symons' "Stella Maris" and Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature" between the same covers? But I suppose the Yellow Bookmakers call that broad-mindedness.

We appear to be suffering from literary jaundice just now. There is the "Yellow Book," the "Yellow Aster," the "Yellow Curtain," and I dare say a whole saffron host more of which I do not know.

England bids fair to find its idyllic life represented by the pen of the promising young author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter." Tom Cobbleigh, whose real name is Walter Raymond, has begun a series of "Somerset Idylls," in the *British Weekly*, in which paper some of Barrie's best work and Jane Barlow's first saw printers' ink. Appearing under the title, "Love and Quiet Life," the Idylls appear to have continuity so far as they have been published. One of them, "The Ivory Miniature," which I have just read, leaves an impression on my mind of lurking genius that will feel its way into power before these Idylls go much further.



THE next number of the Chap-Book will contain an article on PAUL VERLAINE, together with a portrait.

THE LITERARY WEEKLY

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THE
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PAUL VERLAINE
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR. HENRY COPLEY GREENE
THE CHAP-BOOK, JULY 1, 1894



à Monsieur Philonée
P. Verlainy

THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 4

JULY 1ST

MOONLIGHT

YOUR soul is as a moonlit landscape fair
Peopled with maskers delicate and dim,
That play on lutes and dance and have an air
Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

The while they celebrate in minor strain
Triumphant love, effective enterprise,
They have an air of knowing all is vain —
And through the quiet moonlight their songs rise.

The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.

*From the French of PAUL VERLAINE
by GERTRUDE HALL.*



PAUL VERLAINE

A PROPOS OF HIS BOOK, "MY HOSPITALS."



IN this thin little book of about seventy pages the poet relates, with evident sincerity, his hospital remembrances. It is well known that for seven or eight years Verlaine has frequented various Paris hospitals. He is not, however, either a Hégésippe Moreau, a Gilbert, or a Malfilâtre. He does not belong to the family of consumptive poets. To speak of what he calls "My Hospitals," it was not necessary to assume a lugubrious tone, and to

sigh: "Alas! the pen falls from my hand. Poor Gilbert, how you must have suffered!"

"Poor Lelian" doubtless had his share of suffering. But he has little resemblance to a young poet stricken with consumption. He is full of strength, of spirit, and of vices. He is a singularly robust old vagabond. When he wanders at night through the streets, his foot, stiffened by former rheumatism, sounds on the pavement like a bronze foot.

And it is with this leg that, strong, proud, and his head high, he goes, when he pleases, in his own time, to the hospital. "Incomplete ankylosis of the left knee, consequent on a rheumatic arthritis." You see that it is not at all Gilbert, Malfilâtre, or Moreau. It is, rather, Diogenes. And Verlaine, if he lived in Corinth, would roll his tub in the evening near the myrtle trees, to sleep in sight of the stars. But living among us, in a cold and rainy climate, among industrious and prudent people, he finds and takes quite naturally, instead of an old tub thrown down in the street of Corinth where courtesans were passing, a hospital bed in some quiet quarter of Paris. And this without shame, with no fear of a social descent, without feeling himself in the least degraded. Indeed, Paul Verlaine, who is of a good middle-class family and son of a captain of engineers, never had in any degree bourgeois feelings or class instincts. And, to speak plainly, he has always had a very confused idea of social life. Men do not seem to him allied to himself by ties of rights, duties and interests. He sees them pass like marionettes or Chinese shadow pictures. We are quite amusing to him. He looks on at social life as a good Turk, a little under the influence of his pipe, looks on at a representation of Karaguenz. The good Turk laughs at its obscenities, falls asleep while the beatings are going on, and on awaking makes comments on the piece, sometimes incongruous, sometimes sublime. And if anyone should say to him: My friend, you are yourself a marionette like those which you have just seen; in your turn you must act in the piece the part of the pacha or

the camel-driver, how the good Turk would laugh! But you must not insist too long, or he will break his pipe over your head. And that would be a bad business. Paul Verlaine is like this good Turk. He does not think he belongs to the play which we act in society. He is a spectator at once *naïf* and full of insight. He is a superb and magnificent savage.

What injury do his visits to the hospital do him?

His glory accompanies him there. At St. Antoine, Dr. Tapret prescribes as his first remedy pens, paper, ink and books. His room is known as the Decadents' room. He is visited there by the most brilliant spirits. Maurice Barrès regrets not being able to pass every Sunday at his bedside. Enthusiastic young men come to this numbered bed to salute their master. Painters make studies and sketches of him at will. Cazal shows him to us, in a cotton nightcap, standing at the clear, high window. Amand-Jean represents him sitting on his bed, enveloped in the regulation blouse which art has transformed into a doctoral and magic robe. Journalists besiege him. They question him about decadents and symbolists. We have it from Verlaine himself that a reporter asked him one day this unexpected question:

"M. Verlaine, what is your opinion about women of the world?"

This is glory. But when Paul Verlaine says that it is not happiness, it is not difficult to believe him. Certain persons having maintained with some flippancy that his lot was an enviable one, the poet replied without too much self-pity (he is not elegiac) that they must think him content with very little.

"Then indeed," said he, "they think me very lucky, to drag out in this way my mature years, saluted, loved, if I may say so, by all the young men of letters, amid the insipid odours of iodoform and phenol, amid unnatural intellectual associations, amid the somewhat slighting indulgence of doctors and students,—in fact, all the horrors of a bedridden poverty ill-sheltered at its last extremity."

And one cannot deny that there is in this complaint, if complaint it be, a proper pride, a perfect moderation, a just sense of things, much finesse, and that blunt reasoning which one finds sometimes, with astonishment, in the fools of genius.

One must indeed leave behind light-hearted gaiety and easy laughter, even when one is a poet, on crossing the threshold of a hospital. The entrance is sometimes gloomy. I need only mention the reception of "poor Lelian" at the Hospital Labrousse one day when poverty and illness had brought him there. Only one bed was vacant, but that was a famous one. Within the memory of the patients no one had ever been seen to rise from it. Whoever lay there died.

"Such a fatal privilege," says Verlaine, "must necessarily surround this too hospitable couch with a certain respectful consideration, not unmixed with superstition. In one word, as well as in a hundred, it is not to be coveted."

And the poet adds: "As for me, I had no choice. It was to take or to leave. On the one hand, I was almost tempted to leave it; on the other, I escaped a worse shelter by taking it, and I took it.

"My predecessor was there when I entered the room. Neither handsome, nor ugly, nor, to say truly, anything. A long and narrow form wrapped in a sheet with a knot under the chin and no cross on the breast. A litter, familiarly called the domino box, covered with an awning of doubtful color, like a mattress cover, was brought, the 'packet' was laid in it, and off for the amphitheatre! A few moments later and I was installed in his bed, in his bed still—cold."

And yet Verlaine's souvenirs of his hospitals are not wholly unpleasant. At first they were a refuge from poverty; at last he really enjoyed "the absolute security of these sorrowful places." He willingly gave up a liberty which he had sometimes misused, and accommodated himself without

trouble to the regulations, because, as he says in the quatrain which he wrote to be put under his portrait,

“La misère et le mauvais œil,
Soit dit sans le calomnier,
Ont fait à ce monstre d’orgueil
Une âme de vieux prisonnier.”

It was at the hospital that he wrote his verses ; he could work only there ; his poetic and bizarre imagination made of the great room, cold and bare, a place of enchantment. One night he discovered there the magic of a Thessalian moonlight. Imagination is the great remedy for the ills of this world. And here is Verlaine, thinking of these long, sad, dull hospital hours, and asking himself,—he, the old indefatigable, terrible vagabond,—if he will not say some day : “Those were the good days.” Do not mistake ; what seemed best to him in this existence was the conventual air which its rules and its poverty give it. He has said : “One grows accustomed to this, as to the monastic life, without, alas ! prayers and rules followed for their own sake.”

I said just now that Paul Verlaine was a cynic. I might as well have said : He is a mystic. There is no great distance from one to the other. The resemblance between philosophers like Antisthenes and Diogenes and the mendicant friars of Christian Italy has struck even those who wished not to see it. Cynic and mystic, Paul Verlaine is of those whose kingdom is not of this world ; he belongs to the great family of lovers of poverty. St. Francis would have recognised him, you may be sure, as one of his spiritual sons, and perhaps would have made him his favorite disciple. And who knows if Paul Verlaine, in sackcloth, would not have become a great saint, as among us he has become a great poet. Without doubt at first he would have caused his master some anxiety. Sometimes in the evening he would have escaped from the holy Portiuncula. But good St. Francis would have gone to seek him in even the worst

parts of Siena, and would have brought him back repentant to the house of poverty.

There is something almost saintlike in a simple phrase which Paul Verlaine uttered one day before some visitors whom he was receiving at the hospital. "Talk," he said to them; "I am at home." Then, turning towards the poor invalids stretched on their sick beds: "We are at home," he added.

In this bad fellow you find very soon the primitive, natural man, and in his stories, sometimes very idle and strangely disturbing, a certain scene reminds one by its pious simplicity of some old legend. And in this he is without affectation. For good as for evil, he is wholly different from us. He has faith and he is simple. At St. Antoine, where he stayed three months with rheumatism of the wrist, he had as a neighbour a soldier of the African battalions. And the poet said to us:

"What a terrible man! all mustaches and believing neither in God nor the devil. I reasoned with him from time to time that there must be someone above cleverer than we, and that he was wrong not to believe in Him and to trust in Him."

This little discourse is entirely in the style of the old and good hagiography. To make a perfect legend of it, one would have to add very little, next to nothing: a miracle, followed by the conversion of the fierce soldier, of the nurses and of the manager of the hospital.

Vicious and *naïf*, he is always true; in the inimitable accent of truth lies the charm of this little book, "My Hospitals." It is written with an absurd and ridiculous syntax, and yet with a marvellous music which cuts one to the heart.

From the French of ANATOLE FRANCE by M. G. M.

THE ROSARY



DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW
BY EUGENE GRASSET
REPRODUCED FROM "LA PLUME"

THE DREAM OF A KISS

"IT was really a most beautiful dream!" he said suddenly.

His wife had just handed him a slice of buttered toast. Dreams had not been mentioned in even the vaguest way, but in the quick ecstasy in his face as he looked at her there was something that seemed to speak for an answer to a question she had not quite worded.

"Ah," she replied, smiling at him so that he wondered if her lips or her eyes were fuller of expression, "if it was so beautiful, you will tell it to me, will you not?"

He hesitated, looking out into the dewy morning. "To be perfect," he said, "a dream should remain nothing but a dream. Only a poet—"

"But you," she put in, "are better than a poet. You dream."

If Cecil Fenmyske had ever thought of boasting in connection with himself, he could hardly have claimed eminence in any quality except perfect uselessness. Everything he was, everything he did, was absolutely, hopelessly useless. The thing that raised him above the army of the great unfit was the fact that he was distinctly aware of his uselessness and made light of it. He dreamed the most fascinating of dreams, fully aware that he was presently to wreck the airy castle with a bolt of realizing ridicule. He spun poesies, but he always ended by disbelieving them. He shattered his own idols and—built new ones out of the ruins. The dead man's shoes he walked in were golden, so his uselessness was not the sin it might have been in a less fortunate man. Only one of his dreams had ever come true; she was sitting opposite him now, the morning sun laughing in her eyes and shining on her lips.

"I will tell you the dream," he said.

This Girl was very beautiful. She was slight and straight, and her fairness was as that of a flower in its youth. When

she entered a room, Spring came with her and blew kisses afloat on all the air. Her moods were like the radiances of an opal. When her eyes held sadness, all who saw her longed to kiss her cares away; when she was all laughter, many grieved because they remembered that some day she must die.

It was a little strange, perhaps, when one and all loved her, that he who loved her the most fiercely should have already vowed to love and cherish another. It was one of those cruelties that Fate deals in so lavishly. This other woman, his wife, was no longer young, nor beautiful, nor fascinating, and when he looked at the Girl he wondered whether a marriage contract was really valid in the face of an enchantment like that. He was handsome, was this man, and in the fierceness of his passion the Girl saw something fascinating even while she trembled at it. Parenthetically, she never really loved him. Several times, when his voice and his fascination were very near, she really believed that she did; but when the spell broke she shuddered. The rabbit does not love the serpent.

If ever she fancied that she loved this man it was in moments when the sadness in her life (of which there was more than enough) crowded together in her and cried out bitterly, so that even the thought of flight with him afforded her a sort of relief.

As for the other men, she was so sweet to them all, that not one ever knew himself to have any hope for his hope. Though she was so young, it may be that an early romance had deadened her heart a little, leaving her, as now she seemed to be, equable in graciousness to the one as to the other. Certainly there was not one who flattered himself with the possibility of her love becoming his.

But when a certain sort of boy loves a girl he conceives himself as worse than a coward unless he tells her of it. So it came, one day, that the Girl found herself listening to the broken pleadings of a boy,—a boy who was a better man

than most men, because of his love. He was telling her, because it had become clear to him, a year before, that he loved as the moon loves the sea, as the stars the sky, as the Arab his horse.

Outside there was a patter of rain, and a shining sea glistening under the lamps. The clock, over the mantelpiece, ticked its monotone in maddening persistence. The Boy was looking up into the Girl's face longingly; he was wondering, even while he instinctively despaired, whether the miracle might not happen, after all.

When her answer came it filled him with nothing so much as with a regret that she had found no different phrase.

"Oh, why," she said, "why must it come to that? I had hoped we might — always — be such — good friends!"

He tried to take her hand, but she got up hastily and went to the window, moaning a little.

At that moment a gentle tapping came upon the window-pane from without, and the Girl started back, paling swiftly, and swinging her eyes back towards the clock, as if some forgotten thing had just made its hour known to her.

She stepped further into the room, toward the Boy, who was now standing, wondering what was going to happen. She put her hand on his gently, and said quickly, "Will you help me? Will you? I hate him, oh, how I hate him! But I promised, yes, I promised. You will help me?"

He divined that, before all else, she longed for his responsive acquiescence. But a sudden madness came over him, whence, he knew not, and he answered, putting his other hand over hers so that it was clasped in both of his, "Yes, I will help you. But — you must kiss me — once. Perhaps — it is for the last time."

She put her white face up silently, so that, the rose light of the lamp falling over it, it looked like the face of a haloed angel. Their lips met, and in the instant that followed the meeting his arms were around her and she was clinging to him. Something had waked within her eyes, and a conscious-

ness of sudden victory had filled him with unexpected vibration of gladness. They stood thus for a few moments, each fearing to lose the Love that had been found. She trembled a little, because she was full of wonderment for herself.

At the window there was a crash and the man who, though he was married, loved this girl so fiercely, leaped into the room.

"It's time" — he began, before the story his eyes saw had time to arrest the flow of his intentions. Then he continued, "What do you mean by this. What's that — cub doing here?"

His eyes were fastened on hers like a serpent's glare. But where once she had trembled and, however unwillingly, come to him, now she looked up into the Boy's face and whispered to him, "I was going to elope with him." Shame shone red upon her cheeks. "But now" — She clung closer to him.

The man began advancing toward them, his eyes glowing with a green hate.

For an instant the Boy felt a fierce impulse to start forward and take the other by the throat. But the Girl clung to him so that he felt he could not leave her.

The man's face was now close to theirs, his right arm began to stretch forth towards the Girl's hand, when — the Boy, smiling suddenly, turned towards the Girl, and before the other's very eyes, kissed her full upon the lips.

She saw his kiss coming and leaned to meet it. As their lips met, their eyes closed. Perhaps it was a momentary fear of a blow that would strike them both, perhaps it was the fulness of ecstasy.

In the sigh with which their lips parted, there was the voice of satisfied love. And when their eyes together turned toward the man, he was not there.

They stood, wondering. The fear of him was yet trembling in them.

The window-curtain was undisturbed. There was no broken glass. All was quiet, save their hearts.

“Did you not see—?” began the Boy.

“I saw nothing,” said the Girl, laughing, “nothing—only you.”

“That other man—I was to help you—to help you from eloping—”

The Boy stopped bewildered.

“What other man? I know nothing of any man. There is only—you.”

The boy shook his head a little, and then returned to find her love upon her lips.

Had all that terrible past been a hallucination? Was it all something that had never been?

Or was it something that a kiss had killed?

For one kiss is oblivion to all the past.

“And then,” he said, “I awoke.”

His wife smiled. “But that was a very impossible dream! Surely there are only happenings in dreams, no reflections, no explanations.”

“To dream of impossible things impossibly, is the only dreaming that is worth while. The possible can occur to everyone.”

“And do you think they were married?”

“I hope not,” he said, “they were so happy when I awoke.”

And he went on eating buttered toast. For in his own marriage there was so much happiness that he knew there was none anywhere else.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



TRILBY

O LIVING image of eternal youth!
Wrought with such large simplicity of truth,
That now the pattern's made, and on the shelf,
Each swears he might have cut it for himself!
Nor marvels that we sang of empty days,
Of rank-grown laurel, and unpruned bays,
While yet, in all this lonely Crusoe Land,
The Trilby footprint had not touched the sand.
Here's a new carelessness of Titan play!
Here's Ariel's witchery, to lead the way
In such sweet artifice of dainty wit
That men shall die with imitating it.
Now every man's old grief turns in its bed,
And bleeds a drop or two, divinely red.
Fair baby joys do rouse them one by one,
Dancing a lightsome round, though love be done;
And Memory takes off her frontlet dim,
To bind a bit of tinsel round the rim.
Dreams come to life, and faint foreshadowings
Flutter anear us, on reluctant wings.
But not one pang — nay, though 'twere gall of bliss —
And not one such awakening would we miss.
O comrades! here's true stuff, ours to adore,
And swear we'll carve our cherry-stones no more.

ALICE BROWN.



NOTES

SOME few years ago when Mr. Gladstone infected the reading public with "Robert Elsmere," the affliction became so prevalent that the signs of it were in every drawing room. After the first greetings, and exchanges on the weather, the solicitous enquiry, "Have you read 'Robert Elsmere'?" was sure to follow. Then, as the ailment spread, it became only

necessary to hint to your hostess or visitor, "Have you?" and the mutual commiserations followed. Unfortunately that delightful brevity serves no longer. The maladies are too many. Whether you are suffering from "Dodo," or "The Yellow Aster," or "Ships that Pass in the Night," or "Marcella," or "The Heavenly Twins"—how is one to tell? And which of these new sicknesses is the most virulent, it would be hard to say. For myself, I have so far escaped them all. I have never had "Robert Elsmere," nor even been threatened with "David Grieve"; though I must confess that my florid imagination came near falling a prey to "The Yellow Aster" and "Ships that Pass in the Night," merely through the contagion of their admirable names. Indeed I tried to succumb myself (if I may be allowed the phrase) to the shadowy power of "Ships that Pass in the Night." Out of the merest bravado I exposed myself to its influence for several hours, but the only result was a drowsy sensation accompanied by extreme lassitude and a desire to yawn. I concluded that the name of this creation was the most salient thing about it. I am not quite sure that I shall be able to avoid "The Yellow Aster." There is a fascination in the name hard to escape. Perhaps my constitution is too primitive, too robustly nurtured on old-fashioned Scott; perhaps I am too confirmed in the Kipling habit of one-story-at-a-breath, or my ear sings with the intoxication of "The Merry Men"; or I have been too successfully inoculated with the deathless wonder of romance, the spirit of all the marvelous story-tellers from Moses to Parkman. Anyhow, the pale virus of the novel with a purpose nearly always fails to work in my case.

I am sorry for my afflicted fellows, I can almost condole with them, for I have my own terrors, weaknesses more deadly than the grippe, which are sure to lay me low. I cannot even see a case of Stevenson without contracting a fresh attack, while a hint of Gilbert Parker in the air is more inescapable than hay-fever.

The perfect paragrapher is the man who can write one sentence without having to write another. I fear I have done Mr.

Benson an injustice in including "Dodo" among novels with a purpose. He should be acquitted of that odious imputation.

In "The Trespasser," Mr. Gilbert Parker has given us not only his best novel, but one of the best stories of the year. So, I think, it must prove. Mr. Parker is a leader in the new romantic movement in fiction. Like Mr. Kipling and Mr. Weyman, he is in love with the bravery of life and the wonderful richness of the world. The glamor of poetry has not passed from earth for these men; they are still adventurers and dreamers, with an unflinching zest for the marvelous drama of men and women. The tame doings of uneventful lives seem hardly worth relating, and there is no interest in recording their monotonous small talk. These tale-tellers, these revivers of the genuine story-telling, have set their face against the passing fashion of realism; and there are many readers who welcome them as a godsend. After the dreary wastes of all our unimaginative preachers, with their "ethical purpose in art," their "realism," their "veritism," their "naturalism," and Heaven knows what clap-trap beside, a good round wholesome lie, a splendid unbelievable fabric of events that never happened and hardly could happen, is as refreshing as a sea-wind through city streets in summer time.

Speaking of literary centres :

When Eugene Field was giving readings in Boston a year ago, a reporter went to interview him. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Field referred to some of his books, and incidentally to his "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

"Tell me, Mr. Field," interrupted the reporter, "why do you call that the Sabine Farm? What is the significance? It has a New England flavor — that 'Sabine Farm.'"

I have a suspicion that Olive Schreiner will have a novel ready for publication before long. It will be remembered how the buzz of eager expectation which Olive Schreiner's

advent in London last summer gave rise to, died out in chagrin and vexatious disappointment as the oft-heralded new novel which she was said to have been busily engaged on for a long time, turned out to be a collection of allegories on the same scale as "Dreams." Now I have it on good authority that she was working on a novel prior to her appearance in London, and that "Dream Life and Real Life" was not the book which she visited England to publish. I am morally certain that there is a novel in the background somewhere, but for what reason its announcement has been withheld I can't say. Perhaps, the dark (not dusky) South African bride hesitated to disturb the happiness of a honeymoon by calling forth the criticism a book of hers is sure to have.

Miss Schreiner belies the impression which her work is apt to convey. Whatever her inward struggles have been (for her books certainly show that she has a passionate nature), she is outwardly agreeable, bright, communicative, chatty, and will tell a yarn with the same grace which makes her listen to one. "On the whole, life has been to me a pleasant experience," she says; "I have had very little to complain of."

In reading a life of Hogarth recently, I came across the following, which is *great*, according to my mind:

"No wonder that science and learning profound,
In Oxford and Cambridge, so greatly abound,
When so many take thither a little each day,
And we see very few who bring any away."

There is something positively immoral in the publication of so badly made a volume as Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book." If the setters-forth knew no better, it would be different; but that the publishers of the first magazine in the land and the printers to the Grolier Club should combine to produce a three hundred page book which weighs a pound and a half, is surely a sign of decadence. For purposes of education, I would suggest that the manufacturers study some recent Eng-

lish books,— the Tudor Translations, for instance. They may learn things about book-making.

I think Mr. Quiller-Couch is right about "Esther Waters," it is the greatest novel England has produced since "Tess." Mr. George Moore may well congratulate himself, for his work is one to be proud of. It is not a pleasant story: it is really not a nice story, but it is great. I mean great in the sense that Zola's work is great—a conscientious study of low and oftentimes disgusting life. That Mr. Moore is conscientious in "Esther Waters" I think no one can deny. Working under the influences of Balzac and along the lines of Zola and Verga, he has written a powerful story and, notwithstanding its naturalism and the disapproval of English news-dealers, it is very moral. That's the strange thing, nowadays. The self-constituted judges of the world's morality always pick out for their condemnation the most moral things. One remembers how they talked about "Ghosts" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and now — it is "Esther Waters."



BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA: Being the History of Three Months in the Life of an English Gentleman by Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co. Sm. 16mo. 75 cents.

A SUBURBAN PASTORAL AND OTHER TALES by Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. Sm. 16mo. 75 cents.

CRAZY BOOK-COLLECTING OR BIBLIOMANIA, showing the great folly of collecting rare and curious books, first editions, unique and large-paper copies, in costly bindings, etc., by Bollioud-Mermet, Secretary to the Academy of Lyons, first published anonymously in 1761, and now done into English and republished for the perusal and delectation of the members of the Grolier Club of New York *et amicorum*. Duprat & Co. 8vo.

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THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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NUMBER 5

JULY 15TH

PESSIMISTIC POETS

I LITTLE read those poets who have made
A noble Art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



NANCIBEL

THE ghost of a wind came over the hill,
While day for a moment forgot to die,
And stirred the sheaves
Of the millet leaves.
As Nancibel went by.

Out of the land of Long Ago,
Into the land of Bye and Bye,
Faded the gleam
Of a journeying dream,
As Nancibel went by.

BLISS CARMAN.



THE JUNGLE BOOK

PRAISE is so easy, and Mr. Kipling has been praised so liberally, that it is difficult to speak of his work in anything but echoes. And yet this Jungle Book of his deserves only the vast monotony of applause sure to greet it from two continents.

The tales here brought together were first made public in a children's periodical, and are indeed intended for small folk; but they must be strange grown-ups who can read them once without reading them again. The somewhat wearied tasters and appraisers of books, whose business it is to be dilettanti, will read them many times with admiration of that muscular style and freshness of phrase; while the simple lovers of stories, who live to amuse themselves, will read the book more than once in mere delight at they know not what.

The first three tales deal with the life and adventures of Mowgli, the Man-cub, who was lost in the jungle and had the good fortune to fall into the den of Father Wolf. Here he was brought up by Mother Wolf and made a member of the pack. Of course, he learned all the Jungle Law and the language of the beasts, being well instructed by old Baloo, the bear. That the animals should talk, and have like passions with ourselves, hates and fears and loves, is nothing new; but that this old fable should be treated with such startling and enthralling interest is an unexpected delight. We are carried back once more to that nursery wonder-world, where we have all spent the golden age of our history, and

as we follow the Little Brother through all his breathless adventures of hunting and herding, we are for a short hour won away from the tedium of common life and made sharers in the valorous glory of a primitive age.

And this is not an ephemeral quality which holds us, it is not any catering to our more obvious tastes, it is an appeal to the simpler and elemental instincts to which we cannot but yield with childlike delight. I recall, hastily indeed, the belauded samples of modern English in vain for the Homeric note here and there so evident in these stories of Mowgli and The White Seal.

In "Mowgli's Brothers," the time has come when the Pack has grown jealous of the Man-cub, because it cannot look him in the eyes. They are met at the Council Rock, and some are for casting out Mowgli from among them, because he is a man. Others would keep him. But Shere Khan, the tiger, his old enemy, demands him for a morsel to pay an old grudge. Then it is the Man-cub's turn to speak.

"Mowgli stood upright—the fire-pot in his hands. He stretched out his arms and yawned in the face of the Council; but he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolf-like, the wolves had never told him how much they hated him.

"Listen, you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often tonight that I am a man (though indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end) that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but *sag* [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with *me*; and that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which ye, dogs, fear."

"He flung the fire-pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a tuft of dried moss that flared up as all the Council drew back in terror before the leaping flames."

* * * * *

"Good!" said Mowgli, staring around slowly, and thrusting out his lower lip. "I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people—if they be my own people. The jungle is

shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship.'"

Surely in that vaunting speech of tiny Mowgli in the face of the huge beasts, we have the whole-hearted Homeric human speech again, bracing and self-reliant, simple, forceful, afraid of nothing — of death least of all.

And you think, perhaps, that this romantic, adventurous spirit of heroism and whole-heartedness, which breathes from every page of Mr. Kipling and a few of his contemporaries, from the pages of "Pierre and His People," from "The Raiders," from "A Gentleman of France," and their like, is a thing unfit for our time, outlived long ago, and of no more need in the world. I beg to consider it one of the most necessary and splendid lessons we have to learn again in this day of supine optimism and puling sentimentality. We value the individual far over the law; we utter the old cant of the "sacredness of human life," indulging our petty vanity, forgetting the jungle and its law, until Fate comes by with irony in her face and writes her foot-note on Democracy in the streets of Chicago.

No, my friend, we are not to be angels all so fast, and the sooner we recall our ancestry the better. The need for bravery and a valorous heart is as great today as ever it was, and no platitude-preaching reformer can do away with it. Manhood, first; and learning with gentleness afterward.

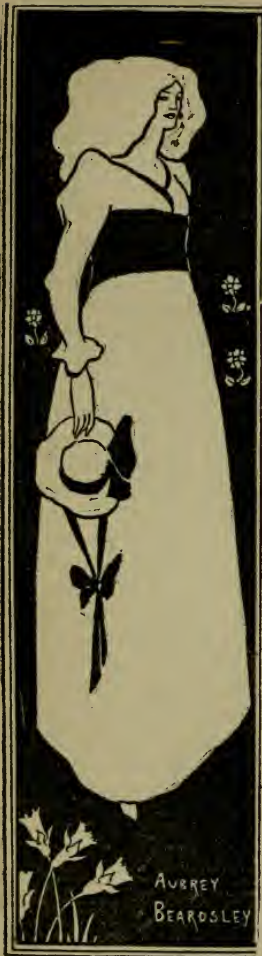
That, I take it, is the best thing we can bring away from the perusal of "The Jungle Book" and the works of our new romancers,—an increased and fortified manliness, a healthier, less timorous, and unfaltering heart, such as all ages have loved to reverence. Give us more blood in our art, give us more Trilbies, and Masters of Ballantrae, and Jungle Books, and we will give you a brighter, saner, more daring race than has gone up and down bemoaning its silly self this past quarter century.

B. C. GUEST.

ON THE DELIGHTS OF AN INCOGNITO

PERFECT happiness, which we pretend is so difficult to get at, lies at either end of our sentient pole: in being fully and justly recognized, or else in evading recognition altogether. An actor finds it inspiring to step forth from the wings, steeled *cap-à-pie* in self-consciousness, before a great houseful of enthusiastic faces and hands; but if he ever knows a moment yet more estatic, it is when he is alone in the hill-country, swimming in a clear pool, and undemonstrable as human save by his habiliments hanging on a bush, and his dog sitting on the margin under, doubtfully eyeing now these, now the unfamiliar large white fish which has shed them. Thackeray once said that the purest satisfaction he ever had was in hearing one woman name him to another as the author of "Vanity Fair," while he was going through a ragged and unbookish London lane. But it is at least as likely that Aristides felt pleasure in sweetly arguing with his own ostracizer, and helping him to ruin the man whom he was tired of hearing called The Just. And the young Charles the Second, between his defeat at Worcester and his extraordinary escape over sea, was able to report with exquisite relish the conduct of that honest Hambletonian, who "dranke a goode glass of beare to me, and called me Brother Roundhead!" To be indeed the King, and to masquerade as William Jackson, "in a green cloth jump coat and breeches worn to shreds," in Pepys' sympathetic detail, with "little rolls of paper between his toes," and "a long thorn stick crooked three or four several ways" in his artificially browned hand, has its dangers; but it is the top, nevertheless, of mundane romance and felicity.

In fact, there is no enjoyment comparable to walking about "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," once you have become, through your misfortune rather than your fault, ever so little of a public personage. Lucky was the good Haroun



Al Raschid, inasmuch as being duly himself by day, he could stroll abroad and be immeasurably and magnificently himself by night. Nothing but duty dragged him back from his post of spectator and speculator at the street-corner to the narrow concrete humdrum of a throne. But there are, and have always been in every civilization, men of genius who cling to the big cloak and the dark lantern, and who travel incognito from the cradle to the grave; who keep apart, meddle not at all, have only distant and general dealings with their kind, and, in an innocent and endearing system of thieving, come to understand and explain everything social, without being once understood or explained themselves, or once breaking an inviolable privacy. Most of us, who suffer keenly from the intolerable burden of self, are grateful enough to have our fits of sanity by the hour or the week, when we may eat lotos and fern-seed, and die out of the ken of *The Evening Bugaboo*. To be clear of mortal contact, to resolve into grass and brooks, to be a royal nobody, with the dim imbecile

spectrum taken to be you by your acquaintanceship temporarily hooted out of existence, is the privilege which the damned on a Saratoga piazza are not even blest enough to groan for. "Oh," cried Hazlitt, heartily inhaling liberty at the door of a country inn, after a march, "oh, it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and public opinion, to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and to become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties; to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening; and no longer seeking for applause or meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than the Gentleman in the Parlour!" Surely, surely, to be Anonymous is better than to be Alexander, and to have no care is a more sumptuous wealth than to have sacked ten cities.

It was so liberally allowed, in the Middle Ages, that the air was thick with angels, that the subject arose in the debate of the schools whether more than fifty-seven of them could execute a saraband on the point of a needle. We are not informed by what prior necessity they desired to dance, but something, after all, must be left to the imagination. Dancing, in their case, must be, as with lambs and children, the spontaneous witness of light hearts; and what is half so likely to make a shade whimsically frolicsome as the sense of his own absolute intangibility in a world of wiseacres and mind-readers and myopic Masters of Arts? To watch, to listen, to know the heretofore and the hereafter, and to be at the same time dumb as a nail, and skilful at dodging a collision with flesh and blood, must be, when you come to think of it, a delightful vocation for ghosts. It is, in some sort, anticipating part of our business in the twenty-sixth century of the Christian era, to tell lies now about our name, age and nativity, and

—"beholding, unbeheld of all,"

to move musingly among strange scenes, with the charity and

cheerfulness of those delivered from death. I had once an odd spiritual adventure, agreeable and memorable, which demonstrated to me how much pleasure there is to be had out of these moods of detachment and non-individuality.

I had spent the day at a library desk, and had grown hazy with no food and much reading. As I walked homeward in the evening, I felt, for sheer buoyancy of mind, like that thin Greek who had to fill his pockets with lead for fear of being blown away by the wind. It happened that I was obliged to pass, on the way to my solitary lodging of the night, the house of a friend with whom and with whose family I was on a most open and affectionate footing. Their window-shades were drawn, not so low but that I could see the shining dinner-table dressed in its pomp, and the little ring of merry faces closing it in. There was S., the bonniest of wives, smiling, in her pansy-colored gown, with a pearl comb in her hair; and opposite her was little S. in white, busy with the partridge-bones; and there was A. H., the jolly artist guest and cousin; and facing the window, at the head of his own conclave (*quos inter Augustus recumbens purpureo ore bibit nectar!*) sat dear O., with his fine, serious, genial head bobbing over the poised carving-knife, as he demolished, for the fifth time, some sophism of Schopenhauer. There were welcome and warmth inside there for me; how well I knew it! But the silent day just over had laid a spell upon my will; I looked upon them all, in their bright lamp-light, like any vagrant stranger from the street, and hurried on, never quite so paradoxically happy in my life as when I quitted that familiar pane without rapping, and went back to the dark and the frost, unapprehended, impersonal, aberrant, a spirit among men.

THE DREAM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

THE day was a grey one and the air was chill. And because it was such a day as hardly any other man would have chosen for a stroll, this man went out into it, and walked for a long time by the edge of the lake where the ripples came up sullenly and curled scornfully away from the shore again just as the shore was expecting a kiss.

He saw the lake, and the ripples, and the grey sky, but it was not of those things that he spoke when he reached home again. The greyness of the day had got into his eyes, though, somehow, and his wife saw it and remarked about it.

"Yes," he said, "I went out to get a dream. It was not a pleasant one. If I tell it to you, I shall feel easier. No; don't light the gas. It's rather a dark dream, this."

The King of Circumstances was feeling decidedly cheerful. He had just heard something that pleased him immensely. He had sent a legion of circumstances against a certain man who had, before that, been certain of success, and the man, after a desperate struggle, had capitulated to the legion by dying abjectly.

So the King of Circumstances smiled and said to one of his circumstances, "The King desires to be amused. Let there be games!"

By the time the royal procession reached the Coliseum, everything was in readiness. The crowd was enormous. For the fame of the King's exceeding cheerfulness had spread quickly, and his subjects knew that there would be some particularly fascinating games that day.

"Now then," began the King a little impatiently, as soon as he had settled himself on the divan in the royal box, "what comes first?"

It was the custom in the Coliseum to announce the programme by the mouth of a circumstance whom they called the Chairman. This Chairman had an accent that belonged to the English music-hall, but that also is merely a circumstance.

“Hi ave to announce, lydies and gentlemen, that Hi’ve been harsked by the well-known Champion-Circumstance to hissue a challenge to hany man wot wishes to meet im in a five-foot ring. Roman rules to prewail. Thumbs down hand the whipped man parsses hout. Thumbs up hand he goes free. Walk up, walk up! Does hany man wish to meet the Champion?”

A man, who had just been accepted by a girl who had refused him three times before, and was feeling very blatant in consequence, walked out into the arena and declared that he would meet the Champion.

It was all over in a minute. There was a sharp struggle, and a terrific crash, and the man lay on the saw-dust panting, while the Champion looked inquiringly over at the royal box.

The King had just finished rolling a cigarette, and was holding it out to one of his slaves to be lighted. With his other hand he gave a little twisting motion so that for an instant his thumb hung down over the edge of the railing. Then, while the crowd clapped at the sight of blood, the King turned wearily to the Chairman and complained, “But this is very old. Very old, indeed. I must have something new. Unless I do,” he blew a ring of smoke from each of his nostrils, “there will be an empty chair at your fireside, and you — will not be there to mourn.”

The Chairman shivered a little and said something about doing better the next time.

“Hour next hatraction,” he shouted after a pause in which he tried to steady his nerves, “will be a three-cornered game between Marster Cupid, A Girl hof the Period, hand a Circumstance.”

First of all, from a far door, issued a most beautiful girl, slim, tall, and garbed most delightfully. There were huge puffs in her sleeves that made her hands look all the smaller; her gown widened a little where it came close to her feet, and thus it was that the slenderness of her waist seemed more symmetrical than symmetry itself; her curls were flying

into the breeze a little, under her large, beflowered hat ; her shoes were brown, and her step was as buoyant as the Spring. She was singing something so softly that the crowd only caught the faintest echo of it.

And while she was advancing thus, singing, another door opened and Cupid came forth. No sooner had he seen her than he took aim and sent an arrow straight at her heart. As the shaft wounded her, the girl turned her eyes softly towards the boy and moaned. She put her hands to her heart. But the strange thing was that she held the arrow fast, and made no effort to pull it forth. So, when Cupid saw that he had wounded her and that she was glad, he began to run towards her, to kiss her, and she with one hand still clasping the arrow so that it went deeper and deeper into her heart, waited for him with parted lips and an invitation in her eyes.

The boy was within a few yards of her, when a third door opened and there appeared a Circumstance. Immediately a most strange change came over the girl. Her eyes turned towards the Circumstance, and a steely look came into them. She drew herself up a little, and a stern purpose straightened her mouth.

Cupid, wondering and pained, stopped short. She turned away from him, and walked toward the Circumstance, who merely stood quite still, smiling hideously. As she went, she tore the arrow of Cupid from her heart and threw it before her into the saw-dust, so that as she strode forward she stepped upon it and broke it into fragments. And while Cupid threw himself upon his pretty face, shaking with sobs, his quiver flung beside him, the girl kissed the Circumstance.

But the Circumstance only smiled quite coldly, even while it folded her in its arms.

For it happened to be a Bank-Account.

The King had begun to be quite pleased with this number, when it happened that he felt an irresistible desire to yawn. It was really due to late hours in the past, but he decided at once that it must be due to the present. So he frowned at the Chairman again.

“Did you see me yawn?” he said severely, “did you? When the games are so stupid that the King has to yawn, h’m—” He did not finish, but the Chairman felt uneasy because of the things that the King had omitted to say. He hastened on to the next announcement.

“The title of hour next number is a ‘Tableau of Today,’” he cried, “hand which explains itself.”

When everything had been arranged by a multitude of slaves of circumstance, the scene showed a large office, with roller-top desks and a type-writer stand. In the foreground was a Clerk who had served his Company fifteen years. He looked it.

At the desk sat the Company. It was thinking, through the pangs of a headache, of the night before and the day before that. On the day before, it had run up against a most unlucky lot of circumstances. It had made a huge speculation in stocks of the P. P. C. Railway, and the speculation had gone very wrong indeed. Then, in order to recoup itself, the Company had tried its luck at cards that evening. And every trial turned out more disastrously than the last. So, this morning, the Company saw that it had got to do something to lessen expenses.

To resign at the club was out of the question. To give up the box at the opera would be absurd. When you have accustomed yourself to an expensive brand of cigars and wines, it is really quite impossible to drink or smoke anything inferior.

There was only one thing to be done, and the Company was going to do it.

It called the lovely damsel who was in the next room. It said to her, “Take a letter, please!”

And while the Company was dictating the letter, the Clerk, who had served the Company for fifteen years, was thinking over the queer fate that had ruled him into this rut where he only just earned enough to keep himself and his family from hunger. And then again he concluded by congratulating

himself on having such good, steady employment. It was more than many men had.

He looked up, someone having touched him on the shoulder. It was the lovely type-writer damsel, and she handed him a letter. He read this :

DEAR SIR :

Circumstances over which we have no control necessitate a reduction of expenses. Your resignation will be accepted on the first of the month.

THE COMPANY.

The clerk looked out of the window silently. Outside, the people were hurrying along the street ceaselessly. It was like a huge torrent. He read the letter again, smiling rather queerly. Then he opened a small drawer of his desk, and took out a very small tin box. It smelt of poppies. He poured the contents into his mouth, and threw his head back, swallowing with a quick gulp. Then he looked out of the window again, and waited for — a certain circumstance.

One of the last things he heard was the Company saying to the lovely type-writer damsel, "Wasn't this the night you were going to take supper with me?"

There was a great deal of applause at the conclusion of this tableau. The King came so near to smiling that the Chairman began to feel safe and reckless.

"Hi will now present to you," he announced pompously, "ha Domestic Detail. Which will be the last hof hour hatractions for this day." He bowed very low, and, still bowing at odd moments, returned to his chair.

The King frowned as he watched him, but he said nothing, for the play was beginning.

These two, this young man and his wife, had only been married a little over a year, and that year had been as a dream of perfect happiness. These twain had been one, in the most complete and delightful way possible. All their joys and sorrows they had shared.

But now there happened to them a Circumstance that wrought a cruel change in them both. The Circumstance

was a lovable one, and that was the pity of it. The young husband looked at the Circumstance and began to feel a fearful hate towards it, for the reason that he caught his wife looking at it with Love in her eyes. And there were moments when she, too, looking at it, found her husband's eyes fixed lovingly upon it, and then she hated it fiercely and blindly. As for the Circumstance, it kept smiling to itself.

Jealousy and unreason reigned now between these two. They grew nervous, touchy, irritable. Each feared that the Circumstance was robbing him of the other's love. And then, again, there came moments when, driven by pride and vanity, each determined to conquer in the fight and win the sole title to the Circumstance's love.

One day, a fearful thought came to them both. Each struggled with the thought, but it triumphed. Then they gave way to it. The thought, in each of them, was that if the Circumstance were out of the way, they might return to the old days when they loved each other so dearly.

The Circumstance was lying upstairs, asleep. Through the half-open door the husband approached, on tiptoe. He went round to the other side of the couch, and in his hand, which was shaking a little, was a glass of water. He had reached the farther side of the couch, and was just pouring a white powder into the water, when his eyes took on a queer, fixed stare.

Through the half-open door came his wife, and in her right hand was a glass of water. Her eyes were fixed upon the face of the Circumstance, and in the lines of her own face a battle was raging between Love, and Self-Sacrifice and Hate.

The eyes of husband and wife met, and two glasses of water went crashing to the floor. Quick signs of shame dyed their faces, and, after an instant of helpless consternation, they came into each other's arms, and for a long time held each other so, silently.

When the Circumstance, disturbed by the commotion, awoke, it heard them speaking all manner of strange things.

"We will never let it come between us again," they were saying, "we will love each other first, and for it we will have an equal though a secondary affection. But, first of all, we will love each other."

The Circumstance smiled to itself, thinking they might have come to that conclusion long ago, without all this trouble and heartache. It did not know how near it had come to never waking from that sleep. And then, as the full purport of their new resolution came to it, the Circumstance blustered with mighty objections. To be second in their affection meant nothing more nor less than defeat.

But they merely listened to its ragings and smiled. "Wait," they said, "presently we will attend to you. Just now, we two have a long fast to atone for." Then, in a delicious whisper, "Come, dear, let us go for a walk, alone together, as we used to in the old days."

And they went out, leaving the Circumstance howling with defeat and wounded vanity.

For the Circumstance was their own child.

A queer curl came to the King's mouth. Something between a smile and a sneer. He called the Chairman to him. "You will now receive the Reward of Justice," he said; "kindly step down into the arena." Then he gave a signal to a circumstance by his side, and this circumstance went down into the arena with the Chairman, who was white and trembling.

The Chairman, in a fearful apprehension, started to cry out for help. But the vast audience, in a fashion since become quite universal, had already arisen from its seats, and with much rustling of skirts, and fans, and erumpling of paper, and shutting up of opera-glasses, and talking and laughing, was proceeding up the huge aisles and out of the Coliseum. So whatever the Chairman had wished to say was left unheard.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.

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NUMBER 6

AUGUST 1ST

THE ENCHANTED CITY

AN enchanted city set in the sea :
Dark and dead are its lights and loves ;
No wind nor song in the streets or groves ;
Naught remains but the mystery.

Only the surf and whirl of wing,
Only the light on dome and tower ;
And to tell the world of its ancient power
Only the tomb of its sleeping King.

This magic city of pearl and gold
What was the fate of those who built ?
What was the life, the deed or guilt,
Can never be known or told.

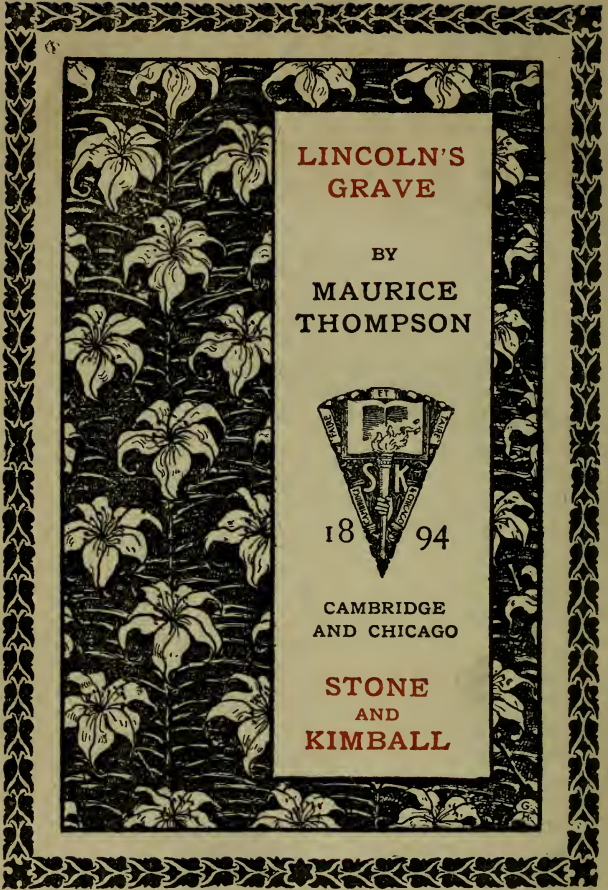
GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN.



THE NIGHT RAIN

I AWOKE in the night and heard
The long vast whisper of rain ;
The sleeping maples were stirred
To a monotone of pain ;
And it fell on my heart like weeping, and I could not sleep
again.

I remembered that I had dreamed
Of a harvest-field tangled with tares :
And the drip of the dark rain seemed
A stealthy foot on the stairs ;
And I thought, It is Death steals up, to catch me unawares.
J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.



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A SHELF OF STEVENSON

THE shepherd under the hawthorn, if he set himself to tell the tale of Mr. Stevenson's published works — and no shepherd could be better occupied — would be obliged to count close upon thirty volumes. But I doubt very much whether the strangely differing groups of "the reading public," shepherds and others, who know Mr. Stevenson in part, have commonly any knowledge of what his diligence as a whole has reached either in number of volumes or in literary significance.

If "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," at which all the world wondered, be thrown out of the reckoning, we may believe that by far the largest and surely the most ingenuous group of Mr. Stevenson's readers think of him only as the chief contemporary professor of romance. They follow him gladly, without question, in his sea-rig, or in the costumes of "Ivanhoe," or in cocked hat and Alan Breck's "fine French clothes" — with sword clinking and flag flying — through the manifold and marvellous 'scapes of "Treasure Island," "The Wrecker," and "The Black Arrow"; of those most admirable pledges of the writer's gift, "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour"; and now of the latest offering of the same talent, — a bewitching story called "The Ebb Tide."

No distinction must be made too hard and fast, and it is of course true that the different clans of Stevensonians inhabit each other's heaths. So that, although the many in

the romantic group care only for the fable, and make as little discrimination as Mr. Andrew Lang (for poetical purposes, only, let us trust) seems to make between the art of a singularly perfect writer and the coarser workmanship of gentlemen who shall be nameless — although the many are concerned merely for the fable, many others of these good romantics are alive also to “treatment.” They discover for themselves — in the flight of Alan and Davie through the heather, in the account of sunrise on the Bass Rock, in the magical description of the newly-discovered island in “The Ebb Tide” “paying itself out” to the eyes of the beholders on the moving ship — the curious charm of an elaborate yet discreet dealing with some very simple theme. And they make also the old and new discovery — in the introduction of the characters of “Treasure Island,” in the study of the still old man in “The Master of Ballantrae,” and markedly in those last altogether lovely scenes between David and Catriona — of the inexhaustible merit of a simple dealing with some highly complicated theme.

And it is these others, one fancies, these excellent romantics of ours upon whom the gusto of good writing is not wholly lost, whose sympathies extend themselves most quickly to “The New Arabian Nights.” The bland unconsciousness with which the new Scheherezade spins the steepest yarns is in itself a literary *trouvaille* and adds much to the originality of Mr. Stevenson’s most original works. The grim and breathless invention of “The Suicide Club” and the story of Francis Villon gives these compositions a very high place, and indeed nearly the whole of the two volumes — the gentle reader will remember that “The Dynamiter” is but another name for “More New Arabian Nights” — is dear to persons who have a taste for polite farce and the pleasures of memory. But a man who likes not what Mr. Davidson has called a tragic farce, will show his wisdom in avoiding “The Suicide Club.” Yet if he does he will forego, among other delights, that enchanting, easy picture of the London

oyster bar, where — on a sleety evening in March — Prince Florizel of Bohemia and his master of the horse, Colonel Geraldine, were wearying of the other guests. But suddenly “the swing doors were pushed violently open, and a young man, followed by a couple of commissionaires, entered the bar. Each of the commissionaires carried a large dish of cream tarts under a cover, which they at once removed; and the young man made the round of the company, and pressed these confections upon every one’s acceptance with an exaggerated courtesy. Sometimes his offer was laughingly accepted; sometimes it was firmly, or even harshly, rejected. In these latter cases the newcomer always ate the tart himself.” Who ever forgets those cream tarts or that exaggerated courtesy? Approach, gentlemen amateurs of descriptive writing who wish to become professional, this is the way to do it! In the sinister sketch of Villon, also, the man who cannot stomach his farce flavored with tragedy, will relinquish much. He will never know the moment when the vile poet so humorously mourned the woman that died with money in her stocking. He will miss indeed the most seizing picture — it is probably better, after all, to leave French words in their native element — the most *saisissant* picture of the bitterer side of the Bohemian character and temperament which I can at this moment recollect. The same bitterness of the same character and temperament shows itself in other ways throughout “The Wrecker” and “The Ebb Tide”; and so, oddly enough, this little talk about “The New Arabian Nights” brings us round again to Mr. Stevenson’s latest volume.

For, if any reader thinks I have been too categorical, I think he will find for himself in “The Ebb Tide” two pretty distinct manifestations of Mr. Stevenson’s various gift. And I think he will find these two manifestations pretty clearly separated. The book is sub-entitled “A Trio and Quartette.” Now, so long as the writers — for Mr. Osbourne again coöperates — are occupied only with the trio, we and the trio

are in the atmosphere of exhilarating yet conceivable adventure. Thus far the tale, though by no means so credible as the two chronicles of "David Balfour," is quite as easy to believe as "Treasure Island" or "The Master of Ballantrae." But with arrival at the island, and the addition to the trio of the enigmatical pearl fisher who forms with them the quartette, a change comes violently over the spirit of Mr. Stevenson's dream. Credulity is now taxed to the point of revolt. Honest happenings by land and sea are exchanged for musky, oriental inventions; and we exist once again in the New-Arabian environment, where only the unexpected happens, and even Haroun al Raschid himself may turn at any moment into a constitutional monarch. I am eager to know the verdict of the public on Mr. Stevenson's new book. It may think itself trifled with, for the public "jokes with difficulty," except where the nature of the joke is clearly understood. It will then kiss the book, and swear by the writer. The quartette half of "The Ebb Tide" is, when you come to think of it, no more a fairy tale than the hypnotic half of that exquisite "Trilby." But Mr. Du Maurier prepared his readers for what he was going to do. The other enchanter waves his wand irresponsibly and without warning.

Several things, however, are evident. One, that, whatever the conclusion of the public may be, it must be breathlessly interested in a first reading of "The Ebb Tide." Each seductive page seems a bait held out by the next, until next turns out to be last. Equally evident is it, I venture to believe, that in the odious person of the cockney clerk Mr. Stevenson has planted another character on his feet as firmly as Alan or Davie, or even as Catriona on those little feet of hers that pattered so sadly along by her lover, as they walked among the Dutchmen. And in "The Ebb Tide," besides these two capital feats of continuous interest and a new character, Mr. Stevenson has given us a few pages that deserve to rank among the best in English prose. Homespun

does not voluntarily hang itself on the same peg with silk, so let no one expect me to quote from these delectable island passages. A novelist who writes uncommonly good English herself, said to me — while they were printing in *McClure's Magazine* — that she read these pages with wonder and envy. And when I read them for myself, between the publishers' green covers, it seemed to me that they must be the wonder and envy and delight of everyone, everyone without exception, who is now writing English. I do not mean that other writers, a very few, cannot do other things as perfect in their kind. But in this kind Mr. Stevenson is faultless and unapproachable. I have been reading "The Ebb Tide" in a border land of tides and mists and hills, beautiful enough to be the shifting scene of a romance,— a border, too, with one gallant incident in its past which, if 1604 had but chanced to be 1779, might have extended the province of Acadia far over into the "State of Maine." And whether the reason lie in the inspiring presence of what may be called the incidental island (the Sieur de Monts set a colony there in the year 1604), or in Mr. Stevenson's magical description of his island, or in the close weaving of the artistic texture of "The Ebb Tide," I for my part have had more pleasure in this story than in any other of the author's tales of adventure excepting always "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour." In these his foot is on his native heath, and Catriona's name, it will be remembered, was Macgregor.

Space contracts, and yet there must be a word in ending about the essays, for Stevensonians have cause to believe that many persons read the stories and even the travels who have never dipped into "Virginibus Puerisque," and "Memories and Portraits." It is useless to press caviare on the general, even if you do so "with an exaggerated courtesy," but let no lover of humor and grace and good writing leave these volumes unstudied. Those who love the art of writing, indeed,— those who often give themselves the ethical relaxation of caring less for the thing done than for the way

of doing it,— are the readers to whom Mr. Stevenson means most. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Pater, and Mr. James care as much perhaps for form, but to most English and American writers—if one may judge from what they are content to print—Mr. Stevenson's concern for the phrase can only seem frivolous, if not Pagan. As an Anglo-Saxon, I have to make for myself a confession of faith and heresy. I am a Stevensonian only as Matthew Arnold was a Wordsworthian. Arnold could read "with pleasure and edification" everything of Wordsworth except "Vandracour and Julia." I can and do read with pleasure and edification everything of Stevenson except "The Black Arrow" and "The Wrong Box." "In these cases we still have judgment," and Mr. Stevenson's "critic on the hearth" has all my sympathies.

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.



THE WOMAN OF THREE SORROWS

YE would have wondered, had ye felt
 Her eyes upon your eyes, the while:
 Ye would have wondered, had ye seen
 All the wan glory of her smile.

No wonderment was in her eyes,
 No bitterness was there awake,
 Only a dark of mystery:
 And thus the Woman spake:

"Yea, it was dark, all dark: no light
 Even from sunset; near or far
 Glimmered no dawn, nor was there yet
 The distant pity of a star.

- " Yea, it was cold : no passing wind
Hurled the chill mist to and fro :
Blank coldness without sound or stir
Or any whispering snow.
- " Yea, it was still : no voice of pain
Did break the stillness without breath,
Dumb as the silence 'twixt the worlds,
The great mid-silence we name Death.
- " Nay, but what say I ? Now the lights
As crosses through my tears I see :
Yet know I they are lights no less :
How should ye pity me ?
- " My sorrow was the lack of one
My life lacks yet,— in whose dear stead
The Heart of all the earth is mine,
And mine, mine own, are all its dead.
- " My sorrow was a starving mind
That craved the message of the years :
Now, like a child, I hear, far-off,
The singing of the spheres.
- " My sorrow was — a lack of all
The world-gifts counted blessedness,
I go my way,— within my hands
Only a glorious emptiness."

The Woman held her sorrows up,
High up within God's sight, and said,

- " Lo, for Thy gifts, I give Thee thanks,"—
And smiled as smile the dead.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON FEARBODY.

THE DREAM OF A FAILURE

HE had spent the day in writing poetry that would never be printed, and in the full and certain knowledge of that fact he was already reaping his reward.

The cooling kiss of the twilight floated in on the breeze that came through the open window. Out on the horizon the grey of the water and the darkening of the sky ran together hazily. He looked out at the water, and the sky, and the little eddy of dust where the breeze played over the street below, and when his wife came softly into the room and looked at his face, she smiled, for she saw dreams written there.

She touched him gently on the shoulder.

"A penny for—" she began, smiling at him. But he interrupted her, taking her hand and caressing it, and then shaking his head at her.

"Not enough," he said, "not nearly enough. But, if you will sit down here beside me, in the cool, and watch the night coming, I will tell you what I was thinking of. I believe it must be true, because I made it myself, and ought to know."

There was once a Very Young Man, a writer, who had all the qualities requisite for becoming a failure. He had greater talent than he himself knew; he had ambition, a devotion to his art, and a hatred of money-matters. Besides which, he had a way of minding his own business that was exceedingly irritating and kept others from following his lead in this particular.

He had taken to literature because he felt that he had something to say. After he had got through the preliminary stages of getting his pen in, he began to feel that he was doing very fair work. He persisted, however, in allowing himself to be patronised by men who never wrote a readable page in their lives.

In one respect, he was peculiarly fortunate. The gods, who had probably foreseen that he was to be born minus the money-sense, had ordained that certain remote ancestors should so arrange things for him as to preclude his ever starving. He was not rich, you should understand; but there was just enough to let him be idle, if he wished it. It happened that he preferred his art. The fact of his being independent of the money-question allowed him, you see, to keep faithful to his conscience, and do work that pleased himself. There are few so lucky.

So it came that, because the quality of his work was high and his intentions showed yet higher, he found a man who believed in him. This man owned a paper and gave him a long, running order for fiction.

In another year or so, this Very Young Man had turned out some very remarkable things. But they were all very brief, and there was no padding in them. Also, they were original and sometimes rather daring in the choice of subject. These things kept the public from caring who the author was or what became of him.

And then this Very Young Man, who from his childhood up had lived among books and loved them, began to turn critic. Although he was so young, he had read more than most of the men who pretended they knew what had happened at each revolution of a printing press. With the style he had, his love for his art, and his knowledge of what had been achieved in that art, you may imagine that his criticisms were always worth anyone's while. They showed acute sensibility and judgment, and they were readable for their own sake.

It was at this time that the men about him began to realize him. They saw that through him they might rise a little, so they began to include him in "the younger group." In any literary centre there is always a "younger group." It is chiefly useful in fighting battles and letting the older men have the laurels.

The older men used to take the Very Young Man into a corner of the club and congratulate him on the chance he had of helping "our Western Literature." And because he was full of enthusiasms, he frequently penned, in all the sincerity of an intensely earnest intention, a masterpiece of appreciation anent a work that was, after all, not nearly so good as the criticism. People read his glowing tributes and went to buy the books he wrote of so, duly forgetting him altogether.

In the fulness of time it happened that the one man who believed in him for his own sake, collected some of his early fictional essays and published them. And in the natural course of events many copies were sent abroad to be criticised, including some to the men whose books he had paid such glowing tribute to at different occasions.

Then the Very Young Man waited. He was naturally very impatient, but he had begun a course of disenchantment that left him expectant of very little. And it was very little that came.

One man, who was a master of fiction and could afford to ignore the Very Young Man's chance as a possible rival, said to him, one day, referring to his criticism, "Young man, you are doing, there, as good work as there is in the West." That was because this man—he was very big, and good-natured and indolent—had just read the other's criticism of his newest novel.

Another man, whose poetry the other had lately praised out of all proportion to its actual merits, said to him, "My dear boy, if I could only do as much for you some day!"

And both of them carefully forgot that the Very Young Man had himself written a book.

Afar off, in the extreme North and the far South, there was a critic or two who praised the Very Young Man's book. Probably because they knew him to be afar off and unlikely to seek their own pastures. But, in his own town, there was

a steadfast silence and ignorance about him, rigidly preserved.

All of which at length began to prey upon this writer. He had been working so long now that the first glow of art for art's sake was beginning to pall under the general refusal to recognize him as an artist. He came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken in hoping for a reward. He decided that the public must be right: he was not worthy of renown.

Finally, the man who believed in him died. The girl he had believed in married another.

Then he ceased to believe in himself, and became a failure.

His wife looked at him, and waited. Presently she said, "Is that all?"

"Yes," he answered; "is it not enough?"

"But nothing happened! It was all just—a great pity, that was all. Didn't anything happen?"

"This was a dream of today, remember. Nothing ever happens now. That young man may be alive today. How do I know? He is a modern, he would do nothing tragic."

"Ah, now you are getting sarcastic. I don't like you so." And she kissed him as a punishment.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



THE RIDE OF THE CLANS

OH, the King is coming fra' over the sea!

Ride on, ride on for the King!

Hielandmen, fearless and leal, are we,

Riding along for the King.

Cry, "Hey for King Jamie, the King of us a'!

Hey for Ogilvie and hey for Earl Mar!

Hey for the Standard that leads us to war!

Ride on, ride on for the King!"

The pipes they are skirling, "Up, Scots, and awa'!
 Ride on, ride on for the King!
 The claymores are turning and flashing, Hurrah!
 Riding along for the King!
 To hell wi' the traitor, the Earl of Argyle!
 His castle shall burn to the cellar, the while
 We hunt him through England for many a mile;
 Ride on, ride on for the King!

There be twa crowns await ye, King Jamie, today,
 Ride on, ride on for the King!
 To win them your Scots are in battle array,
 Riding along for the King.
 We'll crown ye in Scotland, and crown ye again
 When we've swept into England and scattered the men
 That skulk between Carlisle and London, and then
 We'll a' ride hame wi' the King!

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.



A LEGITIMIST KALENDAR

THERE is a little group of people in England who say that Victoria ought to be driven from the throne, and a certain "Mary IV.," more commonly known as the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, established in her stead. They are "Jacobites," adherents of the House of Stuart, enthusiasts who will recognize no Protestant Succession, conspiring mildly to fetch back to England the lady who represents — in genealogical tables — the Royal Martyr and the legitimate kings who reigned before William and Mary came. It is quite true, as these nineteenth century Jacobites say, that the Princess Mary ought really to be queen — if only parliaments could be brought to accept the principles of divine right.

She is a descendant of Charles I.; Victoria, only of his father, James.

So far the Hanoverian succession has not been imperilled. A miniature riot in Westminster Abbey a couple of years ago, two "legitimist" periodicals, one of which is already moribund, and, for a little while, a tiny *furor* of amused attention, are the only fruits of the new Stuart plot.

This year, however, comes something new, a "Legitimist Kalendar" for 1894, edited by the Marquis de Ruvigny et Raineval. It is a summary of good Jacobite belief, a record of forlorn faiths and bygone loyalties neatly set forth in a pamphlet of 32 pages. It is intended, apparently, not only for English consumption, but as a sort of general substitute, conducted on an exclusively *de jure* plan, for the timid conventionalities of the Almanach de Gotha. The French republic has no standing in its pages, the little king of Spain, even the Count of Paris, are ignored. Don Carlos is king in both Paris and Madrid, Venice is still a republic, Bremen and Hamburg are free cities, and Leo XIII. is king of the Papal States.

A calendar of the months takes up the body of the little book, accompanied by a list of the festivals and days of mourning or rejoicing which Jacobites should bear in mind. On July 2, 1849, "H. R. H. Mary Theresa of Modena (Princess Louise of Bavaria), Heiress of Line of the Royal House of Stuart," was born, and on the 18th of May, 1869, her eldest son, Robert, the "Prince of Wales." Here are recorded the deaths and births of James III. and Charles III., the two Pretenders, and of half a dozen other visionary monarchs, Royal Oak Day, loyalist defeats and victories — all manner of forgotten things. Dr. Johnson's death is also remarked — a reminder of the odd fable that the Doctor went North in the '45 to join the Young Pretender — a story which finds just enough corroboration to make it interesting in the fact that he was a stiff-necked partisan of all the Stuarts, and that Boswell makes only the slightest mention of what his hero

was about in 1745 and '46. 'Twere a chance for a glorious novel.

After the calendar proper comes an account of the "British Succession," which describes Queen Mary's claims. She is of the family of the Dukes of Modena, a descendant of the Kings of Sardinia, themselves descendants of Henrietta Anne, the daughter of Charles I., sister of Charles II., and sister-in-law of Louis XIV. The editor goes on to say:

"By the death of King Henry IX. (the Cardinal-Duke of York) the line of James II. and VII., and the *male* line of the Royal House, became extinct. It was therefore necessary to turn back to the *senior female* line, which, as we have shown above, is represented by the descendants of Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I.

"The line of Hanover, being only derived from a *daughter* of James I. and VI., has no right to the throne until the issue of Charles I. is exhausted."

In addition there is much useful information about the English legitimist societies (thirty-two in all, counting branches), and about the Spanish, the French, and the Portuguese "royal families," none of which are at present in possession of their own palaces, besides a list of the "Legitimate Rulers of the World," and a variety of appropriate mottoes and quotations. More interesting than any of these, perhaps, is the peerage of England and Scotland. It was a vexatious thing to compile, the editor confesses, and "the present list must be regarded as tentative." It was a simple matter, of course, to erase all titles deriving from the "Electors of Hanover," and to ignore their acts of attainder, but, as readers of "Henry Esmond" will remember, while the *de facto* monarchs were busy issuing patents of nobility from London, the *de jure* monarchs were just as industriously making dukes and barons of their own at St. Germain's. Omitting the former, the Marquis de Ruvigny must include the latter — a puzzling task.

The Marquis announces that he is at work on an Irish

peerage. It is almost with a touch of humor that he writes: "The editor regrets that he has been unable to complete the pre-revolutionary peerage of Ireland in time for this issue, but hopes to have it ready for next year." Does not the reader smile when he recollects the gallant, blundering Irish adventurers of history and fiction who followed the fortunes of the Young Pretender — Mr. Stevenson's Chevalier Burke is the best of them, though he was only a chevalier — and who loved their empty titles as they loved their honor and their brogue?

The Marquis de Ruvigny, it is interesting to recall, paid a visit to this country not very long ago — a tall, grave gentleman, with a straw-colored cavalry moustache. He came to America on a special mission — to learn what hope there was of Dom Pedro's restoration, whether the French in Canada would receive Don Carlos for their king, or some other similar errand. A few young enthusiasts in Boston, a city whose swell front dwellings are the temples, often, of odder theories than any the Marquis could expound, had written to the English Jacobites to learn what new thing they could offer for Boston's entertainment. The Marquis turned from his course to visit them, and spent a day or two in Boston to propagate the true faith, which, he will be sorry to learn, has since been allowed to languish.

It would be unkind not to hope that he will continue to issue his little calendar, at least until he has made up his Irish peerage. And, wondering a little at the strange things on which men agree to divide and be counted, one is minded to quote, as not quite irrelevant to the subject, that pleasant and witty epigram which John Byrom wrote more than 150 years ago, when the Stuarts were still genuine pretenders:

"God bless the King — I mean the faith's defender!
 God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!
 But who pretender is, or who is king —
 God bless us all! — that's quite another thing."

HERBERT SMALL.

NOTES

ONE of the oldest colleges in the British Colonies was lately on the point of closing its doors for lack of a few thousand dollars. Its staff was formally dismissed, and preparations made for an indefinite hibernation. Fortunately the difficulty has been averted by a private bequest or something of the kind; but all the while the college faced the wolf at its door, there were reposing in its library, as a recent catalogue shows, eighteen Aldines, sixteen Elzevirs, and several score of other valuable works printed before 1500. Do you suppose the college did not know the worth of its treasure? Or would it rather die than give up those glorious and musty old tomes?

The Bookman's fever is an awful disease. One first edition, and you are already in its clutch; two, you are worthless to your fellows; three, and you are lost. What a truly fine charity it were, if some noble Philistine would endow a Keely institute for bibliomaniacs. Bibulous-maniacs are really not much worse. They at least have periods and lapses of sanity; but your true bibliomaniac is never safe. He is liable to break out violently at any moment. And as first editions are engendered every day, the germs of his malady can never be rooted out.

The other day I was looking over Mr. Wilde's "Intentions" again. Do you recall his admirable creed that nature as well as Life imitates Art? That Life is always an imitation of the Art that preceded it is easy to see; but it is not quite so easy to see how nature too is no more than the reproduction of Art. And yet I have recently had a curious experience which confirms me in my adherence to this apparently wayward artistic theory. My friend M. is a painter, a colorist, a lover of Monet. When he came back from France last Summer, he brought a number of paintings with him and set up these peaceful inanimate gods in a sea-side studio, where

I have been visiting him. At first the violet shadows and the purple tree-boles and rail-fences and old barns looked strangely out of their element to me. I was quite sure I had never seen such a blue world. My fences and barns and tree-boles were gray, not blue: and the deep rich earth between the potato rows was brown, not purple. Yet, after living in my friend's world for a few weeks, a strange alteration came over the face of Nature. The rocks in the pasture became blue.—not sky-blue nor sea-blue nor any old colored blue at all, but a wonderful new color, all mellow-misty and tepid warm; and surely those old familiar rocks that we all have seen in ferny pastures used to be gray, if anything were! But now they had become blue. And the apple-trees—all purple boles and stems. And the sea beach that used to be brown, pink now; and the rich brown soil—purple now; and the rail-fence, weathered and mossed, that used to be and ought to be gray—blue, blue, blue!

All this happened some months ago, and Nature still remains obstinately of her strange new complexion. Nothing looks as it did. For better or worse, my old earth is gone; and "brown" and "gray" are empty names, mere adjectives and nothing more. I shall still continue to use them, but only to qualify my feelings, never to express my sensations.

The successful Novel is like a panic. A Western journal, devoted to "Current literature in general and paper-covered books in particular," is my authority for the statement that one Chicago house has sold one hundred and five thousand copies of "Ships that Pass in the Night," while another house in the same city has sold sixty thousand in paper and fifteen thousand in cloth. And there are at least four or five other editions, without copyright.

Some years ago Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell published his first volume of verse over the name John Philip Varley. Those who keep an eager watch for the good and the new in

current literature, will recall several remarkable lyrics from those earlier pages, of peculiar force and a certain rich Elizabethan flavor and freshness. Their author, after years of schooling in his craft, has now come to us again with a new sheaf from the field. These "Poems" are more tempered certainly than their earlier fellows; and I must say that the early impulse, always wayward, yet often delightful, often breaking into such fervor as

"One pressure of fire

From my lips to thy lips shall teach thee the whole of desire,"

seems to me to have almost wholly vanished. I do not find the present work spontaneous or touched with charm. It is too intentional, too full of forethought, seldom light or happy in its phrases. In short, it is a good deal like all contemporary verse, almost without exception, it is excellent but dull.

Now that is a drawback in any art — that it should seem dull or tame. Perhaps one reason of our prevalent dulness is our devotion to technique. Our artists are elaborately busy in studying expression, in knowing the best methods of expressing themselves, and possibly they have forgotten to study their audience, and learn the art of impression or rhetoric. For after all it avails nothing that an artist shall reveal himself ever so perfectly in his art, if he fails to command and compel his hearers, if he allows himself to become dull.

A constant unflinching power of interest, I take it, is Mr. Kipling's crowning virtue. He has faults, but he is never, never dull. In his "Ballad of East and West" he has over-matched almost everything of the half century except Tennyson's "Revenge." And though he has done nothing else of equal merit, he is always entertaining in his wisdom.

It is in this particular quality that I find Mr. Mitchell's volume so inferior to some, to his father's for example, and to his own first untrimmed efforts. Yet possibly, in the disappointment of expectation, one is altogether too hard to please in a case like this.

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THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

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THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 7

AUGUST 15TH

THE SHADOWS

DUMB as the dead, with furtive tread,
Unseen, unheard, unknown,—
And never a Gloom that turns his head
As they stride where I crouch alone!

For this is the grisliest horror there
As the brutal bulks go by:
Right on they fare with a stony stare
Nor heed me where I lie.

Though I strain my eyes as I freeze and cringe,
Till the sockets sizzle dry
And the eyeball shrieks like a rusty hinge,
They will never impinge mine eye.

I shall see nought but the silver darks
Of the sky and the dim sea,
Where horrid silver loops and arcs
Foam phosphorent at me.

But the cliff, the cliff! Lo, where thereon
Their silent shadows file,
One after one, one after one,
Mile on remorseless mile.

Dull red, like embers in a grate,
Against the sulphur crag
They play about the feet of Fate
Their awful game of tag.

RICHARD HOVEY.



A DESIGN BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY IN ILLUSTRATION
OF POE'S TALE, "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH."

“TRILBY”

“TRILBY” is two things: it is a little, simple, light-hearted story, lop-sided, discursive, having breaks and patches; and it is also already a masterpiece *hors concours*, so that when you come before it, the only sage remark you can make is dumb-show; that is, you may with great propriety take off your hat. Its background is so treated that it takes rank as a new thing in English fiction. Others have attempted to draw the life of the Quarter, but none with this blitheness and winning charm,—not even Mr. Henry Harland (Sidney Luska) in his idyllic “Land of Love,” which deserves to be better known. The spirit of “Trilby” is the very essence of the best old English humor, as if Fielding, Steele and Thackeray had collaborated upon it in Paradise (forgetting just a little the rules of their mundane grammar, the conditions of their mundane style!) and transfused into it their robust manly gaiety and their understanding tenderness of heart. Indeed, its every page seems to breathe forth Thackeray’s darling axiom: “Fun is good; Truth is better; Love is best of all.” It is a capital illustration of the capital French thesis that a subject counts for nothing, but that the treatment of a subject counts for everything. Let the average readeress, a person of conventions, go through “Trilby” from cover to cover. Her attitude at the end is Mrs. Bagot’s own: affectionate and bewildered surrender. “Trilby” itself is what its heroine ingenuously calls the “altogether.” It is an elemental human book, staged without costumes, attractive for no spurious attribute, but only through its gentleness and candor. It constrains talk, only because it has so strengthened feeling.

As for the tone of it, it has escaped mysticism, by great good fortune. Hypnotism, apprehended and faintly feared from the first, is used with an exquisitely abstinent touch. There is nowhere too much of it, and therefore it becomes credible and tragic. Svengali’s evil influence hangs over the

victim whom it glorifies like a premonition of the Greeks, formless, having no precisely indicated end or beginning. His soul passes; and the music in her forsakes her on the instant and passes with him. You are not told this; you gather it. The tale is crowded with these inferences, and the dullest or cleverest reader is alike flattered at finding them. So with the relationship of Little Billee and his stricken Trilby, fading away among the cheery and loyal painters who take pleasure yet in her perfections: there is not, in the written record, so much as a private look or sigh between the two any more; only Trilby's saddened confession to a third person that her girlish bosom had subdued itself at last to a meek, motherly yearning over her wild little worshipper, who nearly won her at the nineteenth asking.

The final chapters are out of proportion; chance, or weariness, led the author to hurry his thoroughly interesting hero off the scene in a few nervous paragraphs. But even this is no serious defect, for the general impression must be maintained; a prolonged soft orchestral strain for Little Billee would be mere sentiment and episodic, the significance of "Trilby" having ended in Trilby's dying with the wrong name upon her lips. Every part of the wonderful story is unconsciously managed with artistic reference to the whole; its incidents are as rich in meaning as you care to consider them. Trilby opens her heart to the Laird, and is most lover-like with him who is most brotherly. Her mother, poor lass, was an aristocrat with the bar sinister; her clerical father, a bibulous character enchantingly outlined, was her only authority for her disbelief in dogma. No stress is laid on these characteristics and conditions; but they tell. Taffy preserves an English silence when Gecko speaks his soulful and spills over. You half resent the hearty postlude, through your own too acute memory of what is past. Yet the book was bound to end in a *tempo primo*, in a strain of peace and hope as like as possible to what was hushed forever, the jocund dance-measure of art and friendship and Latin-Quarter youth.

For "Trilby" is comedy, after all, genuine comedy, and it is so to be named, albeit with a scandalous lump in the throat. As it is, we take it; we covet it; we will pay any price for it; we cannot get along without it. "*Je prong!*"

Mr. Du Maurier is not the first artist in England who has come over the border into literature with victorious results. Opie and Fuseli were among the most suggestive of thinkers and talkers; Sir Joshua lectured with academic vigor and graceful persuasiveness; Haydon had an almost unequalled eye for character, and a racy, biting, individual manner with his pen. But no artist has so endowed the world of romance. Mr. Du Maurier's achievement is not of malice pre-pense. As Dian stole to Endymion sleeping, so has immortal luck come upon him, chiefly because he did not, like the misguided Imlac in "Rasselas," "determine to become"—a classic. "Trilby," born of leisure and pastime, is vagrant; heedless of means to the end; profoundly modest and simple; told for what it is worth, as if it were at least something real and dear to the teller. Out of this easy, pleasure-giving mood, from one who is no trained expert,—who has no idea to broach of disturbance or reform,—out of genial genius, in short, which hates the niggardly hand and scatters roses, comes a gift of unique beauty. It crowns the publishers' year, as do "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "Perleycross," and "The Jungle Book." With these great works of great writers, it stands, oddly enough, as tall as any; fresh, wide, healthful, curative, like them; and like them, a terrible punch on the head to a hundred little puling contemporaneous novels, with their crude and cowardly theories of life.

The "Trilby" pictures, haphazard and effectual as is their text, can bear no more direct praise than that they are verily Mr. Du Maurier's. The masterly grouping, the multitude of fine lines, the spirited perspective, are here as of old. Some of these illustrations, not necessarily the best, stay on the retina; among such, surely, is the ludicrous, dripping funeral procession of the landlady's vernacular lie; that huge pro-

cession filing up-street, with one belated, civic infant on the reviewing-stand! Hardly second to it as a spectacle is the high-born rogue of a Zouave, enacting the trussed fowl at midnight on the studio floor, or the companion gem, set in the dubious out-of-doors of the great original Parisian Caryatide. Of the serious drawings, there is a memorable one among the three of Trilby singing, with her delicately advanced foot, and falling hair, and the luminous Ellen-Terry-like look in her kind eyes. Above all, who can forget the pathetic, pleading figure of the little boy, Jeannot, in his pretty Palm Sunday clothes, losing his holiday, losing faith in his sister, and of Trilby over him, revoking her promise, and compassing what was in very truth the "meanest and lowest deed" of her brief, unselfish life? She cried herself to sleep often, remembering it, but to Mrs. Bagot it was monstrous trivial: "the putting-off of a small child." Her too typical phrase, "wrong with the intense wrongness of a right-minded person," as Ruskin says, gives you a pang. So does the inscription under the last glimpse we have of Little Billee, poignant enough without the *Quae nunc abibis in loca* which rushes its sweet pagan heart-break into the Rector's mind. In these casual intolerable thrusts deep into the nerve of laughter or of tears, Mr. Du Maurier demonstrates his right of authorship; these, and not vain verbal felicities, constitute his literary style.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



THE YELLOW BOOK

“TALKING of an acquaintance of ours,” writes the most quotable of biographers, “whose narratives . . . were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield’s having said to me, ‘Suppose we believe one *half* of what he tells.’ JOHNSON — ‘Ay; but we don’t know *which* half to believe.’”

When, some months ago, a certain group of young London amateurs announced — or, rather, screamed to a world already slightly wearied but still willing to be amused, their intention of starting a new and intensely modern magazine, it was thought, from what was already known of the founders, that their choice of colour for the binding of the quarterly was singularly apt, as it would save us the usual quarantine questions that we are sometimes tempted to put to their productions. However, two harmless numbers of *The Yellow Book* have now appeared, edited by Mr. Harland and buckram’d by Mr. Beardsley, our expectation of amusement has been fulfilled, and the quarantine removed; but — and here we are in the Doctor’s quandary — while we are willing to take at least one half of *The Yellow Book* seriously, we don’t quite know which half. For the magazine is devoted to two objects, “Literature,” in the first number called “Letterpress,” and “Art”; and the publishers, to make good their promise of modernity, have expressly declared that the text will have no relation to the pictures and the pictures no relation to the text. Now that the first two numbers have been published, it would, perhaps, be unfair to such contributors as Mr. Henry James, Mr. William Watson, Sir Frederic Leighton and Mr. Sargent to say that the text has no relation to Literature and the pictures no relation to Art. As for the others, after giving them the most careful and pained scrutiny, I am inclined to think that, in intention at least, the text is the more conscientious part of the quarterly, and, therefore, more deserving of serious consideration.

Most of the verse of this second number of *The Yellow Book* is various and indifferent. Mr. John Davidson leads off with sixteen stanzas in Bab-ballad metre, entitled "Thirty Bob a Week." A few lines will suffice to show its lyric character:

"I couldn't touch a stop and turn a screw,
And set the blooming world a-work for me,
Like such as cut their teeth — I hope, like you —
On the handle of a skeleton gold key.
I cut mine on leek, which I eat it every week:
I'm a clerk at thirty bob as you can see."

After finishing the poem it is difficult to decide whether or not Mr. Davidson is overpaid. Miss, or possibly, Mrs. Dollie Radford next unwinds a pleasant little "Song," although on a very slender pipe. It has the Haynes-Bayleyan merit of being singable, and all the charm of modest unimportance. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes one of his well-groomed little fancies — "to E. G. with a Volume of Essays" — called "*Sat est Scripsisse.*" Mr. Dobson is one of the most faithful beaux of the Muse, and she generally rewards him with a happy little trill. Katharine de Mattos' lines to the Portrait of a Lady (Unknown) have a certain pathological strength that is wanting in Mr. Norman Gale's "Betrothed." Mr. Gale has written some verse that was very charming in his first book, "A Country Muse," just a bit cloying in his last book, "Orchard Songs," and, I don't know what, in *The Yellow Book*. In this last he has omitted the blackbirds and the cherries, but it amounts to the same thing in the long run, for at the last he tells us: And whatever my grief There is healing, and rest, On the pear-blossomed slope Of her beautiful breast. Which is perfectly satisfactory to all good lovers of Herrick, amongst whom Mr. Gale is conspicuous. After a longish poem by a Mr. Alfred Hayes, the verse of *The Yellow Book* ends with an Epigram of Mr. William Watson's. It is too pretty to miss quoting:

"TO A LADY RECOVERED FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

"Life plucks thee back as by the golden hair —
 Life, who had feigned to let thee go but now,
 Wealthy is Death already, and can spare
 Ev'n such a prey as thou."

Like the verse, the prose of *The Yellow Book* is also various and indifferent, with one or two luminous exceptions. The opening article is "The Gospel of Content." For eight pages Mr. Frederick Greenwood leads us to believe that he is either writing or about to write a story; but this is a hollow cheat, and simply the ultra-modern way of introducing the next fifteen pages, which consist of the slightly philosophical paterings of an elderly and reformed Russian enthusiast. "Poor Cousin Louis," by Ella D'Arcy, is rather better; after hesitating some time on the *pons asinorum* of her introduction, she succeeds in telling a strongly-conceived story definitely and well.

The reader is almost led to agree with Mr. Charles Willeby when, in his article on "The Composer of 'Carmen,'" he says: "What little has been written about poor Bizet is not the sort to satisfy." However, in spite of his unconscious modesty, Mr. Willeby has succeeded in compiling a very appreciative article on the composer. "Poor Bizet," says Mr. Willeby constantly, "poor Bizet." The expression is happy; we do not say "Poor Mozart," "Poor Chopin,"—why then do we say "Poor Bizet," with that queer little touch of affection? But, after all, I do not think that *The Yellow Book* gives us in twenty pages the picture of Bizet that Daudet gives in the half-dozen words of his dedication of "L'Arlésienne"—"*A mon cher et grand Bizet.*"

"Passed," by Charlotte M. Mew, may as well be skipped, as may the second and third of the three stories by "V., O., and C. S." Mr. Dauphin Meunier's appreciation of Madame Réjane is distinctly worth reading as is the very charming little tale of "The Roman Road," by Kenneth Grahame.

Then, after denying yourself "Thy Heart's Desire" of Miss Netta Syrett, Mr. Crackenthorpe's roundabout remarks on "Reticence in Literature," and Mr. Beerbohm's letter, you will be ready to appreciate the superiority of Mr. Henry Harland's creative powers to his ability as an editor. "A Responsibility" is an exceedingly clever study, in spite of the fact that one of the gentlemen in it "wore shamelessly the multicoloured rosette of a foreign order in his buttonhole, and talked with a good deal of physiognomy."

At the end, like the good wine in the parable, comes Mr. James' story. It is impossible to analyse Mr. James' charm; he is so aggressively clever, so complexly simple. You wonder why he twirls around so much, and yet the twirls are what delight you. An old Cambridge friend of his said the other day, "Harry James has got to that point now that he doesn't care so much what he says as how he says it." The real Jamesite doesn't care at all—he would be amusing if he wrote on the binomial theorem. "The Coxon Fund," however, would float any number of *Yellow Books*, and is among the best of Mr. James' short stories; and that is saying much.

The "Art" of *The Yellow Book* consists of twenty-three plates, the list headed by "The Renaissance of Venus," in Mr. Walter Crane's best manner, and ending with four designs for the backs of playing cards, in Mr. Aymer Vallance's worst manner. In between comes a dreary waste of artlessly messy sketches, with a grotesque oasis of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a capital sketch of Mr. Henry James by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Alfred Thornton contributes a landscape that would have made Doré wriggle; Mr. P. Wilson Steer gives a "Portrait of Himself" with the unimportant omission of the head, a "Lady," and a "Gentleman" with the antepenult highly accentuated; Mr. Sydney Adamson pictures a "Girl Resting" on what seems to be a bed of wet snow; and Mr. Walter Sickert adds to the gaiety of the book with his three drawings,— "The Old Bedford Music Hall," a portrait of Aubrey

Beardsley, and Ada Lundberg. These last two are very precious; the portrait of Mr. Beardsley is a pretty little commentary on the modest, quiet, well-bred taste of that gentleman in his selection of the plates to publish. Then follow some inanities by a Mr. MacDougal, a Mr. Sullivan, and a Mr. Foster, a rather decent "Study" by another Mr. Sickert, and we have finished the list of artists, with the exception of Mr. Beardsley.

Of Mr. Beardsley what can I say? On looking at his cover design and his first three plates of "Marionettes" the conviction grows that his much-praised technique is degenerating into a mere pyrotechnique. His "*Garçons de Café*" is clever and very French, his "Cinderella" is tiresome, and his portrait of Madame Réjane is perhaps the most charming outline he has ever done. Mr. Beardsley is young, at times very morbid (which is a polite little modern way of saying "nasty"), and always brilliant. Of late, he has been imitated and parodied; one or two artists in *Life* and *Punch*, thinking that they could do something in his manner if they would only abandon their minds to it, have tried and failed. For which we should be grateful.

After all, the quiet, pervading charm of *The Yellow Book* is its brazen inessentiality. Furthermore, it is most attractively printed; and bound so that at a distance it looks pleasingly like *Chatterbox*. In the long run, the ancient love of simple dignity and self-respect in literature and in art will probably prevail again; meanwhile, *The Yellow Book* is winning a well-deserved popularity. So let us sigh "*finis.*"

PIERRE LA ROSE.



PARABLE

I MET a pilgrim in a mountain path
And spake, and fared beside him many leagues.
He said his name was Life, and far away
In the young morning of the past he rose
And took a staff and travelled ever since
To regions of the sky, yet never came.

I asked who was his father, and he said:
I know not, but I go to find his house.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.



THE DREAM OF AN AGREEMENT

HE had been lying in a hammock, under a sky that hung over the garden like a blue dome. His eyes had looked into the farthest recesses of that sky until into the azure there had come myriads of diamond points that flashed and fled like will o' the wisps. As a matter of fact, it was the blue that was hurting his eyes; to his dream-laced fancy it seemed that the flashing diamonds were curious letters, types that spelt out curious runes.

Presently he arose with a smile on his face and went indoors. It was a small, delightfully simple cottage that they had chosen for the summer, and there were so few rooms in it that only the three of them, His Wife, Contentment, and Himself, were harbored there. So, when he passed on to the vine-clad veranda, his wife heard him and came and sat beside him. Looking up, through the firs that glistened silver on their under shadows and glowed with the green that is the green of an angry sea, she saw the sea of blue.

"How deep, how silent that sky is!" she said softly, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm.

“No,” he said slowly, and so sweetly that the contradiction took on a greater charm than an approval. “no, it is not silent — always. Just now — I was adream in the hammock — it told me a story that was — very astonishing.” He repeated the words gravely. “Very astonishing! That a sky so old as that one should be so very modern in its ideas, is — very astonishing. For this was a most modern recital that I heard. And yet — why do I call that sky old? — is it not born anew every day? How delightful to have that happen to one! How completely one could enjoy today, if there was the perfect consciousness that there would be no tomorrow! And how the obliteration of yesterday would sweeten today! If I were a scientist, I would invent an elixir that — what? — the story that the sky told me? Oh, very well.”

He came downstairs humming an air from “The Mountebanks.”

His wife was waiting for him. He gave her a kiss; they passed into the breakfast-room together.

“This morning,” he said to the maid as he sat down, “you need not wait. We shall — help ourselves.” He watched her pass out, shrugging her shoulders a little; he saw that she closed the doors quite tightly; he smiled a little and turned to his wife. “A whim,” he explained, “a mere whim. This coffee — these eggs — they are delicious!”

She smiled. “I am glad you are — comfortable. I have tried so for that.”

Presently he spoke again.

“Yes: comfortable. But not happy. The fact is” — he reached out his right hand and took her left up tenderly and pressed the dawn-hued fingers to his lips, — “I fear that I am — tiring.”

He watched her, not very apprehensively. He knew her very well; he was as sure of her as any man ever can be of a creature of the other sex.

Her eyes smiled a trifle, and her lips seemed to resist, with

an effort, the desire to curl laughwise. "Ah," she said, "tiring? Of me, I suppose?"

"Exactly. I am quite sorry. We have been marvellously comfortable. We have rarely quarrelled. Our ideas and ways have gone together beautifully. We have been almost ideally suited. Unfortunately, I have a very volatile temperament; I must have change. In you, I have sounded all the changes there are; I don't think there are any left, at least. That is the pity: there is nothing left! I have found out all about you; my curiosity is dead. And curiosity is such a large part of love! It was a very pleasant task, the stilling of my curiosity about you; but the silence is, h'm, slightly depressing. My ideals — you have realised them all! That is another pity. If you will take a piece of advice: always leave a man with some unrealised ideals! He is happier so, with that yearning in him. To feel that one still has something to yearn for is one of the pleasantest of pangs. Dear me, how delightful it has been! You see, I put it in the past. For I am very much in need of a change. But I am inordinately sorry. Quite — singularly — sorry. I do not remember ever having been so sorry before."

She reached for another lump of sugar and poised it for a moment above her teacup.

"It is a pity," she said. Then she let the lump of sugar fall, and waited for her husband to speak.

"You are right," he went on, "it is a great pity. The greatest pity of it is that I realise perfectly what an idiot I am not to know that it is hopeless to think I shall find anyone more satisfactory than you. You are beautiful; merely as an inanimate object you would be grateful to the eye, and as flesh and blood you are a delight. You are clever; quite clever. Unfortunately, I have discovered just how clever you are. Also, that your beauty is an exact quotation. There is nothing elusive about you: you are so beautiful, your wit is up to this standard, and your disposition is of just that sunniness. If there were something in which you did

not satisfy me so perfectly, I might — have kept silent. But as it is —” He stopped and looked at the painting that hung over the sideboard. It was a water color by Hassam, and it had the curious virtue of disclosing a new nature every day; that was why it hung in this man’s house.

“It is altogether my fault,” he began again, apologetically, “altogether. It is my unfortunate, change-loving temperament. You understand, do you not?”

She sipped her tea, meditatively.

“It is really very strange,” she began, “that you should have spoken of this today. I was going to refer to the subject myself. You don’t know how it pains me to tell you this, but — I myself have been guilty of getting tired. Of you! Think of it! If anyone had told me two years ago that I should ever tire of you! But, heigho, Time is a rude destroyer of idols. For you were my idol, you know. ‘You were’ — what a pity that I cannot say ‘You are’!”

He had lit a cigar. She had always allowed him that; it was one of the things upon which they had agreed so delightfully. He tipped off the ashes, before he said, expectantly:

“It is a curious coincidence. Coincidence,— h’m, coincidence must be sexless: it is too curious for a man, and it has too much humor to be a woman.”

“Yes; if ever there was a coincidence that deserved the name, this is it. As I was saying, and incredible as it may seem, I have decided that you are, h’m, too good for me. I think that must be it. At any rate, I can only be unhappy with you — hereafter. You have given me all I have asked for; nay, you have given me all I have wished for. Unfortunately, there are some things — I do not know what they are — that I long for, that you have not given me. I think it is your own fault: you have spoilt me. You have taught me the game, and now I want a partner who can interest me more than my teacher. I also — it is really uncanny, this coincidence — am chameleonic in my desire for change. You have been so persistently delightful! Why

did you not beat me? Women love men who mistreat them."

He watched the fragrant cigar smoke curl into a ring and float towards the frescoes. "I had never thought of that," he murmured.

"Fatal omission! If you had beaten me until I writhed — what a novel sensation! I should have hated you terribly; and then loved you more than ever. But you have been so placidly perfect. Yes, I admit that it is my misfortune; I appreciate your many delightful qualities but they are grown stale. I want — something different. I am vacillating as a weathercock! Until lately I fancied that you were versatile enough to satisfy me; I realise my mistake, unwillingly. You have shown me every side of yourself; every nook of your nature has been disclosed to me; I am still unsatiated."

She stopped, sighing sadly. This time, it was she who looked at the fading rose tints of the Hassam. "Ah," she sighed, almost as if she were speaking to the picture, "if we had, each of us, not been quite so frank! If we had kept always something of ourselves in reserve!"

"Yes," he said, "if only we had done that! But it will be a lesson to us." He smiled at her. "Because, I suppose, under the circumstances, we might as well agree to" —

"Disagree?" She completed the sentence for him. He smiled acquiescence and she continued, "Yes, we might as well. It is very fortunate that this has always been so easy of accomplishment here."

"Very! Oh, there will be no difficulty. It is also fortunate that we are so agreed in the matter. It would have been awkward, if we had been forced, either of us, to accuse the other of — anything unpleasant."

She gave a mock shudder and let her pretty brows cloud to a momentary frown. "It would have been dreadful!"

"Then I suppose," he said, pushing his chair back from the table slightly, "that we may consider the matter settled. The actual arrangements are easily effected." He cleared

his throat a little, and looked at her, in some little embarrassment. "I shall not conceal from you — now that we know each other's minds so perfectly — that I — that there is someone about whom I am — curious, someone who has not yet realised my ideals!"

"I am glad," she said, as sweetly as if she had been a mother advising an only son, "very glad. I hope she will not make the mistakes I have made." She put out her hand for the bell. "I myself may — it is just possible — presently probe the versatility of another man."

He laughed, as he stood up, pushing the chair away altogether. "Do you think he will beat you?"

"Ah," she smiled, "how should I know? Is he not still a mystery?" And then she touched the bell, and said to the maid, "You can clear away, now."

She walked out of the room, her husband holding the door open for her.

And so, presently, they were unmarried and lived happily ever after.

"Oh, but I don't like that story at all," said his wife, when he had finished, "it is all so like a sneer. It is cruel, as cruel as the nineteenth century. Why have your stories all been so sad of late? What has happened? If you do not tell me a happy story soon, or at least one that is not bitter — I shall not listen."

He sighed and was silent.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



NOTES

IN making some researches in early American literature recently, I came across the name of a man who had devoted his younger years to writing poetry. But there was not enough money in the occupation, and after publishing one book of verse, he gave up literature for a livelihood as a bad job. What should he turn to next? As it happened, he took up the very last thing that could have been thought of — the most prosaic career conceivable — that of a dentist. And, strangely enough, his new occupation seemed in no way to dull his poetical faculties; it only changed his theme, and shortly there appeared over his name a volume entitled:

“Dental Hygeia: A Poem on the Health and Preservation of the Teeth.”

“Good morning, Mr. Davis.” “Harding Davis, if you please.”

“Oh! pardon! Mr. Harding Hyphen Davis, if you please.

I only called to say how much I like your journales.

A little more familiar and a little less at ease

With the rules of English grammar than would suit a
Bostonese,

'T is yet a fitting instrument to render thoughts like these,—

The thoughts of Mr. Davis.” “Harding Davis, if you
please.”

THE CHAP-BOOK presents its compliments to the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, and congratulates it on the possession of a peculiarly wise and well-read Literary Editor. Slight and senseless book reviews are not by any means uncommon things in these days, but it is indeed seldom that one comes across such a naïve and lovely bit of criticism as the following:

“‘The Ebb-Tide,’ a Trio and Quartette, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, is a handy little leisure day volume containing twelve dainty little stories, the joint production of these two favorite authors. Price, \$1.25,” etc.

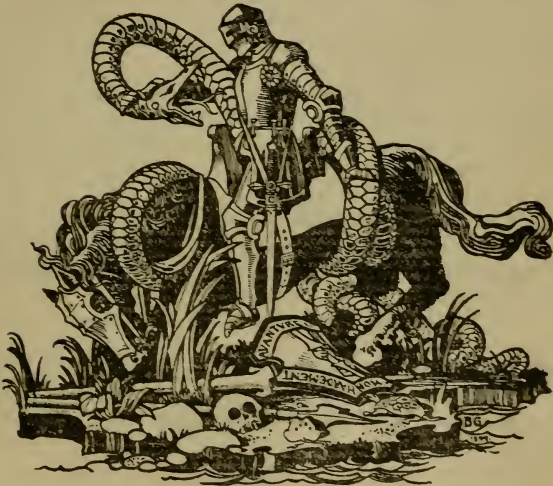
A friend of mine who passes for a very fair poet was reading the other day from his works. He came to a passage:

“For this pink of female gender
Tall and shapely was and slender,
Plump of bust and neck and arms.”

At this point he was interrupted by his little boy:

“Say, papa, you mustn't say *bust*; you should say *burst*.”

It is with not a little regret that I hear “The Knight Errant” is dangerously near dying. Not that anyone ever



doubted it would die, but it really deserves a better fate. From the very start it has had a high position among the humorous papers of the country.

Its circulation has not been large, and its literature was not remarkable, but it has always been interesting. It was the

work of young men — men of much culture, considerable cleverness and fair energies. It showed a tendency — which, while decadent in itself — was delightful in its opposition to commercialism.

Its range of knowledge was wide and pleasing, even if it was especially erudite where the House of Stuart and Contemporary Poetry were concerned.

“Nay, our warfare,” say the editors, “is with heresies and treasons, backed as these are by the kings of this earth. We fly the banner of yesterday, which is that of the morrow. We are inclined to believe that the present separation of pictorial and literary art is unwarrantable and unwise. We ask for health and scope in literature, and that the narration of an incident in the life of Miss or Mrs. Jones (Mrs. is the more modern thing) shall not take the place of royal old romance, the putting into heroic words of the heroic deed.

“We also believe that Art may be, must be, moral; but here the odds are so overwhelmingly against us that philosophy bids us smile and say no more.”

With such a creed it was altogether a magazine we were glad to have: it was an undertaking to be encouraged by all who care for a broad development among us, and its threatened discontinuance is very much to be regretted.

It is announced that “a certain well-known firm of publishers have signified their desire to assume the duties of maintaining the magazine, provided” the subscriptions reach a certain number. That the periodical may still live, I sincerely pray, and in all honesty I endorse its spirit and recommend its interest.



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The Publishers have to announce that Numbers I and II of THE CHAP-BOOK are now entirely out of print, and subscriptions can begin only with the issue of June 15.



The next number of THE CHAP-BOOK will contain contributions by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, CLINTON SCOLLARD, RICHARD BURTON, PERCIVAL POLLARD, and others.

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BY HARRY ELDREDGE GOODHUE
THE CHAP-BOOK
SEPTEMBER 1, 1894



THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 8

SEPTEMBER 1ST

THE WALK

I WOULD go forth among the hills
The green, crest-climbing lane along,
For now the cup that morning fills
Is brimmed with light and song.

And I would hail as "comrade mine"
Each soul soe'er that seeks and sees
The overtures of One divine
In dawn's antiphonies.

Up shall we mount until we find
The pinnacle of prospect won,
And see the sinuous stream unwind
Its silver in the sun.

Our spirits, purified of haste,
By dews of freedom cleansed of care,
Shall laugh, and leap anew, to taste
The largess of the air.

The wide outreachings of our sight
Yon purple ridges shall not bind,
But only some Andean height
Horizoning the mind.

By radiant apotheosis
To Eden earth shall seem re-born:
So shall we find the chrism of bliss
Upon the hills of morn.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Well to remember standing in the light

Of Fortunes smile - so sweet, one dreams it true!
I knew that, in shadow with the milliones fight
Savouring at their hopes - forever new.

Good to remember, groping in the night

To find the passage, leading from despair;
I knew that afar walk on a sunlit height,
Rejoicing ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the prospect, the future's air....

Gertrude Hall

VERSES

BY

GERTRUDE HALL

MISS GERTRUDE HALL'S VERSES

A FEW years ago *The Century Magazine*, always so ready to recognize to the best of its ability conspicuous merit, however little famous or even unknown, conferred a peculiar honor upon Miss Gertrude Hall, in reprinting a page of her poems already given to the public in one of the Boston newspapers.

Cavil as one may at the discrimination of our magazines in matters of literary judgment, it cannot be denied that they are most open and unprejudiced in their reception of new aspirants in contemporary letters; and one must find it a pleasure to be in accord with the bestowal of so conspicuous a compliment as I have mentioned.

So far as actual achievement goes, Miss Hall's claim to attention among the younger writers of the day rests on three small volumes: "Verses," published in 1890; "Allegretto," published in 1894; and "Far from Today," a collection of short stories, published in 1893.

The most conspicuous, the most salient quality of the verse, it seems to me, is a very fresh and unlabored clarity of note, the native bubble of some wild thing finding voice, it knows not why, and cares not how.

"The night is black; the rain falls fine,
Incessant, vertical;
I stretch my arm through the dripping vine —
I like to feel it fall.

"I think of a garden that I know
Lying out in this quiet rain;
The crab-tree blossoms vainly glow,
The tulip's red in vain.

"One color, petals now and stem —
One bistre, green and pink;
Dear darkened flowers! I'm glad for them;
They thirsted, now they drink."

So light, so spontaneous, so unconcerned, so poetical, and yet so . . . Ah, I can almost imagine our realistic friends

relishing that poem, simple and delicious! And so indeed it is. Even that unhappy "bistre," like a blot on the artless pages of a child, cannot ruin what it mars.

A distaste for titles our author has, and a way of giving us a little bundle of poems unnamed or labelled only "Verses." Another of these untitled though aristocratic lyrics we may quote as an instance of this same freshness and spontaneity of utterance, as an instance too of that rare gift, the lightness of touch of one born to the manner, the ease of one who improvises with little tutoring, a convincing sign of authenticity, and the more needed now that so much is done at haphazard or by contrivance and cleverness.

"How dreary looks the ivied cot,
(Yet all is flush with May!)
How sad the little garden plot,
Since Mary went away.

"At morning to her window side
A flock of sparrows comes;
They wait and wonder, 'Where can bide
That Mary of the crumbs?'

"Below, the poor neglected flowers
In languid whispers sigh,
'Where's Mary of the grateful showers,
Will she come by and by?'

"And every night down in the lane,
Just past the gate, there stands
A youth whose face, wet with his pain,
Is hidden in his hands."

A little too sentimental, certainly, to be more than a minor poem, yet without strain, and in the faultless manner of a less crude, less frightfully in earnest century than this. To be Bostonian without being Bostonese, that is at once so difficult and so desirable. To be a local colorist without being local-colored, to be at once in and apart from his work, is the great difficulty and desire of the artist. And it is only by

acquiring the perfect manner and the perfect temper that he can hope to attain it.

But of all the lyrics I must think the following the finest, short as it is, and although

“Lightly one reads a little song,—
And all the dreaming goes
To make a ditty twelve lines long
Nobody knows.”

It is not to be found in either volume; I have brushed the dust from it in a file of *The Independent*, that generous storehouse of good poetry. It runs:

“A fair King’s daughter once possessed
A bird in whom she took delight;
And everything a bird loves best
She gave this favored one — but flight.

“It was her joy to smooth his wings,
To watch those eyes that waxed and waned;
To tender him choice offerings
And have him feed from her white hand.

“And every day she loved him more,
But when at last she loved him most,
She opened wide his prison door,
Content that he to her were lost.”

Such a thing is surely worthy of Blake, with his tenderness and his insight,—yes, and his peculiar cadence, too. Resemblances are bad, yet I cannot find the need to temper praise of so supreme a thing with any adjective, with any reservation, however delicate.

These few lines, it seems to me, along with many others as good, reveal a genuine song-throe, voluntary and uncompelled, unambitious at present if you will, yet already fine and of no scanty capability. That the song is a real song, and not a cunning bird-lure, is the first consideration to those who follow the woodland music. What its purport may be, how rich

or novel or thrilling or thin, matters less, and may well be left to each listener to determine as he will.

So much for the obvious charms of workmanship. Yet one cannot pass from the enjoyment of these poems, for all their untrammelled clarity of line and sincerity of cadence, without a feeling of fear that in their very spontaneity lies a danger,—a fear that their author holds but lightly in esteem the labor of the file, and is over-confident of the bounty of the muse. In reality the muse is often more prodigal than wise; she is an open-handed bestower of charity, seldom imposing obligations with her generous alms.

Inspiration is a moody nurse, and must often be teased for her best gifts. Crusty and jealous of her store, she relents to importunity with no impartial hand; and while, for all her seeming indifference, to her favorites fall the largest plums, it is usually the child of reserve who will come most meagerly away.

That inspiration should be indubitable, should be of pure gold, does not make the toil of the artist, the image and superscription, less necessary. Unminted metal is not current coin. And I marvel that the same voice which one hears in these faultless flute-notes —

“To be a little child once more
And in its dreamless cradle lie,
To hear a soft voice o'er and o'er
Refraining 'Bye-low-baby-bye' —

“To be a child, be innocence
Of all that hath man's heart beguiled,
Yet know by some mysterious sense
How good it is to be a child!”

or in

“The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree,
And, in their polished basins of white stone,
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.”

I marvel that the voice one hears in these so beautifully musical rhythms, is also to be heard saying anything so harsh as

“I cannot live — what shall I do?—
 With this strange thing I idolize;
 Crush doth it me and martyrize,
 Wear out, destroy, breathe madness to —
 I cannot live — what shall I do?”

“Crush doth it me and martyrize,” — it is not easy to write a worse line than that. And the sin is greater just because it is a sin and not a fault, because it is the indulgence of a disbelief in art, not the faltering of incapacity. I pray for the conversion of this wayward child.

It is so easy to mistake for the very gist of the oracle what is really but premonitory verbiage,—the enshrouding safeguard of the god. One must not be misled by that, as even the greatest have been misled at times, as Browning was too frequently, and Wordsworth more often than one dare count. The duty of severe selection is the first high office of art, the trust imposed upon the artist as sanction of his authority. To neglect it is the mark of the amateur and the unscholarly. To follow it faithfully day and night, to be turned aside by no vagary of whim, no barbarity of dialect, no solecism of diction, is the least we have a right to expect from every novice in the beautiful college of art. Diligence, learning, humility, and the obliteration of self,—the wiping away of all that is hasty and abstrusive from every line,—without these there can be no achievement of style. Wordsworth, as Arnold justly said, has no style; nor has that arch offender against taste, the American Whitman. As Walter Pater puts it:

“For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere, accord-

ing to Michel Angelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

"The attention of the writer, in every minutest detail," to quote again from the same source, "is a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive, too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore indirectly with the reader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master."

That is what I do not feel in this young writer's work; I do not feel that she is always dealing scrupulously with her instrument; I do not feel that without more care she can attain that close yet flexible adjustment of the clothing to the idea, which a consummate craftsman like Longfellow, for example, comes more and more to attain as life goes on,—until at last there is no hesitancy, no impediment at all, but his subject is revealed to us in an impression as clear as his own. To be able to affect his fellows now and then is not enough for the artist; he must be able to bring his fancy home to them, following its embodiment like a shadow; he must have, he must try to have, the freedom of a master.

Expression, the material image of thought, is an iron band which must be brought to a white heat in the furnace of the understanding, and shrunk on to the imaginative structure it is to uphold. For otherwise, and if the fancy be entrusted for preservation to some cold and set form of utterance, it will soon sag and warp, and lapse from its first fair symmetry into the ugliness of the commonplace in which it has been so carelessly committed.

So much for the technique, for the sensuous side of these poems. But Miss Hall has other claims on our attention, more lasting even than those of delicate and attractive execution. She is, to me, the possessor of two traits of bearing which go far to make the equipment of an artist, when supplemented by a generous culture, well nigh complete,—

two marks of a temper more admirably suited than all others to look out upon the world with an artist's eyes,—a sense of the sufficiency of life, and a sense of its richness and humor.

A sense of the insufficiency of life: without that there can be no art at all worth the name; without that, there is no outlook, no going to the threshold of the house of Being, and peering forth into the dark to see what of the night, while we of the fireside are taking our comfortable ease within; without that, there is no longing, no despair, no rebound of hope, no fortitude, no exultation, no futherance of the dumb desire of the world. A sense of the insufficiency of life,—how it made all of Shelley, all of Heine, and half of Omar! How it is the whole sum and substance of a minor poet like Philip Marston! How it hinders and oversets, like a too heavy wind, all but the deep-ballasted souls who will yet beat up to their haven in its teeth! How necessary it is, yet how futile alone! In excess, and without some reinforcement, it gives us the exquisite and purposeless spirits of no achievement, the Amiels of the world, the type of every age-end, love-sick for perfection and touched with the malaria of indecision, who watch the gorgeous opportunity go by, ever longing hopelessly to arrest their fleeting impressions and aspirations in some form of art, which experience has shown them is no more than just beyond their reach, and which culture has taught them never to relinquish for any less inevitable embodiment of beauty.

This is the feeling which must precede and forerun its own greater and more important complement, that sense of the sufficiency of life after all,—a high-born resignation, curious, glad and unperturbed. And these two currents of feeling, making between them the tide-streak of art, are always welling through the seething waste of human activity, for the buoying or foundering of new endeavor. In wavering balance, preponderating now to one pole, now to the other, now to sorrow and again to joy, now to rebellion and insistence and strain, and again to serenity, now to Byron and "The

City of Dreadful Night," now to Browning and Wordsworth and the large Homeric health,— this instability of mood, this ever inquiring oversight of mind, has driven us hither from beauty to beauty, and will drive us to the end. At times it is full of disquiet, sceptical, restless, mocking, setting no term to thought, no bound to speculation, no store by any fundamental creed, a self-pitying jest on the lips of futility and decadence. Then away it swings into blind assurance and bigotry and intolerance, the sword of Mohammed, the torture of the Inquisition, the piteous cruelty of African and Puritan hoodooism alike.

And again this sense of the sufficiency of life, permeated and made wholesome by the utter doubt beneath it, by the sense of insufficiency, comes rarely indeed, yet how encouragingly, to a slow poise in the steadfast few, in Marcus Aurelius and Omar and Shakespeare and Arnold, in the Emersonian smile and the Virgilian calm. Then how good it is,— how of the morning and the dew!

It seems to me I should always have most delight of Emerson in the early hours of a June morning, overlooking a Northern garden of birds and roses, a slant of silver river not far off, with a file of roadside elms and the blue untraversed hills beyond. This may well be only a personal taste, measuring off its judgments to the bias of memory; still, you will indulge me in the fancy for a moment! And the pagan Emperor, too, I should ask his companionship for those fresh deliberative hours, when the whole world is a marvellous and conquerable province of delight, waiting only to be possessed. For the evening and the chimney-side, under the heavy eaves of winter, Shakespeare, of course with all his followers,— that incongruous host in scarlet tatters and velvet dun, with valor and merriment and tears, the story-tellers of every land and time, who shall forever win us away from the burden of our ignobler selves, with their silver voices and their sense of the infinite richness and humor of life. So, little by little, one might come to acquire both these humanizing traits of

character, the simplicity of temper and the joyousness of disposition.

Well, then, it seems to me that Miss Hall shows herself again and again one in whom these good qualities are found. I feel that there is always likely to be in her work that nice balance between the vigor of joy, which is perennial, and the decrepitude of introspection, which is always modern. Well aware of the pathos of thought, she nevertheless cannot escape the happy, bubbling exigency of life. For instance, here:

“ IN THE ART MUSEUM.

“ He stands where the white light showers,
In his wonted high recess;
The dust has woven a soft veil
Over his comeliness.

“ Beneath the pensive eyebrows
And lids that never beat
The same glance floats forever —
So sad and solemn sweet;

“ The same peace seals forever
The full lips finely curled,—
I'm come to this his dwelling
To bring him news of the world:

“ ‘ Once more the Spring hath mantled
With green the lasting hills —
Hast thou no faint remembrance
Of daisies and daffodils?

“ ‘ Their stems still lengthen sunward
As when thou wast of us;
My heart swells with its sorrow
For thee — Antinous.’ ”

That poem reveals to us the most delightful of tempers, neither too sober nor too frivolous, meditative yet not self-centred, hardly self-conscious save in its exquisite manner,—the perfect temper revealed in the winning tone, the velvet

accent in the silken phrase. To the same buoyant, unharmed disposition, brimming with a sense of the sufficiency and richness of existence, we owe these nameless stanzas :

“Maid, when thou walk'st in Springtime,
Cast down thy simple eyes ;
By no means let them follow
Two wandering butterflies.

“Ignore all tender nonsense
The warm wind may suggest,
Avoid to watch the swallows
Building their little nest.

“The sweet, seductive roses
Consider at no price —
A glowing rose might give thee
Some ill-advised advice.”

and also that most deliciously whimsical address, “To a Weed.” From the first verse,

“You bold thing ! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the Rose,
Ev'n in the best ordained garden bed,
Unauthorized, your smiling little head !”

to the last,

“You know, you weed, *I quite agree with you,*
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let 's sniff at the old gardener trudging by !”

such good-natured bantering fellowship with nature ; such a shaking the finger at one's garden companions ! The large, tolerant, wise way of looking at this dazzling kaleidoscope revolving in the sun ! Browning's way in his “Garden Fancies,” and Shakespeare's in his serener hours. No quarrel with life, no ill feeling, no discontent. It is much to have reached that temper.

A mind at peace with circumstance, adjusted beforehand

to all the vagaries of chance, beyond the reach of rapture to intoxicate or misfortune to stun,—that is the best gift culture has to give, along with an added province of pleasure; and that is the first preparation we should require in an artist, in order that while he moves us to sorrow and tears, he may not move us from the centre of our being. This is the humor of the Immortals, the Olympian mood. Without a touch of it, one could not, I conceive, make such verses as those beginning,

“The sun looked from his everlasting skies.”

And humor too, a lesser, everyday humor, is the key-note of “Allegretto,” with its elogy that Mr. Locker might have written on poor “Mr. Anon”:

“What may his *petit nom* have been,
 Poor All-forgotten, long ago?
 How did his mother call him in
 From play at bed-time? Might one know!
 What did his love put after “Dear”
 In her love-letter, when she wrote?
 What did his wife, with voice severe,
 Say when she found the blushing note?

“Charles! Edward! William! Peter! Paul!
 Or was it James? or was it John?
 The fact is, no one knows at all—
 Alack-a-day! Poor Mr. Anon!” . . .

The short stories, “Far from Today,” have been deservedly well received. They are finished, slow-written, softly gliding tales of a country where the blight of a too scorching realism can never fall. They are more mature and rounded than the poems, more perfect expressions of the author’s first intention; and in them she must feel, I think, that she has reached an ampler, more satisfactory utterance; they are a more valuable contribution to English literature, and come nearer being the best that can be done in their particular way. Yet we must all hope that Miss Hall will not allow

herself to be drawn aside altogether, by any success in prose, from devotion to a poetic power so undeniable as hers.

It was proposed that THE CHAP-BOOK should print a few contemporary impressions, and that the present paper might contain

“ All that I know
Of a certain star.”

It was urged that

“ friends have said
They would fain see, too,
This star that dartles the red and the blue.”

Alas, I regret they must solace themselves with my babble about it, with these attempts to describe “the red and the blue”; but one cannot always disregard the tradition of Letters which were once called Polite, and temerity is a fairy who was not at my christening. To take refuge in a metaphor: the vanity of gossip is large, and the meshes of the journalistic net are small; but if you conceal that contrivance under the name of Criticism, in the hope of throwing your luckless quarry and rifling his pockets of some precious sketch of a beautiful girl—No, I thank you! I shall be found in no such snare.

BLISS CARMAN.



IN HELEN'S LOOK

I STUDIED Life in Helen's look,
And knew that Life was mine:
Now she is dead, I close the book—
Death has no countersign.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BY THE LITTLE WHITE PAN

“Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.”

HIS voice quivered and faded to a hushed sigh. The fountain behind them under the cypress sputtered and broke into a tiny chuckle as the stream tumbled over the gleaming pebbles,—over and over, till it was lapped up by the deeper water of the quiet sea at the edge of the shore. The little white Pan, who sat where the fountain first bubbled in the grass, seemed to grin more elfishly, and his marble fingers danced on his pipe; but the youth did not see this, for he was looking at his beloved.

His voice had been so low as he had read, that at first she did not feel that he was silent, but sat looking over the blue water to where a sail was skimming the sea-curve like a bird far off. For a moment she sat without moving: then her white hand crept into his, and her childish lips trembled softly.

“Go on, dear,” she whispered.

He took up the book and went on, his voice softer and lower than before,—so low and sweet that the babble of the fountain thrilled through it all.

“Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.”

He paused again to look at her with swimming eyes. The sun glinted through the cool shade of the cypress and crowned her youthful head with gold. Her slender throat pulsed quickly as her breath came warm and soft from her parted lips; but still she looked out at the distant sail. Then her hand fluttered in his, and he went on again, while the fountain chuckled more and more noisily at the feet of the little white Pan.

“Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.”

The gilded book slipped from his hand to the stone ledge of the seat. The water bubbled and splashed and chuckled, and the elfish head of the little white Pan seemed to nod, and his fingers trembled on his pipe with glee. But the youth saw only his beloved.

He quivered like an aspen, and his heart rose within him till it choked him. He seized both hands of his beloved and drew her toward him till her young breath fawned on his cheek. The far-off look in her eyes had changed to the love-light the youth had longed to see, and she smiled tremblingly. Then, hand locked in hand, he drew her face nearer, wondering at her beauty,—nearer and nearer till their lips almost touched.

For a breathless moment he looked far down into her answering eyes; and then his fingers tightened over her hands and grew rigid, for her face had become strangely quiet, and her eyes that had been swimming with new-born love grew still as in a dream. He was so near her that he felt as if he were looking down into her soul through the deep blue lenses,—when suddenly the image, that had before been but his own face looking into hers, changed, and he sat numb with horror at the vision; for there in the wet light of her eyes were two figures, fantastically tiny; and yet so near he was, and so strained his sight, that, seeing nothing of the outer world but only the two dark discs, the figures seemed full-sized in an eternity of space, clear, vivid, inevitable. One was a maiden, slender and beautiful, although he could not see her face. She had risen reeling to meet one who came to her with arms outstretched. Swiftly, remorselessly, the drama of the vision went on, burning itself through the two

mirrors into the brain of the watching youth as he sat silent and tense with the exquisite agony of one who sees a crime committed, powerless to interfere. Quietly the pantomime glided on in the eyes, so near they seemed as if they were his own; the pantomime so minute, so portentous, so eternal. The youth stared fixedly, terror-stricken, while the tiny picture shook through his brain, vaster than reality. What did it all mean, he wondered in vague horror. Was it a deed his beloved had done — a foul stain that haunted even her eyes and her soul? Or was it a crime she had seen acted? Or was it only a vile thought that had come from him — that had stolen into his mind as he drew her to him, and that her eyes had mirrored from his own with faultless truth? He shook in an agony of uncertain fear and loosened her hands from his tight grasp.

The vision melted from her soft eyes, and the colour crept into her cheeks. She quivered slightly as if awakening. Then she smiled at him wonderingly.

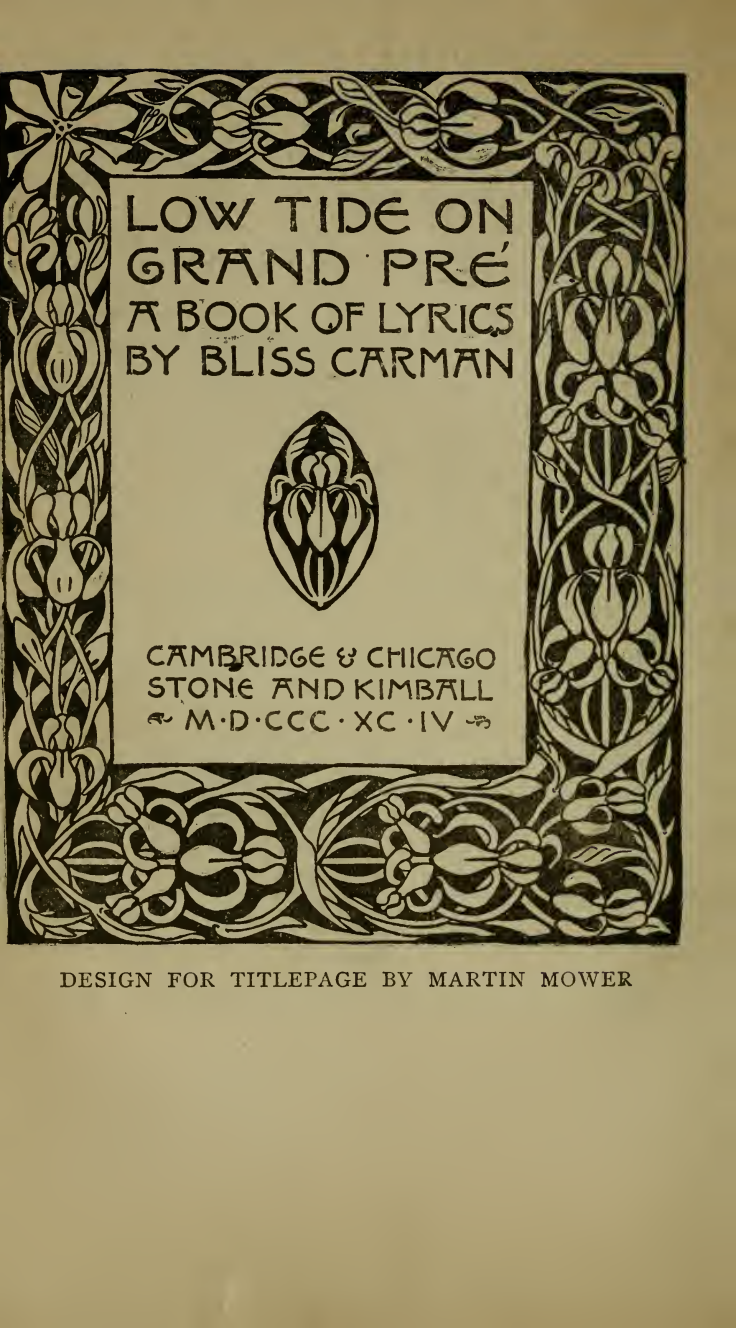
“What is it, dear heart?” she said.

He sat silent, breathless, and the joy that had lighted his face so short a while before was gone. Did her voice ring false or true? He rose swiftly and rushed from the garden with his face in his hands.

Out on the horizon the faint sail had vanished. The fountain sunk into a hushed sob; the head of the white Pan was hid in the shadow of the cypress, and his marble fingers were quiet; but the grass rustled softly as a little silver-throated snake hid under the gleaming pebbles.

PIERRE LA ROSE.





LOW TIDE ON
GRAND PRÉ
A BOOK OF LYRICS
BY BLISS CARMAN



CAMBRIDGE & CHICAGO
STONE AND KIMBALL
M·D·CCC·XC·IV

DESIGN FOR TITLEPAGE BY MARTIN MOWER

EPITAPH OF AN ACTOR

HERE lies a servant of the mimic art ;
He pictured Life, its passion and its glee.
Death bade him play, at last, a grim-faced part,
His only make-up, man's mortality.

RICHARD BURTON.



NOTES

EVERY one knows the story of Whistler's celebrated reply to Oscar Wilde's envious exclamation of delight at a clever sketch of the eccentric painter,—how Oscar said, "Oh, Jimmy, how I wish I had said that!" and how Whistler answered, "Never mind, dear boy, you will,"—but every one does not know how during the time that they were friends that a kitten was given to Whistler, and that in token of affection and without undue curiosity he had named it *Oscar*.

Time passed, and Whistler's wife invaded the studio one day with a momentous announcement.

"Jimmy," said she, "did you know Oscar has kittens?"

"Impossible," said Whistler, laying down his brushes; "Oscar can't."

"Come and see," said his wife.

Together they went to where Oscar and the kittens lay.

Mrs. Whistler looked at her husband who stood for a moment in amazement and dismay.

"Never mind," he said; "they must be plagiarized."

I see by the not very markedly successful series of religious pastels which Oscar has inserted into the middle of the last *Nineteenth Century* that he has been turning his mind to the use of old faiths and creeds as valuable *motifs* in art.

In this he is only following the French, who as much as

four years ago were illustrating the life of Christ by wonderful *ombres chinoises* in the midst of the *saletés* of the *Chat Noir*, but it would seem from a conversation I had lately with that fantastic genius that he retains at least a humorous belief in the immortality of the soul.

We were talking about the French edition of "Salome," and how much better it was in that musical, suggestive tongue than in its translated English.

"Any transformation of English to French," he said, "is like turning silver into gold."

"But how difficult it is!" he exclaimed. "I tried once to translate the *Tentations* of Flaubert; it took me three days to do the first two lines. At that rate it will take me about four hundred years to finish it. Therefore," he continued, "I have decided that it shall be the first thing I do in the next world."

If Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins had published his "Change of Air" before the "Prisoner of Zenda" it would never have been heard of, and no one could complain about it; but coming as the successor of one of the best books of the year, it is sadly disappointing and strangely trivial. It is a very amateurish story, not a bit romantic in the sense that "Zenda" is, and containing hardly a suggestion of the real capabilities of the author. The dramatic interest is slight and is based on the absurdly extravagant hero-worship of an idiot doctor.

The thing is bad enough in itself, without the necessity of additional damnation from the publishers. "It suggests," they say, "through action, not through preaching, a lesson of moderation and charity,"—which, to say the least, is beautifully maudlin.

I cannot help wondering at the bad taste Mr. Hawkins showed in bringing out the book now: it knocks all one's plans for his future greatness on the head and starts the suspicion that "Zenda" may have been an accident.

I was looking through a collection of early Americana a few days ago and somehow was struck by the appearance of an old volume—famed in its day, but now near forgotten—“The Ladies’ Monitor” by Thomas Green Fessenden. As I turned the leaves, something caught my eye on one of the pages. I stopped and looked at it. Two lines were written in lead pencil across the margin:

“That heaven’s blessings may rest upon you is the most ardent desire of my heart.

Your most ——”

And there it stopped. The last word had been erased. I was interested and looked farther. On the titlepage, in quite a different handwriting, was written:

“Harriet Curtis Woodward.
Hanover, Oct. 5th, 1818.”

On the back cover, in still a different hand, was:

“Forget not your friend when
she’s absent from you.”

I wonder what the story is.



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The Publishers have to announce that Numbers I, II, III and IV of THE CHAP-BOOK are now entirely out of print, and subscriptions can begin only with the issue of July 15.



The next number of THE CHAP-BOOK will contain an original poem by PAUL VERLAINE, reproduced in facsimile.

CRUMBLING IDOLS.

TWELVE ESSAYS ON ART by Hamlin Garland. Published by Stone & Kimball. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.

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MODERN : ART

If Europe be the home of art, America can at least lay claim to the most artistically compiled publication devoted to the subject that we know of. This is *Modern Art*.—*The Galignani Messenger* (Paris, France).

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THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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MR. WILLIAM SHARP
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY FREDERICK HOLLYER
THE CHAP-BOOK
SEPTEMBER 15, 1894



William Sharp
London 1894

THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER 15TH

EPIGRAMMES

MON âge mûr qui ne grommelle
En somme qu'encore très peu
Aime le joli pêle-mêle
D'un ballet turc ou camaïeu.

Ou tout autre, fol et sublime,
Tour à tour comme en même temps ;
Surtout si vient la pantomime
S'ébattre en jeux concomitants,

Jeux de silence et de mystère
Que la musique rend déjà,
Plus muets et dont l'art va taire
Mieux le secret, qu'il ne lâcha.

Qu'à l'oreille de Colombine,
Ou de l'indolente Zulmé ;
Pour l'amant, qu'il se turlupine
Donc à tort ! Puisqu'il est l'aimé !

La jalousie, un sultan sombre,
Et piteux sous l'or du caftan,
Scaramouche tout noir dans l'ombre,
Ou tel splendide capitain,

Se démène parmi les danses
D'épithalame et de joyeux
Pourchas légers entre les denses
Ronds de jupe essorés aux cieux.

Plaisirs des yeux, plaisirs de tête,
Qu'un vif orchestre exalte encor,
Donnez au vieillissant poète
L'illusion dans le décor.

PAUL VERLAINE.

To
Edmund Clarence Steadman
on Birthday Greeting
8th October

Unknown, unlaurelled, but with heart
attuned with the poetic fire,
I touch, with loving hands, for thee
my wildwood lyre.

About me the great pine-trees sound
with sea-blown echoes from below:
far down, the fretful tidal waves
surge to and fro.

Beyond, the ocean lies; and far
across horizons undesined
I fain would see your face once more,
stand by your side:

But no, dear friend, the dim decrees:
that mould the clay of men prevail:
Thou there, I here, must parted be —
Confused the trail!

Yet friendship, reverence, and esteem
Can make the distance but a span,
And love and memory transcend
Date's cumbrous plan.

Thou there, I here, not severed are:

Once more your welcoming hand I ~~grasp~~
grasp:

Not all the Sundering seas that be
Can break the clasp!

All hail to thee, true friend and dear!

Already thine the bay's renown,
But long may sweeter roses deck
The laurel crown!

=
William Sharpe.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP'S POEMS

MR. SHARP received his formal introduction to American readers two years ago at the hands of his friend, Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, in a graceful preface to "Flower o' the Vine," a collected volume of poems.

"Earth is my vineyard: these grew there,"

a line from Browning which Mr. Sharp has chosen to inscribe in the front of this book, is an index of the character of the work, divided as it is into two parts, "Of the North" and "Of the South." "Flower o' the Vine" is made up, with slight addition, of two previously printed works, "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy," published by Walter Scott, London, 1888, and "Sospiri di Roma," printed for the author in Rome, 1891.

The poetry in these two little books is so different, we will do well to glance at them separately. In the preface to "Romantic Ballads," written now some six years ago, Mr. Sharp said:

"That there is a romantic revival imminent in our poetic literature, a true awakening of the genuinely romantic sentiment, is my earnest conviction. Many things point to this freshly-stirring stream of tendency. Among our younger artists there is a quickening of life, of emotion, of passion, such as has not animated English art since the days of the endeavour of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. . . . In pure fiction, the era of romance as opposed to pseudo-realism is about to begin, if the tide be not already well on the flow. . . . In the ebb and flux of literary sentiment, the story of adventure must always have a steadfast place; for the world is always youthful to the young, and the young love adventure and romance even when the chill of a reactionary period has touched them with its blight."

How well this forecast has been fulfilled, how accurate was the writer's artistic appreciation, the outcome abundantly proves. For you will remember that in 1888 Mr. Kipling and

his half-dozen compeers, with their half score of followers, had not been heard of. Today they are in every book-stall; and sober Realism, with her well-bred theories, must for the time being content herself with an inferior place in the public regard. We must avoid here, for the present, that inflammatory topic, the comparative merits of realism and idealism in art; I merely point to the admirable insight Mr. William Sharp displayed in perceiving the approach of the present movement.

In accordance with this conviction, on the wave of this sentiment, the "Romantic Ballads" were written. "The Weird of Michael Scott," the longest poem in the book, is a finely conceived thing, masterfully executed. It is touched with the clammy Coleridgean horror of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," the soul-shudder which the Germans taught us. As its central fancy, the mediæval legend of the were-wolf lends it throughout a terrible fascination, a fascination much too tragic to be called merely morbid or uncanny. For the old conception of the were-wolf after all only emphasized that strain in the human blood of which we are so often aware when we would gladly

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

To the hunted imagination, to the self-beset spirit, the thing seems a reasonable result of degradation; while to the cold and hopeful reason it is the veriest fiction of some distraught imagining. This is at once its secret power over us and its patent claim to excellence as an artistic subject.

Scotland is of course the scene of this remarkable ballad. A few bold strokes give the local setting:

"The sound and fury of the waves,
Upon the rocks, among the caves,
Boomed inland from the thunderous strand:
Mayhap the dead heard in their graves
The tumult fill the hollow land."

And so running through Part I, picking up stanzas here and there, we get some notion of the poem and the felicity with which the theme has been followed.

“ Upon the Haunted Brae (where none
 Would linger in the noontide sun)
 Michael the Wizard rode apace:
 Wildly he rode where all men shun,
 With madness gleaming on his face.

* * * * *

“ Across the Haunted Brae he fled,
 And mock'd and jeer'd the shuddering dead;
 Wan white the horse that he bestrode.”

* * * * *

“ And ever as his race he ran,
 A shade pursued the fleeing man,
 A white and ghastly shade it was;
 ‘ Like saut sea-spray across wet san’,
 Or wind abune the moonlit grass! —

“ Like saut sea-spray it follows me,
 Or wind o'er grass — so fast 's I flee:
 In vain I shout, and laugh, and call,—
 The thing betwixt me and the sea
 God kens it is my ain lost saul! ’

* * * * *

“ On, on, by moorland glen and stream,
 Past lonely lochs where ospreys scream,
 Past marshlands where no sound is heard,
 The rider and the white horse gleam,
 And, aye behind, that dreadful third.”

* * * * *

“ But with a shrill, heart-bursten yell
 The white horse stumbled, plunged, and fell,
 And loud a summoning voice arose,
 ‘ Is't White-Horse Death that rides frae Hell,
 Or Michael Scott that hereby goes? ’ ”

* * * * *

“ Swift swept the sword within the shade,
 Swift was the flash the blue steel made,

Swift was the downward stroke, and rash,—
 But, as though levin-struck, the blade
 Fell splintered earthward with a crash.

“ With frantic eyes Lord Stair out-peered
 Where Michael Scott laughed loud and jeered :
 ‘ Forth fare ye now, ye’ve got lang room !
 Ah, by my saul thou’lt dree thy weird !
 Begone, were-wolf, till the day o’ doom ! ’ ”

And then the first part of the ballad is brought to this vivid ending :

“ A shrill scream pierced the lonely place ;
 A dreadful change came o’er the face ;
 The head, with bristled hair, hung low ;
 Michael the Wizard turned and fled,
 And laughed a mocking laugh of woe.

“ And through the wood there stole and crept,
 And through the wood there raced and leapt,
 A thing in semblance of a man ;
 An awful look its wild eyes kept
 As howling through the night it ran.”

Not all the poem, however, is after this unmitigated terror-dealing kind. There are lighter touches on nature, sweetening it now and again, as in the opening of Part III :

“ All day the curlew wailed and screamed,
 All day the cushat crooned and dreamed,
 All day the sweet muir-wind blew free :
 Beyond the grassy knowes far gleamed
 The splendor of the singing sea.

“ Above the myriad gorse and broom
 And miles of golden kingcup-bloom
 The larks and yellow-hammers sang.”

And there are lovely scraps and half-lines, too, scattered up and down the pages, as for instance this :

“ star after star
 He watched the skiey spaces fill.”

And this, with which we may leave the Wizard :

“ A long white moonbeam like a blade
Swept after him where'er he fled.”

Mr. Sharp, like his countryman, Sir Walter, has a most happy knack in the use of proper names. Indeed, it is much more than that ; or, perhaps, we had better say, as someone I believe has said, that such a knack amounts to genius. One finds it, not only in “ The Weird of Michael Scott,” but also in “ Mad Madge o' Cree,” and in this matchless lyric, “ The Coves of Crail ” :

“ The moon-white waters wash and leap,
The dark tide floods the Coves of Crail ;
Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail.

“ The pale gold of his oozy locks
Doth hither drift and thither wave ;
His thin hands plash against the rocks,
His white lips nothing crave.

“ Afar away she laughs and sings —
A song he loved, a wild sea-strain —
Of how the mermen weave their rings
Upon the reef-set main.

“ Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail,
Though with the tide his white hands creep
Amid the Coves of Crail.”

Here Mr. Sharp has come to his highest reach of song, in a dirge so simple, so imaginative, so beautiful, so moving, the smallest treasury of our classics might well make room for it on the same page with that song from “ The Tempest ” :

“ Full fathom five thy father lies.”

In passing from the well-worn paths of balladry to the less-known fields of unrhymed, loose-metred verse, Mr. Sharp went a perilous way. “ Sospiri di Roma ” is an interesting

little volume, containing a portrait etched by Mr. Charles Holroyd, and printed, if I remember aright, at Tivoli under the author's personal supervision. How shall I describe these vague, wandering hints of the Roman atmosphere, wayward and faint as a breath, indeed, yet full of light and color? They are impressions, ample entries in a poet's note-book, vivid, accurate, luxuriant, untrammelled. In this irregular form of verse Matthew Arnold wrote some of his most characteristic poems, allowing himself by this means a freer play for criticism of life, and losing at the same time that charm which he praised as the necessary quality even of prose, the charm of "regularity, uniformity, precision, and balance."

It is the old dispute, this about freedom and strictness of form. One sees it in another sphere of activity, in the religious controversy over liturgies and their helpfulness or hindrance to the spiritual life. Omit the form, and you are driven to depend on the inspiration of the moment, you must be rapt or nothing. Cling to the form, for its beauty's sake, and you come easily to do without elation, or enthusiasm, or fire, or whatever one calls that more than self-possession of the poets and saints. In the one case we have assured sincerity, beautiful if it is eminent, offensive if it is not. In the other case we have at least the fair and decent image of what was once inevitable perfection. The danger of the one is vain vulgarity; the danger of the other is dull conceit. Geneva is a feminine snare, Rome is a masculine menace. The authority of inspiration is a man's delusion; the insincerity of formalism is a woman's paradise.

Liturgy and ritual are the mnemonics of worship. But verse is much more than a mnemonic of poetry. For while private and public worship may on occasion be quite as well without the set form of word and ceremonial, the poetic feeling never can attain, even in the mind that conceives it, quite its highest, most beautiful and convincing utterance, without falling of necessity into rhythm and line. This is the thing your detractor of poetry can never understand. He

execrates as an antiquated convention what is in reality an inescapable law of nature, a psychic force pulling on the human heart. Poetry is not a toy, it is a natural phenomenon.

But I have overshot the mark a little here. The "Sospiri di Roma" are not unrhythmical, not unmetrical. And Mr. Sharp would be the first to concur with me in what I have just said about the necessity of poetic form. In this book he has not allowed himself the liberty of prose, he has only been feeling for a greater freedom of verse. As Arnold sought a looser form at times for his criticism of life, Mr. Sharp has sought it for his impressions of nature. I quote from "A Dream at Ardea":

"Not till the purple-hued
Wings of the twilight
Waved softly downward
From the Alban hills,
And moved stilly
Over the vast dim leagues of Maremma,
Turned I backward
My wandering steps.
Far o'er the white-glimmering
Breast of the Tyrrhene sea
(Laid as in sleep at the feet of the hills)
Rose, dropping liquid fires
Into the wine-dark vault of heaven,
The star of evening,
Venus, the evening star:
Eternal, serene,
In deathless beauty
Revolving ever
Through the stellar spheres."

That is a fair specimen of these "Sospiri." The artist's eye, half closed, neither dreams nor sees too much. On the same page we find

"High o'er the shadowy heights
Of the Volscian summits
The full moon soared,

Soared slowly upward
Like a golden nenuphar
In a vaster Nilus."

That is even better. The artist has dipped his brush in imagination.

"Like a golden nenuphar
In a vaster Nilus."

The reach beyond the actual, the touch of unreality, the glamor of fanciful exaggeration, fixes the picture in our mind. If the landscape painter would move us as the sunset moved him, he must put more on the canvas than an exact copy of his scene; he must add something of himself, else how shall we be moved? The artist must add a commentary to his transcripts from nature, to help our eye, to bring us to his point of view, to set us face to face with the fresh revelation vouchsafed his finer sense. This commentary comes of imagination alone.

Again, in "High Noon on the Campagna" we have

"And where, when the warm yellow moonlight floods the flats,
Gaunt, laggard sheep browse spectrally for hours,
While not less gaunt and spectral shepherds stand
Brooding, or with hollow, vacant eyes
Stare down the long perspectives of the dusk."

Where the imaginary commentary, the something more than realism, comes to our aid in the line,

"Stare down the long perspectives of the dusk,"

and illuminates the whole passage,—gives it the touch of wonder and unreality the scene would really have to the beholder. Realism touched with imagination may become poetry; but prose without imagination cannot even be rightly realistic. Full of abundant suggestion, then, are these "Sospiri," though not always infused with imagination as in the two passages we have read, not always wrought into round

complete poems, each memorably distinct. The unity of the book, however, is charming, the spell of a lotus country is on every page; and one feels the ample pleasure of slow, sufficient utterance.

But I have already overrun my space, and must put you off with a bare list of Mr. Sharp's other works. "The Human Inheritance" and "Earth's Voice," his two earliest volumes of verse, are now out of print; "Dante Gabriel Rosetti," a record and study; the lives of Shelley and Heine and Browning in the Great Writers Series; the life and letters of Joseph Severn; "Children of Tomorrow," a romance; "A Fellowe and his Wife (with Blanche Willis Howard), and critical and biographical notes to "Sonnets of the Century," "Songs, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare," and "Philip Bourke Marston," three volumes of the Canterbury Poets Series.

This is no small output for a man in his thirties, and testifies to Mr. Sharp's capacity for work. The life of Browning was only undertaken after the poet's death, and it was published within three months of that time, yet it is neither hasty nor careless, and contains the most temperate and just estimate of that great master, the best introduction to his work we have.

If Mr. Sharp showed himself a sensitive child of the times in "Romantic Ballads," and a successful experimenter in "Sospiri di Roma," he has lately proved himself an even more acute and daring innovator in "Vistas." Some two years ago, when he was visiting Mr. Stedman in New York, it was my privilege to hear Mr. Sharp read these remarkable productions. It was not a public reading, by any means, but entirely *sub rosa*. Closeted with this conjurer of weird suggestion out of unwilling words, I was the delighted victim, the spell-bound *corpus vile* of an editor, on whom things might be tried with impunity and with some little hope, I suppose, of predetermining the judgment of a larger audience. I not only survive to this day, I believe that if every *fiat experimentum* could be as thrilling as that, an editor's lot

would be the most enviable of earthly fortunes. Luckless novelist, unhappy poets,—alas, it is not so!

This collection of "Vistas" seemed to me then, as it does now, one of the freshest inspirations in contemporary letters.

BLISS CARMAN.



PURITY

IF I should bathe me for a thousand years,
O love, my love,
In crystal fountains full of many tears
Of saints above;
If I should pray,
And beat my breast, and fasting day by day,
Weep bitterly;
As pure as you are pure I could not be,
When, at still eventide, unto the light
You raise your eyes, to watch a swallow's flight;
Lost in the sky's unfathomed mystery,
Where God may be.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.



THE BIRTH OF A SOUL

*"Enter with me into the dark zone
of the human soul."*

EMILIA PARDO BAZÁN.

A bedroom, austere furnished, in an old city of Flanders. To the left, a "Spanish throne," as such beds are called, heavy with sombre woodwork and huge all-length canopy; with tall, dark, thick curtains at the top and at the bottom; and approached by three low wooden steps belonging to and running the whole length of the bed. In the bed a woman, about to give birth to a child. Kneeling at a chair betwixt the head of the bed and the bare table with dull green cloth, on which is a low-shaded reading lamp, is a man, the father of the unborn child. To his left, a Sister of Mercy, also kneeling, but at the lowest of the three steps of the bed. To his right, kneeling at a chair near the table, a priest. The door of the room, to the right behind the bed, conspicuous by its black-oak panelling. At the opposite side of the room from the bed: to the right, a tall, fantastically carved black-oak clock, with clay-white face, with hands broken and dangling this way and that; beyond it, to the left, in a deep-set recess, an old Flemish window.

THE PRIEST (*kneeling at a chair, praying aloud*)—O God, may the child that cometh unto us from Thee be blessed by Thee to purity and strength. May he come as a scourge to the wrong-doer, as a message of peace to the righteous.

THE MAN (*kneeling at a chair near the head of the bed, praying silently*)—O God, may the child that is to be born to us not be a man-child. Already, already, O God, the curse that is within me has descended into the third generation.

THE PRIEST (*praying aloud*)—And if the child be a woman-child, O Lord, may she be a lamp of light in dark places, a godly presence among the evil.

THE WOMAN (*praying in the silence*)—O God, may the child that is within me not be a woman-child, so that she may never know the bitterness of shame and all the heritage of woman's woe.

ANOTHER (*unseen and unheard: in the deep shadow at the end of the bed*)—Thou living thing within the womb, when thou art born I shall dwell within thee as thy soul. And the sin of the woman, the which I am, shall lie like a canker-

worm within thy heart: and the evil of the man, the which I am, shall eat into thy inmost being. And thou shalt grow in corruption. And thy end shall be nothingness.

THE PRIEST (*aloud*) — Have mercy, O God, upon this immortal soul!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — For in the shadow of hell wast thou conceived, and out of the horror of the grave I come.

THE SISTER OF MERCY (*aloud, kneeling betwixt the table and the bed*) — Amen! Hear, O Blessed Mary; hear, oh, hear!

THE MAN — Have pity upon us!

THE MOTHER — O Christ, Son of Mary, save me!

THE PRIEST (*aloud*) — For it is Thine!

THE SISTER OF MERCY (*aloud*) — Thine!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — Mine!

Silence for some minutes. The clock ticks loudly. A sound as of an opening and closing door somewhere. The Priest looks up for a moment, thinking he heard someone rise from the deep-set window-seat at the far end of the chamber and come slowly across the room. But he sees no one. He bends his head again, and prays inaudibly.

THE MAN (*with his face buried in his hands*) — If it be possible, let this thing —

Stops, as there comes from the bed a sound of low, shaken sobs.

THE WOMAN (*below her breath*) — . . . Even so, Virgin Mother, Most Pure!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — Yea, so.

Again, a prolonged silence. All wait, knowing the woman's agony is at hand. The right hand of the father shakes as though he were in an ague. The sweat on his forehead moves slowly down his face in large, heavy drops.

THE MAN (*suddenly*) — Who knocks?

THE PRIEST — No one knocked.

THE WOMAN (*in a high, faint, perishing voice*) — Who knocks?

The Sister of Mercy rises and goes to the door. Opens and closes it, saying, as she returns to her post :

THE SISTER OF MERCY — There is no one there.

THE WOMAN (*shrilly*) — Who came in just now ?

THE SISTER OF MERCY — No one. It is I.

THE WOMAN (*in a low, sighing tone*) — It is the end.

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — It is the beginning of the end.

A prolonged silence, save for the endless moaning and occasional convulsive cries of the woman. At last the Priest rises, and sits by the table. He pulls the shaded lamp towards him, and begins to read from a book :

THE PRIEST — Unto us a Child is born ——

The woman sits up convulsively in bed, with her face turned almost round upon her right shoulder, her eyes staring in horror.

THE WOMAN — Who touched me ?

THE SISTER OF MERCY (*rising*) — Hush !

She comes over to the bed, gently persuades the woman to lie back, and then kneels beside the bed.

THE SISTER OF MERCY — There is no one here but those who love you. There is no one here but those whom you see.

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — And I !

In the heavy curtains behind the bed a current of air seems to move for a moment.

THE WOMAN (*white with fear, whispering*) — Who sighed behind me ?

THE SISTER OF MERCY — There is no one here but those who love you. There is no one here but those whom you see.

Again silence, but for the monotonous moaning of the woman. The clock strikes the quarter. The man rises, goes to the window, stares forth steadily, then returns.

THE MAN — There is no one there.

The woman's limbs move slowly beneath the coverlet. Her breathing is high and quick, though ever and again it stops abruptly. Her hands wander restlessly to and fro, ceaselessly plucking at nothing.

THE SISTER OF MERCY (*in a low voice*) — *Ave Maria!*

The woman's hands never cease their pluck, pluck, plucking at nothing.

THE PRIEST (*muttering to himself*) — It will soon be over.

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — It has begun.

The man rises, goes to the window, stares forth steadily, then returns.

THE MAN — There is no one there.

The woman's hands cease their wandering, sidelong pluck, pluck, pluck. She raises both hands slowly, rigid, emaciated. When they are above her head they suddenly fall. The right strikes the wooden edge of the bed, and hangs stiffly by its side. The Sister of Mercy replaces it, the woman watching her fixedly.

THE PRIEST (*starting up suddenly, and trembling*) — My brethren, if so be —

THE MAN (*pointing*) — What — who — is that?

THE PRIEST — My son, there is nought there.

THE MAN — Who stirred in the deep shadow at the end of the bed?

THE SISTER OF MERCY — Hush! for the love of God! The woman is in labour.

There is a sound as of someone drowning in a morass: a horrible struggling and choking.

THE PRIEST (*holding up a small crucifix*) — O God, have pity upon us!

THE SISTER OF MERCY — O Christ, have pity upon us!

THE MAN (*peering into the shadowy gloom at the end of the bed*) — O Thou, have pity upon us!

THE PRIEST (*chanting*) — O Death, where is thy sting!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — In thy birth, O Life!

THE PRIEST (*chanting*) — O Grave, where is thy victory!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — I am come.

There is a sudden cessation of sound. The Sister of Mercy lifts something from the bed. There is a low, thin wail. The man does not see, and does not seem to hear. He kneels at his chair, but his head is turned away, and he stares fixedly towards the window.

THE SISTER OF MERCY — She is dead.

THE PRIEST — O God, receive her soul! O Christ, have pity upon her! O most Holy Mother of God, have mercy upon her!

THE OTHER (*in the shadow*) — Woman, abide yet a little. Give me thy life.

THE SISTER OF MERCY — The child liveth. It is a man-child.

THE PRIEST (*touching the man*) — It is a man-child.

THE MAN (*still staring fixedly at the window, repeats, in a slow, dull voice*) — It is a man-child.

The man slowly rises, turns, and walks to the bedside. He stares upon the dead face.

THE PRIEST (*ending rapidly*) — As it was in the beginning —

THE SISTER OF MERCY — Is now —

A VOICE (*near the window*) — And ever shall be.

THE PRIEST (*trembling*) — Who spoke?

THE SISTER OF MERCY — No one.

The Priest falls on his knees, and, covering his eyes, prays fervently. The man lifts the child from the Sister's arms. Its eyes open upon him. As he looks at it his face grows ashy pale. His whole body trembles. His eyes seem as though they would strain from their sockets.

THE PRIEST (*rising, and in a loud, clear voice*) — O Death, where is thy sting!

The man looks at what was the woman.

THE PRIEST — O Grave, where is thy victory!

THE MAN (*looking on the face of the child, who is fixedly staring beyond him*) — Here.—*From the American edition of a book of short stories by WILLIAM SHARP.*





GYPSY "SEGUIDILLAS"

I

GO, tell the moon which lies
Upon the crown of night,
She need not shine. My sweetheart's eyes
Will give me ample light.

II

Sometimes her pearly tears
For joy's excess have rolled;
And their encrystalled spheres
I once embalmed in gold.

III

As sadly sulks the moon
When clouds conceal the stars,
So, mournfully, I swoon
If aught my love debars.

IV

When, in the evening sky,
The glinting stars arise
I hear her step. Her lips are nigh
With all sweet sorceries.

V

The queenly moon above
Is not so fair as she;
Her rose-cheeked dimples tinged by love
Were kisses given by me!

JOEL BENTON.

NANCY BOYD'S LAST SERMON



IT was the lonesome time of the year; not November, that accomplishment of a gracious death, but the moment before the conscious spring, when water courses have not yet stirred in awakening, and buds are only dreamed of by trees still asleep but for the sweet trouble within their wood. When the air finds as yet no response to the thrill beginning to creep where roots lie blind in the dark; when life is at the one dull, flat instant before culmination and movement. I had gone down post-haste to the little village of Tiverton, in response to the news sent me by a dear country woman, that Nancy Boyd, whom I had not seen since my long absence in Europe, was dying of "galloping consumption." Nancy wanted to bid me good-bye. Hiram Cole met me, lean-jawed, dust-colored, wrinkled as of old, with the overalls necessitated by his "sleddin'" at least four inches too short. Not the Pyramids themselves were such potent evidence that time may stand still withal, as this lank, stooping figure, line for line exactly what it had been five years before. Hiram helped me into the pung, took his place beside me, and threw a conversational "Huddup" to the rakish-looking sorrel colt. We dashed sluing away down the country road, and then I turned to look at my old friend. He was steadfastly gazing at the landscape ahead, the while he passed one wiry hand over his face, to smooth out its broadening smile. He was glad to see me, but his private code of decorum forbade the betrayal of any such "shaller" emotion.

"Well, Hiram," I began, "Tiverton looks exactly the same, doesn't it? And poor Nancy, how is she?"

"Nancy's pretty low," said Hiram, drawing his mitten over the hand that had been used to iron out his smile, and giving critical attention to the colt's off hind-leg. "She hil' her own all winter, but now, come spring, she's breakin' up

mighty fast. They don't cal'late she'll live more'n a day or two."

"Her poor husband! How will he get along without her!" Hiram turned upon me with vehemence.

"Why, don't you know?" said he. "Aint nobody told ye? She aint got no husband."

"What! Is the Cap'n dead?"

"Dead? Bless you, he's divorced from Nancy, an' married another woman, two year ago come this May!"

I was amazed, and Hiram looked at me with the undisguised triumph of one who has news to sell, be it good or bad.

"But Nancy has written me!" I said. "She told me the neighborhood gossip; why didn't she tell me that?"

"Pride, I s'pose, pride," said Hiram. "You can't be sure how misery 'll strike folks. It's like a September gale; some barns 'll blow down, an' some shanties 'll stan' the strain. But there! Nancy's had more to bear from the way she took her troubles than from the troubles themselves. Ye see, 'twas this way. Cap'n Jim had his own reasons for wantin' to get rid of her, an' I guess there was a time when he treated her pretty bad. I guess he as good's turned her out o' house and home, an' when he sued for divorce for desertion, she never said a word; an' he got it, an' up an' married, as soon as the law 'd allow. Nancy never opened her head all through it. She jest settled down, with a bed an' a chair or two, in that little house she owned down by Willer Brook, an' took in tailorin' an' mendin'. One spell, she bound shoes. The whole town was with her till she begun carryin' on like a crazed creatur', as she did arterwards."

My heart sank. Poor Nancy! if she had really incurred the public scorn, it must have been through dire extremity.

"You see," Hiram continued, "folks were sort o' tried with her from the beginnin'. You know what a good outfit she had from her mother's side,—bureaus, an' beddin', an' everything complete? Well, she left it all right there in the

house for Jim to use, an' when he brought his new woman home, there the things set jest the same, an' he never said a word. I don't deny he ought to done different, but then, if Nancy wouldn't look out for her own interests, you can't blame him so much, now can ye? But the capsheaf come about a year ago, when Nancy had a smart little sum o' money left her—nigh on to a hunderd dollars. Jim he'd got into debt, an' his oxen died, an', one thing an' another, he was all wore out, an' had rheumatic fever, an' if you'll believe it, Nancy she went over an' done the work, an' let his wife nuss him. She wouldn't step foot into the bedroom, they said; she never see Jim once, but there she was, slavin' over the wash-tub and ironin'-board,—an' as for that money, I guess it went for doctor's stuff and what all, for Jim bought a new yoke of oxen in the spring."

"But the man! the other wife! how could they?"

"Oh, Hiram's wife 's a pretty tough-hided creatur', an' as for him, I al'ays thought the way Nancy acted took him kinder by surprise, an' he had to give her her head, and let her act her pleasure. But it made a sight o' town talk. Some say Nancy aint quite bright to carry on so, an' the women folks seem to think she's a good deal to blame, one way or another. Anyhow, she's had a hard row to hoe. Here we be, an' there's Hannah at the forerom winder. You wont think o' goin' over to Nancy's till arter supper, will ye?"

When I sat alone beside Nancy's bed that night, I had several sides of her sad story in mind, but none of them lessened the dreariness of the tragedy. Before my brief acquaintance with her, Nancy was widely known as a travelling preacher, one who had "the power." She must have been a strangely attractive creature in those early days, alert, intense, with a magnetic reaching into another life that set her aside from the commoner phases of a common day, and crowned, as with flame, by an unceasing aspiration for the

highest. At thirty, she married a dashing sailor, marked by the sea, even to the rings in his ears, and when I knew them, they were solidly comfortable and happy in a way very reassuring to one who could understand Nancy's temperament; for she was one of those who, at every step, are flung aside from the world's sharp corners, bruised and bleeding. As to the storm and shipwreck of her life, I learned no particulars essentially new. Evidently her husband had suddenly run amuck, either from the monotony of his inland days, or from the strange passion he had conceived for a woman who was Nancy's opposite.

That night, I sat in the poor, bare little room, beside the billowing feather-bed where Nancy lay propped upon pillows, and gazing with bright, glad eyes into my face, one thin little hand clutching mine with the grasp of a soul who holds desperately to life. And yet Nancy was not clinging to life itself; she only seemed to be, because she clung to love.

"I'm proper glad to see ye," she kept saying, "proper glad."

We were quite alone. The fire burned cheerily in the kitchen stove, and a cheap little clock over the mantel ticked unmercifully fast; it seemed in haste for Nancy to be gone. The curtains were drawn lest the thrifty window plants should be frostbitten, and several tumblers of jelly on the oilcloth-covered table bore witness that the neighbors had put aside their moral scruples and their social delicacy, and were giving of their best, albeit to one whose ways were not their ways. But Nancy herself was the centre and light of the room,—so frail, so clean, with her plain night-cap and coarse white night-gown, and the small checked shawl folded primly over her shoulders. Thin as she was, she looked scarcely older than when I had seen her, five years before; yet since then she had walked through a blacker valley than the one before her.

"Now don't you get all nerved up when I cough," she said, lying back exhausted after a paroxysm. "I've got used to

it; it don't trouble me no more'n a mosquiter. I want to have a real good night now, talkin' over old times."

"You must try to sleep," I said. "The doctor will blame me if I let you talk."

"No, he won't," said Nancy, shrewdly. "He knows I aint got much time afore me, an' I guess he wouldn't deny me the good on 't. That's what I sent for ye for, dear; I aint had anybody I could speak out to in five year, an' I wanted to speak out afore I died. Do you remember how you used to come over an' eat cold biled dish for supper, that last summer you was down here?"

"Oh, don't I, Nancy! there never was anything like it. Such cold potatoes —"

"Biled in the pot-liquor!" she said, a knowing gleam in her blue eyes. "That's the way; only everybody don't know. An' do you remember the year we had greens way into the fall, an' I wouldn't tell you what they was? Well, I will now; there was chickweed, an' pusley, an' mustard, an' Aaron's-rod, an' I donno what all."

"Not Aaron's-rod, Nancy! it never would have been so good!"

"It's truth an' fact! I biled Aaron's-rod, an' you eat it. That was the year Miss Blaisdell was mad because you had so many meals over to my house, an' said it was the last time she'd take summer boarders an' have the neighbors feed 'em."

"They were good old days, Nancy!"

"I guess they were! yes, indeed, I guess so! Now, dear, I s'pose you've heard what I've been through sence you went away?"

I put the thin hand to my cheek. "Yes," I said, "I have heard."

"Well, now, I want to tell you the way it 'pears to me. You'll hear the neighbors' side, an' arter I'm gone, they'll tell you I was underwitted or bold. They've been proper good to me sence I've been sick, but law! what do they know about it, goin' to bed at nine o'clock, an' gettin' up to feed

the chickens an' go to meetin' with their husbands? No more'n the dead! An' so I want to tell ye my story myself. Now don't you mind my coughin', dear! It don't hurt to speak of, an' I feel better arter it.

"Well, I dunno where to begin. The long an' short of it was, dear, James he got kinder uneasy on land, an' then he was tried with me, an' then he told me, one night, when he spoke out, that he didn't care about me as he used to, an' he never should, an' we couldn't live no longer under the same roof. He was going off the next day to sea, or to the devil, he said, so he needn't go crazy seein' Mary Ann Worthen's face lookin' at him all the time. It aint any use tryin' to tell how I felt. Some troubles aint no more'n a dull pain, an' some are like cuts and gashes. You can feel your heart drop, drop, like water off the eaves. Mine dropped for a good while arter that. Well, you see I'd been through the first stages of it. I'd been eat up by jealousy, an' I'd slaved like a dog to get him back; but now it had got beyond such folderol. He was in terrible trouble, an' I'd got to get him out. An' I guess 'twas then that I begun to feel as if I was his mother, instead of his wife. 'Jim,' says I, (somehow I have to say James, now we're separated!) 'don't you fret. I'll go off an' leave ye, an' you can get clear of me accordin' to law, if you want to. I'm sure you can. I sha'n't care.' He turned an' looked at me as if I was crazed or he was himself. 'You won't care?' he says. 'No,' says I, 'I sha'n't care.' I said it real easy, for 'twas true. Somehow I'd got beyond caring. My heart dropped blood, but I couldn't bear to have him in trouble. 'They al'ays told me I was cut out for an old maid,' I says, 'an' I guess I am. Housekeeping's a chore, anyway. You let all the stuff set right here jest as we've had it, an' ask Cap'n Fuller to come an' bring his chist; an' I'll settle down in the Willer Brook house an' make button-holes. It's real pretty work.' You see, the reason I was so high for it was 't I knew if he went to sea he'd get in with a swearin', drinkin' set, as he did afore, an' in them days such

carryin's-on were dretful to me. If I'd known he'd marry, I dunno what course I should ha' took; for nothin' could ha' made that seem right to me, arter all had come and gone. But I jest thought how James was a dretful handy man about the house, an' I knew he set by Capt'n Fuller. The Capt'n aint no real home, you know, an' I thought they'd admire to bach it together."

"Did you ever wonder whether you had done right? Did you ever think it would have been better for him to keep his promises to you and be unhappy?"

A shade of trouble crossed her face.

"I guess I did!" she owned. "At first, I was so anxious to get out of his way I never thought of anything else; but when I got settled down here, an' hed all my time for spec'latin' on things, I was a good deal put to 't whether I'd done the best anybody could. But I didn't reason much in them days; I jest felt. All was, I couldn't bear to have James tied to me when he'd got so 's to hate me. Well, then he married —"

"Was she a good woman?"

"Good enough, yes; a leetle mite coarse-grained, but well-meanin' all through. Well, now, you know the neighbors blamed me for lettin' her have my things. Why, bless you, I didn't need 'em! An' Jim had used them so many years he'd ha' missed 'em if they'd been took away. Then he never was forehanded, an' how could he ha' furnished a house all over again, I'd like to know? The neighbors never understood. The amount of it was, they never was put in jest such a place, any of 'em."

"O Nancy, Nancy!" I said, "you cared for just one thing, and it was gone. You didn't care for the tables and chairs that were left behind!"

Two tears came and dimmed her bright blue eyes. Her firm, delicate mouth quivered.

"Yes," she said, "you see how 'twas. I knew you would. Well, arter he was married, there was a spell when

'twas pretty tough. Sometimes I couldn't hardly help goin' over there by night an' peekin' into the winder, and seein' how they got along. I went jest twice. The first time was late in the fall, an' she was preservin' pears by lamp-light. I looked into the kitchin winder jest as she was bendin' over the stove, tryin' the syrup, an' he was holdin' the light for her to see. I dunno what she said, but 'twas suthin' that made 'em both laugh out, an' then they turned an' looked at one another, proper pleased. I dunno why, but it took right hold of me, an' I started runnin', an' I never stopped till I got in here an' onto my own bed. I thought 'twould ha' been massiful if death had took me that night, but I'm glad it didn't, dear, I'm glad it didn't! I shouldn't ha' seen ye, if it had, an' there's a good many things I shouldn't ha' time to study out. You jest put a mite o' cayenne pepper in that cup, and turn some hot water on it. It kinder warms me up."

After a moment's rest, she began again.

"The next time I peeked was the last, for that night they 'd had some words, an' they both set up straight as a mack'rel, an' wouldn't speak to one another. That hurt me most of anything. I never 've got over the feelin' that I was James's mother, an' that night I felt sorter bruised all through, as if some stranger 'd been hurtin' him. So I never went spyin' on 'em no more. I felt as if I couldn't stand it. But when I went to help her with the work, that time he was sick, I guess the neighbors thought I hadn't any sense of how a right-feelin' woman ought to act. I guess they thought I was sorter coarse and low, an' didn't realize what I'd been through. Dear, don't you never believe it. The feelin' that's between husband an' wife's like a live creatur', an' when he told me that night, that he didn't prize me no more, he wounded it; an' when he married the other woman, he killed it dead. If he 'd ha' come back to me then, an' swore he was the same man I married, I could ha' died for him, jest as I would this minute, but he never should ha' touched

me. But suthin' had riz up in the place o' th' feelin' I had first, so 't I never could ha' helped doin' for him any more'n if he 'd been my own child."

"In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage!"

"I guess that's it," said Nancy. "Only you have to live through a good deal afore you understand it. Well, now, dear, I'm comin' to the end. There's one thing that's come to me while I've been livin' through this, that I aint never heard anybody mention; an' I want you to remember it, so's you can tell folks that are in great trouble the way I've been. I've been thinkin' of it out that there's jest so much of every-thing in the world,—so much gold, so much silver, so many di'monds. You can't make no more nor no less. All you can do is to pass 'em about from hand to hand, so 't sometimes here 'll be somebody that's rich, and then it 'll slip away from him, an' he 'll be poor. Now, accordin' to my lights, it's jes' so with love. There's jest so much, an' when it's took away from you, an' passed over to somebody else, it's alive, it's there, same as ever it was. So 't you aint goin' to say it's all holler and empty, this world. You're goin' to say, ' Well, it's some'ers, if 'taint with me! ' "

Nancy had straightened herself without the support of her pillows. Her eyes were bright. A faint flush had come upon her cheeks. A doctor would have found in the scene indisputable proof that a devoted friend might make a wretched nurse.

"My home was broke up," she went on, "but there's a nice, pretty home there jest the same. There's a contented couple livin' in it, an' what if the wife aint me? It aint no matter. P'r'aps it's a lot better that somebody else should have it that couldn't get along alone, an' not me, that can see the rights of things. Jest so much love, dear—don't you forget that—no matter where 'tis! An' James could take his love away from me, but the Lord A'mighty himself can't take mine from him. An' so 'tis, the world over. You can allers love folks, an' do for 'em, even if your doin' 's only breakin'

your heart an' givin' 'em up. An' do you s'pose there's any sp'ere o' life where I sha'n't be allowed to do somethin' for James? I guess not, dear, I guess not, even if it's only keepin' away from him."

Nancy lived three days, in a state of delighted content with us and our poor ministrations: and only once did we approach the subject of that solemn night. As the end drew near, I became more and more anxious to know if she had a wish unfulfilled, and at length I ventured to ask her softly, when we were alone,

"Would you like to see him?"

Her bright eyes looked at me in a startled way.

"No, dear, no," she said, evidently surprised that I could ask it. "Bless you, no!"

ALICE BROWN.



NOTES

A NEW volume by Mr. William Sharp is soon to appear. It will contain — among others — the two sketches entitled “A Northern Night” and “The Birth of a Soul” which have appeared in THE CHAP-BOOK, and will begin what is to be called the Green Tree Library.

This Green Tree Library, the publishers tell us, is to be “a series of books representing what may broadly be called the new movement in literature. The intention is to publish uniformly the best of the so-called *decadent* writings of various countries, done into English and consistently brought together for the first time.”

Mr. Richard Hovey, the author of “The Marriage of Guenevere” and “Seaward,” has just finished the translation of four of the plays of Maurice Maeterlinck: “Princess Maleine,” “The Seven Princesses,” “The Intruder” and “The Blind.” They will be published next month in the new Green Tree Library.

Mr. George Moore’s new novel will not be published in the *Idler*, as the *Critic* has announced, but in Mr. Jerome’s newer periodical, *Today*.

Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane are to separate, I hear. Just how their excellent list of books is to be divided is not yet made public, but that both are to continue in the publishing business is certain. Mr. Mathews will also have a second-hand book department and he will retain the old shop in Vigo street. Mr. Lane, I understand, is to open offices on the other side of the street, confining himself, however, to the publishing business. The sign of the Bodley Head goes with him. The announcement of this dissolution of partnership is of not a little interest and import to book lovers and book collectors and even, I conceive, to book readers as well. The

firm has done so much that is attractive in manufacture, has shown, at times, such excellent taste, and has brought out so many new and novel things, that I cannot help feeling unhappy that the association has to end. There is, however, a possibility that we shall have just twice as many attractive books in the future, in which case the public will have cause for rejoicing, although, to be sure, I should fear eventual disaster for the rival houses. I wonder if there will be two *Yellow Books* in the future!



BOOKS RECEIVED

BAN AND ARRIÈRE BAN: A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes by ANDREW LANG. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 16mo.

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA by GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. \$1.50.

MAD SIR UCHTRED OF THE HILLS by S. R. CROCKETT. New York: Macmillan & Co. 16mo. \$1.25.

A CHANGE OF AIR by ANTHONY HOPE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. \$.75.

DAY-DREAMS AND NIGHT-MARES by FRED GRANT YOUNG. Groveland, Mass.: Hermitage Publishing Co. 16mo.



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The Publishers have to announce that Numbers I, II, III and IV of THE CHAP-BOOK are now entirely out of print, and subscriptions can begin only with the issue of July 15.



The next number of THE CHAP-BOOK will contain an article on the posters of EDWARD PENFIELD, illustrated with full-page reproductions of his work.

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FOR

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BY MR. EDWARD PENFIELD
THE CHAP-BOOK
OCTOBER 1, 1894

HARPER'S



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POSTERS DESIGNED
BY MR. EDWARD PENFIELD
THE CHAP-BOOK
OCTOBER 1, 1894

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L. J. BROWN, DESIGNER

THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 10.

OCTOBER 1ST

ORIGINALITY

NO bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat :
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



MR. PENFIELD'S POSTERS

MR. Edward Penfield has done a pleasant thing. He has made our book-shop windows more attractive than ever they were before, and he deserves the gratitude of all men. To him, perhaps more than to any other American, is due the recent development in the beauty of posters in this country. Indirectly, of course, Jules Chéret has been responsible for the whole movement, but up to two years ago his influence had effected only a slight improvement in our theatrical show-bills and the delightful book-posters of nowadays were quite undreamt of. Then Mr. Penfield's work began to appear.

One day, the observant world was awakened with surprise by an announcement of the current issue of *Harper's Maga-*

zine. It was unlike anything seen in the land before. It was a poster which forced itself upon one: in design and colour it was striking, and yet it was supremely simple throughout. A very gentlemanly man walked down the salmon foreground arrayed in all the gorgeousness of a green driving coat. On his head was a light ford-and-after and his gloves were "London Tan." The rain was falling all round him, but with charming nonchalance and flattering intentness he read a copy of *Harper's*.

The poster was distinctly successful; it was theoretically as well as practically good. The artist had attained his ends by the suppression of details: there were no unnecessary lines; the stroke was broad and full of strength; in the legs and boots the drawing was especially clever.

All this was a year ago last April. Since then we have had a magazine poster a month from Mr. Penfield, four of which we reproduce,—unfortunately, however, without the colour, which is one of their great charms. But the excellence of the drawing and the ideas in the work make them worthy of attention—even in this form.

The design for March, with the lion and the lamb, is a thing of lasting beauty. In it Mr. Penfield is at his cleverest. The poor little lamb is so delightfully small and helpless, as it stands awe-stricken in the background, while the lion comes out with splendid strength and dignity. The whole is charming. And it is very skilful, too. The perspective is especially noticeable and shows that Mr. Penfield is wise in his art.

The April poster repeats the motive of the year before, with the substitution of a red-brown girl for the green man. The red-brown girl is, however, wiser and less absent-minded than her predecessor—she raises her umbrella at the fall of the first few drops of rain. And she is very nice—in her fetching tam and long overcoat, carelessly open a trifle at the neck.

The May poster is quite the prettiest thing Mr. Penfield has given us. But it is more of a picture and less of a poster

than the others. It is not so much in the poster spirit: the varying green of the background suggests detail, and the birds and bird's nest would be more attractive without the overhanging advertisement. But as a picture the design is excellent, and in feeling it is as fine as anything the artist has done.

The July poster — the last we reproduce — is a very pleasant handling of a mediocre subject. On first thought one would never fancy that lettering made out of fire crackers could be anything but cheap and trivial, but the artist has done well with his material and the "July" is not bad. The girl in the picture is well drawn and her pose is excellent.

Up to this point Mr. Penfield used American models for everything he did, and it was flattering to see what picturesque people we had "in our midst," as the newspapers say. But with the poster of last August — "Our Lady of the Bathing Suit" — the model becomes, if not in reality French, at least a French type. Her black dishevelled hair is, perhaps, the artist's finest achievement.

Besides his magazine posters, Mr. Penfield has made a fair showing of book posters and even of one or two cover designs, done in the same broad style as his other work. But his book posters, with one or two exceptions, are not real posters: he has simply done decorations for ordinary announcement sheets, as in the case of Mr. Davis's "Our English Cousins" and the "Women's Conquest of New York," which, while being clever, are certainly not to be classed with his magazine designs. During the last month, however, a book poster by Mr. Penfield has appeared which is extremely good. It is done for Mr. Matthews's "Vignettes of Manhattan," and the yellow man is very delightful.

Mr. Penfield so far is unique — in this country: as yet, no one else has shown himself capable of strong original work. Already, however, the posters he has designed for the Messrs. Harper have led other artists to do work of a similar character

for other houses, and that he will soon have imitators is not only to be predicted, but, for the welfare of art, greatly to be hoped.

HERBERT STUART STONE.



NOTES OF A POSTER COLLECTOR IN PARIS

A FEW years ago, in the days when I did not know Paris well, I read in a French newspaper a curious Christmas story. It started with all the machinery of the ones I knew so well in English. It was Christmas eve; the snow fell; the lights of the shops sparkled; the happy heads of families hurried home with arms full of toys; the ragged street-boy wandered sadly among the merry throng.

"I salute you, my friend," I said. "You are hungry. Your widowed mother is ill at home. Your small sister is crying for food. You will steal bread. You will be caught, but the judge with tears in his eyes will refuse to convict you. This is quite as it should be."

At first all went well; then suddenly all went wrong. The little hero passed by a baker's shop to follow a man with a roll of paper and a paste pot. Failing to understand I read on.

"The man stopped . . . And after he had gone, little Pierre crept from the dark corner where he had been watching him, and with his little fingers trembling and benumbed with cold he tore down, while it was still damp on the wall, a poster by Chéret."

It is the modernest of Christmas stories. The uninitiated American cannot understand it. For where else but in latter-day Paris would a poster feed a starving family? Where else

are shops devoted to the sale of posters? Where else are there catalogues and bulletins of current prices? Where else are posters *published* and where else do they go *out of print*?

In Paris alone, I think, has the collector, the "*amateur aux affiches*," an excuse for his existence. While posters in most countries are stupendously ugly, Parisian posters are at the present moment wonderfully attractive. One watches the bill-boards day by day and discusses the last new poster as one does the last new picture for the Salon.

I came to know this as I knew Paris better. Now, like half young Paris, I buy posters. One cannot steal them; I have tried. There was once a gorgeous poster, at the corners of which I gave a little pull each morning as I passed it. Day by day I loosened it, until one morning came when I determined on the final act. Calming my conscience, I approached the bill-board — only to find my poster gone. I had been working for another fellow.

I used to buy posters of Sagot when he had the small shop on the "*rive gauche*" from which he issued the first "*catalogue des affiches*." Now, when he glories in the splendor of a plate glass show-window in the Rue Château d'Un, I dare not go near him. Close by, in the Rue de la Victoire, is Kleinmann's delightful little box of a shop, full of the treasures of the decadence. There I have seen most fascinating "stickers." Best of all, perhaps, are the fantasies *in chic* by Chéret, whom we call the master *afficheur*. Then there are red-haired maidens by Grasset, suggesting Rosetti and the primitives; ugly but delightful dancers by Heidbrinck; startling color combinations by Toulouse-Lautrec; symbolistic wonders by Schwabe; enough to lure the last sou from your pocket. In fact, on every side in Paris, from Vanier's on the Quai St. Michel to the farthest limits of Montmartre and Montrouge, one is tempted by the poster seller.

In the bookstalls along the quays the temptation is almost greatest. Here, where prices are not fixed, every purchase may become a battle royal and an exchange of posters require

half an afternoon. One must be well versed in current quotations, and know not only the prices of the new posters, which are worth from two to three francs, but also the prices of the older posters, which range from five to twenty.

My information about the rare early posters I got mainly from a volume by Ernest Maindron on the History of the Poster from the time of the Pyramids down. His position of authority on posters is one I envy, for I have seen his collection. It is, I suppose, the most complete in the world. He has all Chéret, which is an absolute achievement. He has accomplished what for us lesser followers of the fad is quite impossible.

In America, however, everyone has the chance to have a complete collection of posters. One need only begin a year back, for there is nothing before that worth collecting. And America is for the moment a very paradise, for the poster has as yet no market value.

DONALD WARREN.





HUNTING SONG

[FROM KING ARTHUR, A TRAGEDY]

O H, who would stay in door, in door,
When the horn is on the hill?
With the crisp air stinging, and the huntsmen singing,
And a ten-tined buck to kill!

Before the sun goes down, goes down,
We shall slay the buck of ten ;
And the priest shall say benison, and we shall ha' venison,
When we come home again!

Let him that loves his ease, his ease,
Stay close and house him fair !
He'll still be a stranger to the merry thrill of danger
And the joy of the open air.

But he that loves the hills, the hills,
Let him come out today !
For the horses are neighing and the hounds are baying,
And the hunt is up — and away !

RICHARD HOVEY.



DREAMS OF TODAY—V
THE DREAM OF TWO AMBITIONS

HIS wife had been for a walk in the early morning, and as she came over the fields toward the house, he saw that she had her hair twined full of wild roses, and that each of her hands was leading a laughing child. They were all in the full light of the rising sun, and you could hear their laughter rippling over the dewy grass. Such a picture of youth and fairness they made, these three!

In spite of himself, he smiled. He kissed the smile upon her mouth; he kissed the rosy children. "I shall ask no questions," he said, "I shall not even scold, until you have all gone in and changed your shoes and stockings. You deserve to die, you really do, for such a challenge to providence. The grass is a sea of tears,—tears that the Night wept because she cannot stay to kiss the Day,— and the air is chill. Go in, go in! I shall think over your punishment!"

And presently, as he sat in his armchair, there came to him three kisses, one upon his forehead, one upon either cheek.

"We are come," said his wife with pretty mockery of meekness, "to receive our punishment."

"I am glad," he said, "that your consciences trouble you. If you will go and sit very still on the lounge there, I will read your sentence. This is it: you are to be utterly quiet while I tell you a story. You are not to move or interrupt. Some of it is about children. Listen."

"When I grow up," said the little girl, "I am going to be a great singer. I am going to be so that everyone will know my name."

"And I," replied the boy gravely, "am going to be a statesman. That beastly history that we have to learn in school—I am going to make history myself, and then other boys can have as hard a time of it as I."

They were building sand castles by the sea. The more carefully they builded, the more ruthlessly the tide swept their little fortresses away. If they had not been so young and so delightfully blind they might have accepted the warning of the tide. But they merely laughed a little and built new forts.

Suddenly, the little girl got up and went a few yards away, quite close to the sea. She whispered to the sea, "I am going to be a great woman. My name shall be familiar from this shore of you, O sea, to the other."

"Yes," said the boy, who had come and stood beside her, "but we shall always love each other, shall we not?"

She laughed. "Of course!" She gave him a kiss, coquetishly, and they began digging in the sand again.

The years slipped by with all their endless train of tragedy and comedy. Men had come into the world, and men had said good-bye. The two who played by the sands that day were still young, but they seemed, to themselves, to be already old.

They were both home from college. He had been studying Schlegel and Schopenhauer, and she had been considering the doctrine of the Superiority of Woman. But they were still very good friends.

In the evening they went for a walk together, and something led them seawards, so that they found themselves in a little while close to where, ten years ago, they had played with the sand.

"Have you still that ambition?" he asked, smiling.

They had never been there since, in all those years. She remembered at once, and answered, "All of it, and more! And you?"

"I am still dreaming of Fame. It *must* come; it *shall*. Everything else I can lose, if only I may find fame." His eyes sparkled a little, and his mouth had grown stern.

"I feel so, too," she said. "What is it all worth, without glory? To be one of the mob — bah!"

They were silent a while, the sea showing its white teeth at them and hissing.

"But," he began again, "with our two ambitions, what is to become of Love?" You see, he had grown ten years more logical. And logic is death to the affections.

"I was going to speak of that," she replied, "I have been thinking of it. Love will not find a place in our hearts; it *must* not. Nothing must spoil our aim. Of course, I like you —" she held out her hand to him, and he took it, silently, "but we are not children any more. Two ambitions cannot live side by side. We must forget that we were — children."

"Yes," he said, "we must forget." He was biting his lip, and his hand shook. He happened to love this girl, you see, but he was forcing himself to remember only his ambition, which is the most exacting of mistresses. "But supposing," he went on, "that our ambitions fail, that Fame flouts us, why should we not —"

She interrupted him, frowning. "*My* ambition will *not* fail, and Fame shall cringe to me." It is always the girl who is the more certain of the future, which is generally accounted for by the fact that she knows less of the past. In her heart of hearts she wanted to kiss this young man and tell him that she loved him, but she had fashioned her ambition and was now afraid of her handiwork.

So they went away, with a cool good-bye, and an eager front alert for the footstep of Fame.

Now Fame happens to be a woman, and very moodish. When she sees anyone courting her persistently, she grows weary at once, and promptly kisses the one who least expected it. So it happened that, in the years that followed, there came many bitter days for these two. They often seemed to reach the threshold of the temple, only to find it empty. They

did wonders, they fought valiantly. Alone, always. Each had only that goal in view; all else was unseen.

For some reason or another the Fates had chosen these two to sport with. "We will let them exhaust themselves," said the Fates, smiling sweetly, "and then we will sit by and gloat at them." The Fates are extremely fond of gloating; next to cheating, it is their favorite diversion.

The girl had a magnificent voice, but she was proud. She refused to take a tea-cup and hand it with a smile to the musical critic of the daily paper. As a result, she was never heard of. She might have been a great prima-donna; but she was unwilling to subsidize a "puffer." She knew her ability so well that she grew scornful. And the world usually retaliates upon persons who sneer at it.

The man would have been a brilliant statesman in Utopia. Here, where politics are really a sort of Augean stable, he was out of place. Brilliant oratory is nothing against the genius of the stump, and honesty is at a discount in the constitution of political machinery as it exists today. Machinery has advanced nowhere so much as in politics.

So the time came when the Fates began to smile to themselves. Exhaustion was becoming apparent on the faces of both these people. It was evident that they would soon succumb, that they would join the great army of the infinitely discontented, the hopelessly unhappy.

But the Fates had forgotten one possibility.

The man's face was saddened and his mouth was not set with purpose as much as with despair. But there was a sparkle still in his eyes, though they were shadowed by rings of darkness. He came out on the sands, and his eyes grew dim.

"Thank God," he murmured to himself. Who shall say what he meant! He had had but one God, Ambition, all his life. But there are moments when the veriest heathen reverts to religion.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he said, as he stretched out his arms for her, "I am come to you at last, after all."

She held out her hands to him.

"I have been waiting for you," she said.

The children had understood but vaguely. They sat silent for a time, then one of them spoke. "What a lot of time they wasted," said the boy, "when they might have been happy so much sooner. How foolish grown-up people are!"

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



SKETCHES

THE sun was already well down into the horizon. Away, across an infinite stretch of golden sand, the great red ball was slowly disappearing. Red streaks darted up in all directions and cut into the turquoise sky overhead. The light flowed in a great white stream down the desert. There was not a sound. The sun never seemed so awful and the desert was like the end of the world. There was not a sign of life anywhere except off before us — two Arabs and a camel formed a melancholy procession and their shadows reached nearly to us. Then the sun set, and for a moment no one dared breathe.



All during the funeral, the little black girl had hung at the outskirts of the crowd of mourners. She had a bunch of wild daisies, tied with a shoe lacing, in her hand. Finally someone went over to her and asked what she wanted.

"I brought dese flowers," she said softly. "Ob course dey're not good enough to go in wid de white folks' flowers

but I t'ought I might put dem under de steps by de tomb and den *she* could go over them."

E.

I have been copying an essay steadily all the evening. My head aches, my fingers are wearied, and as I stare with blinking eyes at the glaring white paper, the letters I have scrawled on it dance in the brilliant lamp-light like demons. I close my eyes and I put my hand to my head in utter exhaustion. After a minute I open my eyes and say to myself,

"I will finish this page and then stop."

I go on.

. . . The prologue began with these peculiarly Johnsonian lines,

"Pressed by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of humankind." . . .

It is too much. I throw down my pen with fierce despair. It lands on the point and stands erect on the blotting paper which covers the desk. I get up. The rain is pouring monotonously down; my fire is flickering out; I can hear my chum snoring in his bed; the clock strikes two.

"General toil of humankind. Nonsense! As if any fool but myself were working at this time."

I go to the window. Across the street, in a glare of light in one of the windows, I see two Chinamen ironing shirts.

In the days when Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man near Dulwich. This man, now strong in faith, conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon church, and told his desires. Strange as it may seem, the prophet said he would

willingly get him a new leg; but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.



The chancel screen is twined with evergreen and bound with holly. Through its dark bars, the white reredos gleams with its candles, brighter than ever, as if seen in the blaze of sunlight through twining vines and undergrowth from out the darkness of the woods. Against the whiteness on the altar table shines the vivid scarlet of the flowers in the vases. Before the altar kneel the acolytes in their red gowns: on either side, the choir boys in black and white. Above their heads hang the brass lamps with their little crimson flames: the middle one, hanging lowest, sways gently to and fro, as if keeping time to the monotonous intonations of the priest's chant. I watch its swinging, and as thoughts wander I follow its little light till I blink and my eyes fill with tears. Then I look away to the carved heads on the pillars above the organ and down again to the white-haired organist. As I watch him, the organ sends out a soft thread of melody which ripples down from the faint high notes of the treble — like the music of the descent of the Holy Graël in "Lohengrin." I slip mechanically back into my seat: the prayer is ended.

H. G. R.



NOTES

MRS. Louise Chandler Moulton has gone to Paris for a short stay before returning to America the first of November.

Edmund Gosse's new book of poems, which will appear some time this fall, is to be called "In Russet and Silver."

Paul Verlaine's new book of poems is called "Epigrammes," and will shortly be published in the library of "La Plume."

Gilbert Parker has buried himself at Marblethorpe in Lincolnshire, where he is hard at work on a new novel to be published next spring.

Walter Blackburn Harte has collected his "Corner at Dodsley's" papers into a volume which will soon be published by the *Arena* Company under the title of "Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight."

Hail to the new magazine! Received: the prospectus of *The Stiletto and the Rose*, to be published at Washington, D. C., and at Marcuse, Cal., with Miss Helen Corinne Bergen of Washington as Editor, and Mr. Seymour C. Marcuse of Marcuse as Business Manager. While Washington and the rest of this earth are divided among the Philistines, Marcuse will surely belong to *The Stiletto and the Rose*.

Listen! "Every issue will contain three leading 'heavies' dealing with the vital questions of the day."

Why only three? And might not something besides the leaders be heavy?

"Romance vibrant with picturesque vitality will be presented, and the morbid studies of mind afflicted with dry decay will be shunned as the plague. Natural deaths will take place

in its pages, but literary murderers having killed in cold blood will not find undertakers in us for their purple victims."

Certainly.—every man his own undertaker. Miss Bergen and Mr. Marcuse evidently mean to be their own.

"Poetry.—Only the best will appear in the body of the magazine."

Where will the rest go? Will there be a supplement?

"Reviews."—"No personal friendships will influence undue raptures and no enmities will tip arrows of contempt." "Intensely vulgar efforts like 'The Yellow Aster,' where disgusting words are used with freedom, will not be touched." "In fine, *The Stiletto and the Rose* hopes to be uniformly elegant throughout."

America cannot fail to recognise its worth. We are told that its representative is now in London and will "make arrangements that shall insure the popularity of *The Stiletto and the Rose* in England." If only the magazine is one half as funny as the prospectus, it cannot help being popular. With painful impatience I await the first number.

I hear a novel by the late Steele Mackaye is to be published this month. It is called "Father Ambrose," with a sub-title, "The Revelations of May 3d. '68." and was finished only a short time before the unfortunate author's death. He worked upon it, I am told, with the same zeal and enthusiasm which marked all his undertakings and made him so interesting a personality to all who met him. It is difficult to think of his working on a novel while he was engaged on the great *Spectatorium* at the World's Fair, but I believe such is the case. His story is one of love—apparently a new conception of it—and is said to be brilliant and audacious.

The family Bible is the best place to hide things I know of and I have always been in the habit of preserving my autographs and curiosities there. This morning I got the

great quarto down from the shelf and opened it at random. The first thing I found was an old newspaper, *The New England Courant*. It was dated "From Monday February 2 to Monday February 10. 1727." At the head of the first column appears an interesting note which says that "The late Publisher of this Paper, finding so many Inconveniencies would arise by his Carrying the Manuscripts and printed News to be Supervised by the Secretary, as to render his Carrying it unprofitable, has intirely dropt the Undertaking." At the end of the paper is the announcement: "Boston: Printed and Sold by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in Queen Street, where Advertisements are taken in."

The loveliest thing about the recent Kamscott edition of Mr. Swinburne's "Atlanta in Caydon" was the Greek letters used in the dedication. A note at the end of the book tells us that they were designed by Mr. Selwyn Image for Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Now I find in *Book Reviews* the announcement of a republication of Mr. Archer-Hind's edition of "The Phædo" of Plato, printed in this new type. I feel sure it will be an unmingled delight to all book-lovers. In the Kamscott book, while I was grateful to Mr. Morris for those few superb pages, I felt it unfortunate that his English type should in no way equal the noble and simple beauty of the Greek letters. If Mr. Morris is to show the possibilities of printing in English, this Greek type should be a valuable comment on his own work.

Paul Verlaine has always been pictured to us as a wretchedly dressed and apparently unclean pauper seated at a corner table in some obscure cafe. He had come to be almost conventionalized in that condition. But now comes a story which stuns us all up and opens eyes. It is said — and the authority is good — that Verlaine recently appeared at a *dinner* by M. le Comte de Montesquieu-Fézenac, dressed in all the luxury of a frock coat — dressed, in fact, like what Parisian journalism

calls "*les plus élégants de nos clubmen.*" They even allege that he wore an opera hat, while the friendliest cliques in Paris were torn with dissensions as to whether or not he had really carried a monocle. This news is horrible. There was a bohemian sort of charm about the poverty of the poet—but the innocent, childlike Verlaine attired in tall hat and frock is very unpleasant: it suggests decline—or intoxication.

On the same occasion the Poet was called upon to display his society "manners." He was in the "Grand Monde"—contrary to his custom—and he was not quite at ease. He acknowledged his presentation to a certain high-born countess with a profound bow and then remarked tentatively:

"Madame, si nous allions quelque part prendre un petit verre."

The first American edition of Mr. Norman Gale's "A Country Muse," First Series, is shortly to be published, I hear. It is to be enlarged by the insertion of six poems which did not appear in its original issue.

THE DECADENTS.

All manikins . . . Oh, is there left one wonder
 No roomy soul where primal Nature speaks,
 Where roll at times the ground-swell and the thunder
 Among the sea-caves and the mountain-peaks?

When I was very much younger—in the times when I went to bed at "the witching hour of nine," as Kenneth Grahame says—someone gave me a book to read, and the delight of it I shall never get over. It was all about Siegfried and Brunhilde, about dwarfs and dragons and the hoard of the Nibelungen. I don't know who wrote the book: I can't tell now whether it was well or badly done, but the subject had such a fascination for me that it stood alone, in my childish mind, with the "Wonder Book." For a year past,

I have tried to get it, for the edification of youthful friends, but nowhere could I find it. Detailed studies of the *motifs* of the Wagner dramas are not unprocurable in these days, but what the small boys and I want is the simple savage story in all its marvellous romance. We want something with the eternal analysis and interminable psychology left out, and so when we hear that the Scribners are soon to publish the legends of the Nibelungen Ring — for children — we are made very glad.

“Songs from Vagabondia,” by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, with decorations by Tom B. Meteyard, which has just appeared, is interesting as the first original publication of Messrs. Copeland & Day of Boston. The promise of good work made in their reprint of the “House of Life” is here fulfilled. The new book is well made, and unusually attractive in its typography. The cover design, which includes the portraits of the two poets and the artist, is striking in strong black and white. The end papers are an experiment. They are interesting, certainly, but it is rather more from the originality and future possibilities of the scheme than from the success of the present achievement.



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THE PASSION FLOWER OF MAGDALA

A *T*a time in the life of the world when the sun rose over the sea at the call of the piping nymphs, and the stars told fateful stories to man, a soul was created by the waters of Galilee. For a while it trembled on the rim of life, a new riddle propounded to the wise; for it might be as a stone over which the ceaseless tide of humanity would flow; or like unto a gem which would sparkle fair in the sight of men. Soon round about it bended the ministers of human life. Sight was there to paint for it the shifting lustre of earth and heaven. Scent hovered near by to bring to it the responses of the flowers. Touch quivered close at hand to teach the trick of great and dazzling deeds. And Sound took the seat of placid Silence and struck the first notes of music and of speech. And so the Soul stirred and hearkened to its ministers. Unto itself it gathered the spirit of the sun; and it was fed by vision and by song, by color of the skies and the perfume-bearing flowers, by wonders hid in drifting clouds, and marvels shrouded in the sea, by call of bird and flash of fading star. Then Beauty came and filled the Soul with ferment.



IT was a summer evening caught a-dream in the land of Galilee. The moon had risen, yellow, from her hiding place in the hills, and was filling the drowsy solitudes with amorous light. The night lay close to the earth, satiate with the languorous flowers.

On the edge of Magdala stood a house excepted from its neighbors by its more striking outline. Perhaps started and then abandoned by a Roman, it had been finished by a Hebrew. Standing high above the town, it lay pallid and chaste in the soft light of the moon. From its balcony could be seen the shimmer of the sea.

On the balcony were a man and a woman. The moonlight revealed a tall and sinewy soldier dressed in the Roman garb, yet was the face not Roman, but fair and fresh like that of a German. It was a face dangerously attractive, with grace to win and nerve to break the heart of woman — a countenance, one might say, conscious of its own beauty, with a mellow voice aware of its own charm. And the manner of the man was at once a caress and a sting.

As the woman reclined gracefully on a couch in one corner of the balcony, she seemed a panther calmed by the spirit of the night; for her ways were magnificently animal, and her grace was that of the desert. Her white and scarlet draperies edged with flowered embroidery clung passionately to a figure whose comeliness was a sort of intoxication of the senses. A silver girdle around the waist, and embellished sandals on the bare, pale feet, emphasized the languishing beauty of the woman, half revealed by the lamp of the night. Despite the neatness and exquisite elegance of her attire, despite the care with which her hair had been smoothed back from her pure and placid forehead and bound in a diadem, the eyes defied the restraints of fashion and were at times

filled with a light as dangerous as it was tender. Even in that semi-radiance, it was evident that there was warmth of color in her cheeks. A strange, wild face it was, but not a face of evil. It told in a subtle way of a fierce capacity to love, and to fight for her own. It was the face of one who might scorn all the conventions and trample even the sacred law under foot; yet was it compact with all the best traditions of the women of Israel, proud, beautiful, prophetic. Some of the sadness, some of the power, some of the inspiration, some of the cruelty of her people might be traced in the countenance of the beautiful woman who looked dreamily out into the heart of the night, while her lover spoke.

"I would thou wert going back with me to Rome," he was saying discontentedly.

"Thou knowest that cannot be, Segimund," she replied with some decision. "I must comply with the customs of my people. Our betrothal is yet to be announced, and the marriage cannot be hastened. Yet I fear to see thee go. I seem to be groping into the future, and I feel that this journey back to Rome means — alas! I cannot tell what. Shall I ever see thee again?"

"Banish thy fears, my Princess, and think not so seriously on life, but do as we Cheruskans do, let tomorrow take care of itself."

"I sometimes fancy when thou art away from me that thy love grows cold, and thy dear Rome hath so much more to enchant and delight than this bleak land of mine, that I am forgotten."

"Of a truth there are beautiful women in Rome, but none who can compare with thee."

"Dost thou think of me ever as I do of thee?"

"Canst thou doubt it?"

"Thou answerest my question with another."

"Thou shouldst not doubt, but if my thoughts did wander away from thee to someone —"

Her eyes gleamed like far-off bale-fires in the night.

"If I should learn to love someone else," he continued with a touch of playfulness in his voice.

"Then methinks I should kill thee and her," she said fiercely. "For I love thee, Segimund, with a power that balks my will. It seems to me that my life has been driving intensely towards one object, that its fire has burned its way irresistibly towards a single point, and when I turn my eyes upward there is but one star in the sky. With the cruelty of Death and the softness of Night I have learned to love thee. If thou shouldst ever falter in loving me, I fear I should be thy destruction."

"Why speak so savagely?" he said with rising impatience. "Thou art always struggling with visions of the night."

"Tell me," she said with swift directness, "what takes thee to Rome?"

"It is the war with the Germans. Arminius is making a fight for freedom, and he has brushed the Romans almost entirely from his country."

"And thou art summoned by the Emperor to wage war against thy kinsmen?"

"Yes."

"And thou wilt obey him?"

"What wouldst thou have?" said Segimund impatiently. "I have served for many years in the Roman legions. Rome has been my teacher and I owe her much."

"Cease, I pray thee," she said haughtily. "I do not understand thee at all. If thou hast any idea of fighting against the brave Arminius, banish it, I adjure thee, the moment thou enterest Rome. If thou lovest me, and hast any regard for honor, thou wilt make thy way to the German forests and do battle for thy country."

Segimund remained for a while in sullen silence. Evidently it irked him to have his duty pointed out to him by a woman who knew naught of war. Finally he said, as if the conviction had just seized him, "Thou are right. Thy

words have made all things clear to me. I am a German, not a Roman, and my place is in the forest."

Her savage mood relented at once to one of tenderness, and giving him an impulsive caress, she arose to prepare for him the evening repast. As she disappeared into a passage leading to a court, Segimund gazed with keen dissatisfaction in the direction of the town, which lay seemingly in a mist of white fire. He loved Mary of Magdala, yet her passion oppressed him. It was so wild, so imperative, so jealous, that it lay heavily upon a spirit that shifted with every breeze.

Nature had filled the heart of Mary Magdalene with a love that burned, but while this passion was grounded on the earth, it grew by flowers of radiant beauty and was fondled by the softest and most sensuous airs that blew. It was the highest, the frankest resultant of the senses, candid as the love of the tigress for her mate. But as the unconscious river makes music in its flowing to the sea; as the unthinking lily spills unawares its perfume on the wind; and as those tiny architects, the seeds, without the pain of thought, build from earth and air and stream their 'wondering domes of beauty and of strength, so was the love of Mary for Segimund a passion without a star.

Segimund was startled from his reverie by the noise of a rustling garment, and looking around quickly, a soft and pleasing apparition stood at his side. It was Esther, the sister of Mary, and her opposite. She had a mingled air of diffidence and coquetry, and she was beautiful in a way that plays havoc with the hearts of men. In her robe of white she breathed a compelling charm that sensuous summer night, and some malignant demon in the heart of Segimund was responsive to the soft challenge of her presence. A temptation then and there fell upon him, and would not be put aside.

"By the gods, Esther," he said significantly, "but thou art beautiful."

She drew back a bit disdainfully as she replied: "But not so fair as she."

"Come, my pretty one, thou must not be jealous of thy sister's beauty. Yet, as I look at thee in this magical light, thou art as fair as she."

"The magical light, forsooth! And do Germans consider that a compliment to a woman?"

"Thou dost forget, Esther. Have I not told thee before that thou wert beautiful? Yet thou art ever so modest and demure of mien that thou hast always offered an apology as it were for thy beauty. Tonight thou comest as a dream, stirring me so wondrously that I am bereft of my will."

With a quick movement he threw an arm around her slender waist and kissed her. She drew away shivering, her breath coming and going like the sigh of a flower, her eyes alternately displaying anger and surrender, disdain and joy. At last she broke the silence, the words fluttering from her lips like frightened birds: "What would she say?"

He laughed an unpleasant laugh as he replied: "She would have a great deal to say, did she but know. Of a truth, she has said too much already."

"Does she frighten thee?"

"Hardly that, but she makes me uncomfortable at times."

"And is that what thou callst love?"

"Thou askest a quaint question, Esther. For some days I have doubted it. Tonight I know that it is not. One kiss upon thy lips has solved for me the riddle of the Sphinx. 'Tis thou whom I love."

There was a strange, a fateful earnestness about his speech as he said this, and neither could guess the disastrous Fortune they both were tempting. The fair phantom of a woman stood, a breathing silence, enmeshed in his words; then half-heartedly, yet with invitation in her voice, she said: "What idle words are these, Segimund?"

"Put me to any proof thou wilt," he answered promptly.

Then the spirit in her slender form seemed to rise triumphant and resolute. With quick decision, she asked, "When dost thou leave for Rome?"

"It was my intention to leave some three days hence. There is a caravan departing tonight, and another —"

"Go thou at once, and I will meet thee at the point where the caravan starts. Do not stop to think, but depart at once. Our marriage can be bound at Tiberias, Rome, or where thou wiltst."

There was a ring of resolution in her voice and love that caught his wayward fancy.

"By the gods, Esther, thou hast the spirit of a nymph. I will go; but do thou come at once and meet me at the end of yonder grove of palms to the right."

Both seemed to be moved by some capricious impulse beyond their control. He leaped softly from the balcony to the ground, and was almost immediately lost to sight in the grove. Esther gazed after him a moment, then disappeared into the house; and shortly afterwards a figure wrapped in a sombre gown was flitting towards the point where the soldier had disappeared.

A faint breeze stirred the palm trees fringing the blue and white terraces of Magdala. The houses of the town shone like ghastly sepulchres in the moonlight. The languorous perfumes of the flowers breathed heavily on the night wind, and Mary returned, bearing in her own hands the charger containing the repast of her lover.

The moonlight fell, pitiless, in the empty corner where she had left him, and her voice calling "Segimund" was given back to her by the silence of the night.

For some moments she gazed out wistfully towards the sea, and her voice seemed to her like a pain penetrating the placid distances in search of his answering voice. Then a strange coldness rived her through and through like a sword. The air of the slumberous evening became a suffocation. She stretched her hands emptily toward the sea, her arms fell despairingly to her side, and with absolute prescience she felt that Segimund would never come back to her.



AND this Soul waxed in splendor and in grace, seemingly fulfilling its appointed end; yet not so, for it was fated to be nor stone nor gem, but a lamp beckoning to the generations of man. First Passion came and threw a shadow across its pellucid visage, troubling it as some nameless power awakes the sleeping terror of the sea. And the shadow sometimes took a shining shape, which, grasped, dissolved in darkness once again. Day by day the Soul was buffeted from joy that was almost pain to pain that was not quite joy. Thus Passion sported with the Beauty of the Soul, and Doubt awoke, and ever smiling Hope. At last the shadow lifted, and with it went its shining double. Then Vengeance came and bound the Soul in chains. For it there was no longer laughter in the running of the rivers. For it the singing joy of life had ceased, and the glory of the heavens had shrunk like a leaf of the Autumn.

HAVING left her house in the care of an old servitor, Mary Magdalene vanished from the life of the little town on the shores of the sea. When she discovered that her sister as well as her lover had left Magdala, she at once divined the truth, and her blood burned to follow them. She longed to stand before their face and shatter the suspended vessel that held their stolen joy. This thought took hold of her to the exclusion of all others, snapping the ties of kinship and ignoring the opinion of all who thought well of her. Her deceiving had made her mad. The woman in her was in abeyance, and the animal heart, urged onward by a savage mania, became the directing agency.

Several weary days of travel brought her to Sidon, seeking passage in a ship bound for the West. When for the first time her strained eyesight fell upon that inland sea with the gaudy vessels skimming its fiery surface, a single doubt as to the virtue of her task penetrated her like a sharp pain. What was she prepared to do? Was it crime that she contemplated, or should she stand before them simply as a rebuking Nemesis? She could not answer either question, for she knew that she would be the victim of an impulse when at last she stood in their presence. There was in her wayward heart, moreover, a longing to turn backwards to the peaceful home by the grove of palms, instead of breasting that dread and fiery sea which seemed ready to take her to strange and cruel lands beyonds its face. As she stood near the harbor, rended by contending passions, a Phœnician ship of many glaring hues was preparing for departure. If she would make the most of her purpose, she had no time to lose. It was from this very port, perhaps, that her lover and her sister had fled. The thought put a new fire in her burning blood. It swept over her like a resistless flame, in which

for a moment consciousness reeled. Then her will stood firm, and she forthwith sought the master of the ship, and secured her passage. She had taken her fate in her hands.

The first few hours at sea brought to her a certain exhilaration, from which she passed into a dreamy mood. The sunshine fell mercilessly upon the ship and turned the sea to yellow fire. Over the glassy waters they drifted betimes, and then, like some wild sea-bird, farther flew from home. The rude oarsmen, the savage officers, the frequent imprecations, and that burning heat, made of the voyage a hideous phantasm.

She wondered plaintively if the evening would ever come and cool the fever of the sea. She could feel the fire mounting to her head. All the glare from the sea, all the heat from the sun found focus in her brain. Night came at last and fanned with its cooling breath the sting in her cheeks, but she lay upon the deck delirious, beyond its refreshing help.

Hour after hour they sped over the sea, and she was in the grasp of that madness. Such rude help as could be given her was given cheerily, but it was of little avail. Parched with thirst and with every vein aflame, and her brain burning with fantastic visions, she lay writhing and murmuring in the ship as they bore for the Island of Rhodes.

One evening as the sun was setting and her fixed eyes gazed blankly over the steaming sea, a cool air came like the footsteps of soft music over the waters, and the Western sky reddened as if it were burning up with a passion of color. Then through that luminous atmosphere came to her conscious eyes the scarlet outlines of a city, the fairest she had ever seen. It might have been the city of the sun, for its majestic palaces towering into the sky seemed a part of the vaporous splendor, and in the background were rolling blue mountains and streams that tumbled down their sides, threads of silver fire in the revealing light. The vision filled her with wonder, and then with a certain peace in her heart she fell back upon the couch unconscious.

It was not a vision but the fair city of Rhodes that she saw ; and at the set of sun the ship came into harbor.

When the vessel put into port there was the usual curious crowd ready to welcome her. This included some of the better classes, men and women, who had come down to the shore to learn what was transpiring in the East, or to drive such bargains for Phœnician stuffs as the gods permitted. The master of the ship brought forth many choice samples of Eastern workmanship for the inspection of the dames of Rhodes, over which they did chatter most enchantingly, while men and boys looked on with amusing wonder.

At length there was a cessation of the musical exclamations of delight or derision. Four sailors were seen bearing from the ship a litter, about which the crowd gathered with excited interest. At some distance from this point of animated attention, a young man pacing meditatively up and down, and contemplating the sea, was arrested in his walk. Philosophy is no proof against curiosity, and so the young man, who was a philosopher, walked over to learn the cause of the excitement. The crowd fell back deferentially as he approached, for he was known as one of the most learned doctors of the city. An exclamation of astonishment broke from his lips at what he saw. There upon the litter lay the most beautiful woman his eyes had ever chanced upon. Apparently she was asleep, but the roses of fever in her cheeks, the languor in her body, the limp arm that hung, beautiful as a dream, over the side of the litter, proved to his expert perception that she was rapidly nearing the portals of Death. Never before had he felt the same sensation that he now experienced as he saw that peerless beauty, helpless and unfriended, lying there for the rabble to devour with its eyes. Making his way quickly to the master of the ship, he asked who she was and why she was thus carried about for the idle fellows of Rhodes to gaze upon.

The master explained that he knew little or nothing about her. She had fallen ill of a fever on the ship and had been

sick throughout the voyage. If she continued with them to Rome, she would surely die.

“What dost thou propose shall be done with her?” asked the young man with a faltering voice.

“It is not for me to say,” responded the master of the ship. “I thought perchance someone might have compassion on her and take her where she would be cared for.”

“Then,” said the Philosopher quickly, “I will see that she is cared for. I am a doctor, and if thou wilt place her in my charge all that the skill of the wise men can do to save her shall be done.”

This was entirely acceptable to the master of the ship. The beautiful Jewish maiden had been a sore trial to him, and he was glad to have done with her. Arrangements were therefore quickly made and the sailors were engaged to carry the litter to the villa of the young Rhodian, Karminos.

* * * * *

When Mary awoke, the richness of her surroundings was so new to her that she thought herself in a dream. Never before had she lain on such splendid cushions, nor had her drowsy eyes ever opened to look upon such rich ornaments, or beheld such a profusion of beautiful figures upon the walls. There were paintings and statuary such as she had never seen the like of, and for a time she lay still and looked upon the wonders as a pleased, unquestioning child.

Hers had been a stubborn case, but the wise men had triumphed; or rather, be it said, the tender watchfulness of one had drawn her back from Death's black temple. Every day had Karminos hovered over the couch upon which lay the lovely Jewess wrestling with the fever demon. His mother had seconded all his efforts; and at last peace came to the troubled flesh. When consciousness returned to her Mary wondered what had happened, and tried to piece together the incidents of the past; but the serenity that prevailed in the palace, the soft atmosphere of luxury, the evidences of kindness and solicitude about her, nursed her

into a sort of drowsy indifference to what had gone before and what would come thereafter. Now that she had regained consciousness, Karminos held aloof, leaving her entirely to the care of his mother and the slaves. Occasionally her dreamy eyes wandered towards the windows, and through them she saw the spirit-like outline of hills so far away that they might have been the passing clouds of illusion. At times the soft ghost-like notes of songs stole through the chamber from invisible melodists. And so strength came back and with it a growing wish to know what it all portended.

One day she was strong enough to sit upon the balcony, and a slave woman helped her to a couch so arranged that she could look out upon her surroundings. The balcony upon which she lay was part of one of the palaces built on the hillside overlooking the great sea. The morning light was just breaking, and the rosy fingers of the dawn grasped the snow on the mountain peaks, while a shadowy crimson was massed about the outlines of the hills. The white town at her feet was now a rare pink flower unfolding its glory for the kiss of the sun; and the sea itself, calm as the passionless skies above, stretched far away into the unmarred happiness of a dream. An infinite peace hovered on invisible wings over the stateliness of the city. The palm trees reared their heads in the air motionless; and the distant sea seemed painted on a field of moveless blue. Ere long the sun arose like a dazzling shield above the horizon, and the rose color faded fast before his golden coming.

It was then that they told Mary piecemeal the story of her being brought to the villa by the philosopher, who was deeply interested in her case. From all this she got the idea that Karminos was some enthusiastic grey-beard who had felt merely a scientific curiosity about her.

At last the time came when she should meet her benefactor. It was evening and the moon shone lovingly upon that fair island which legend says was drawn by the sun from

the sea. Mary sat on the portico overlooking the expanse of water. She was listening to the mournful music of the rising breakers as they swished upon the shore. She felt the storm of the sea and the peace of the night; and while in this mood the aged woman with the kindly face who had flitted through her semi-consciousness came to her, bringing a young man. Mary was deeply astonished to find how far her conception of her benefactor had strayed from the fact; and her confusion grew as she took in the details of his personality. He was not only young, he was handsome in a measure, and there was in his face a passionless purity which Mary had seldom seen in the countenance of man. She was startled as she began to go over the motives that had impelled him to bring her to his own villa, and to place her in the care of his mother. She had no fear of harm, once having looked in his face, nor was she moved at his presence as she was stirred by the proximity of Segimund. His eyes contained no guile, emitted no harmful intent, and seemed to tell of a beautiful philosophy. He appeared to her the love of wisdom incarnate.

The strangeness of the meeting made the hours of the evening pass with a certain fitfulness. There was much about herself that she did not care to divulge: there was much in his mode of life that could, he fancied, possess but little interest for her. And so, when Mary was taken back to her chamber, each felt a sense of dissatisfaction.

But as time passed and acquaintanceship ripened, the young philosopher and the Jewish maiden were attracted to each other by closer sympathies. He had learned from her only the partial truth that she had intended going to Rome to see her sister, and that was all he cared to know; and she was made aware of a life so new, so alien to her own past, that it made a strong appeal to her imagination. She breathed for the first time the atmosphere of sunny wisdom; she learned the history of the wise men who had taught the existence of a supreme intelligence, the immortality of the

soul and the atomic composition of the universe. She heard of that wise man who had drunk the hemlock because he taught the highest morality of his time. She was told of the philosopher who maintained that the soul is a number, of another who claimed that water was the beginning of all things, and of another still who traced the foundation of all things back to a fire. She learned that her soul might be an emanation from the Primitive Light or it might have borne many forms before it assumed the one in which it then was garbed, and that the visible world was an illusion. And though there seemed no end of the quest that Karminos placed before her, she knew the entrancing charm of seeking for truth and beauty; and moreover, in the palpitant summer nights, the young philosopher opened up to her the wondrous Greek world with its poetry, its tragedy and its dying eloquence. In her own tongue, for Karminos was skilled therein, she heard for the first time of that fair Helen, whose beauty ensnared Troy to its destruction; and she listened enrapt to the story of Ulysses' wanderings. Wonderful, beautiful was the old Greek romance to this child of the desert land. Night after night her love for the beautiful grew as she sat an excited listener to the stories that can never die. And under this new spell the painful past was loosening its hold upon her.

As she grew stronger she loved to wander by the wheat fields and see the golden grain breathing gently with the wind. Under the blossoming carob trees or where the orange and the pomegranate shed their perfume on the air she spent many a pleasing hour; and in the glens she listened to the lispig lapping music of the water-falls. Wearying of this she might seek the belt of pines and fill her lungs with their balsamic fragrance; and then from all these she could turn to the sea, which had lost for her its terror.

It was in this paradise, this Island of Beatific, where roses made a couch of perfume for the senses, that she had first learned the pleasures of the spirit. And when evening came

upon that dreamy isle, she followed her guide, the young Karminos, through the quiet lanes and the shady retreats of philosophy.

And so to Mary of Magdala there came a new emotion. Once before the passion of love had stirred the virgin surface of her soul, and it had seemed to her that nothing could be so sweet, so beautiful; but the fire had been rudely quenched, and this individual human life felt the sway of a new spirit.

And there came a time when Karminos spoke to her of love, and she sat trembling upon the piazza that overlooked the sea, charmed yet affrighted by his words. His pale face was filled with suppressed excitement as he spoke. Was it the white fire of reason rather than the red glow of passion that burned there? She knew that she felt for this man a respect she had never entertained for any other, and she told him that.

“Thou art my ideal of honor and of wisdom, O Karminos, but I cannot be sure that I love thee. Yet would I die rather than do aught to pain thee. Could my death bring thee life, or honor, or happiness, I would willingly yield it up for thee.”

“Why then dost thou doubt that this be love?” asked Karminos, bewildered.

“It seems to me that my soul should flutter like falling leaves when thou art near me, but it does not. Thy eloquence, thy wisdom, fascinate me as the moth is charmed by the light, but thou art to me rather a voice from afar, something calling to me from the skies.”

“This is indeed love, Mary, though thou knowest it not,” said Karminos gently, “and I am sure that thou art the complement of my soul.”

“I will not deceive thee, Karminos. I have told thee of my doubt, yet thou hast brought me more peace than I have ever known. Thou hast led me into a new and beautiful land, and I can never repay thee. So if thou art content with me, knowing my doubts, then will I be thy wife.”

And in this wise was their troth plighted.

* * * * *

One evening Mary walked beside the sea in the deepening twilight. Her heart was filled with nameless fears of ill. She was turning over in her mind the doubt that had so often assailed her and was asking herself whether she did love Karminos, or whether it was the spirit of wisdom that spoke through him. He had drawn for her a widened horizon, and taken the veil from the face of a new delight. But as she revolved the central doubt in her mind, an icy hand often seemed to grasp her heart, and an insistent voice told her that her love was incomplete. Segimund had been a warm, breathing animal. Beside him Karminos seemed a statue on which a cold light shone. Yet had she known no man in whom she had the same sweet faith as in this young doctor.

The moonlight brightened in the darkening night. The waves broke upon the shore with the sound of eternity in their melancholy cadence. From the cold depths of the sea awful voices were surely calling through the dolorous tumult of the billows. Mary was smitten with an indescribable horror.

She fancied that the white crests that trembled in the moonlight were the bodies of the dead dissolving and reforming, and she could not put this idea away from her. The mournful song of some home-faring fisherman came over the waves occasionally, and struck anew the melancholy chord in her breast.

Could she not flee back to the mansion, and in its light banish the phantoms that pursued her? No; she felt that she could not move. The sea held her in a spell. Karminos had not yet returned. He had been out for several hours in his boat, and it was strange that he had not yet put to land. She tried to throw off her depression and escape from the spell that bound her, but even as she did so, she fancied she saw an object coming towards her on the surging waves. She looked again and it had disappeared, but she felt that

the message of the sea was about to be delivered. In a kind of trance she stood waiting for she knew not what, powerless to move, trembling at the horror rising, falling, coming ever nearer, her veins like ice.

At last a long hoarse tumbling breaker rushed towards her like some fabled monster and seemed to open wide its heart, and there at her feet in the moonlight lay the dead body of the young philosopher.



THEN Knowledge came with pale revealing torch, and all the world was luminously white. And something dropped like cooling flakes of snow upon the disordered Soul, and shrived it of its pain. The Soul began a pensive pilgrimage. It passed among the hooded figures of the past, fared through sweet lanes steeped in peace, and art's majestic pleasure-houses. And whither it went, the music was ever soft and low, and the people were calm as phantoms of the dusk; and there were forms of perfect beauty without heat or dye. Yet there for a time, the hot fire being quenched, the Soul was at peace.

HIGH in the Temple of Discord was hung the shield of Mars. The flash of glittering sword and glancing lance was caught in the sun. The day was filled with the pomp of triumph, and the wild war-song penetrated the starry night. The streets of Rome resounded with a myriad tributes to the God of the Crimson Quiver.

Mary Magdalene had parted reluctantly with the sorrowing mother of Karminos only when a reaction from the grief that beset her had come upon her, and destiny drove her from the peaceful island to the city of the Cæsars.

She reached Rome at a time when the heads of the people were filled with the prospective triumph of Germanicus Cæsar. A kinsman of hers, one Issachar the Silversmith, received her graciously, and she at once fell into the humor of the people. The talk was all of heroes. She quaffed it in with a new breath of delight. She listened with flushed cheeks to the story of Germanicus, the young warrior who had redeemed the Imperial arms and restored to Rome the lost eagles of Quintilius Varus. For years it had been the empire's shame that somewhere in the vast and terrible German forests the bones of her great army lay bleaching, while the barbarians held as trophies the symbols of Roman power. After many frantic combats and moving adventures, Germanicus had defeated the blue-eyed Vandals and restored the eagles to the Imperial City.

There was curious talk about the jealousy of Tiberius, for he had called the victor home in the full flush of his triumph, determined, so the rumor ran, to nip this bud of glory which bade fair to win the love of the people to his own hurt. And so Germanicus had been ordered to return to Rome and receive his triumph. Realizing the Emperor's jealousy, the people were inspired to accord the returning hero unusual

demonstrations of regard. It was while the light heads of the Roman populace were busy with these spiteful intentions, that the eyes of Mary Magdalene first beheld the magnificence of the Imperial City. Issachar, her kinsman, was an accomplished citizen of the world, who had put aside the god of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was content to affect the indifference of the Roman to all save the outward spectacle of glory and power. His disbelief pervaded his household. His wife, a vivacious matron of a striking Semitic beauty, was as gay and soulless as any of the Roman dames, and their children were not brought up to remember the glorious traditions of Israel.

It was a period in the history of Rome when the people lived for the moment, sought surcease from vexatious doubts in the deep gratifications of the senses, and turned with eager, querulous excitement to every spectacle, every pleasure, every distraction that could spin a shadow over the light of conscience.

And now a fresh passion seized upon the heart of Mary Magdalene. She saw gay crowds of elegant idlers in the streets of Rome: she beheld the architectural glories of the dazzling city: she looked with a shuddering interest upon the mighty feats of strength in the amphitheatre: her eye reveled in the best art of the world. She found herself translated into a new realm of life and light and perfume. There was gaiety in all the streets; it flashed from the dark eyes of Roman beauties; it ascended in the summer night on the laughter of Sybaritic youths; it held mad revel in the comedies at the theatres; yet behind it all was that indefinable feeling of unseen but suffusive power which was at once the charm and the awe of Rome. Perhaps the madness in the air, the gay forgetfulness of the populace, the wild pursuit of pleasure, the utter indifference as to the morrow, intoxicated the soul of Mary Magdalene, sensitive as an aspen to vivid emotions. The barbaric splendor that illuminated the city must also have touched a fiery chord in her passionate nature; for by degrees the Roman life took such firm hold.

of her that glory became the one thing worth living for. That wild love which Nature gave her had passed like a simoom before her face. The figure of prim philosophy was as lifeless to her as the marble statues that graced the capital. But Glory was worth the pain and the strife. To be the central figure for a day, even an hour, in this vast tumult of life, were worth the ransom of a king. On every corner stood monuments to men who had seen the face of Fame. Those stately palaces, those temples gleaming with the triumphs of art, those arches proclaiming the valor of heroes living and dead, all did homage to the spirit of transcendent War. And so the storm of it blew through her soul, and as she listened to its wild and thrilling music, she felt arising within her a new longing that her name might be, though never so momentarily, on the lips of this admiring people.

But Germanicus was not to be the sole object of interest in the coming triumph. The people had their own heroes, and the ballad-makers had wrought songs of many valiant deeds. One minstrel chanted the praises of the warrior who had taken the ensign of Arminius; another sang of the capture of a blue-eyed princess; but most popular of all was he who sang the story of Evander the brave Centurion. It was a song that Mary Magdalene heard one evening in the Forum, and it had filled her with ardent visions. So dramatic was the bard who told this story to the enraptured crowds, that Evander's coming was anticipated with almost as much enthusiasm as that of Germanicus. From the countless exploits of that indomitable army the feat of Evander had made his name famous throughout the Roman world, for he it was who had wrenched from the wild German the last eagle which Varus had left in the Teutoberg forest—he was the soldier who had brought back the precious symbol to his general.

It was somewhat in this vein that the bard told the story:

It was night in the dread German forest, when Evander left the Roman camp with orders from his general to learn

the disposition of the German forces. The stars gathered fast as he entered the gloom, and began the journey through miry glen and clotted marsh. A silence profound and death-like enwrapped the forest, and for a time the darkness knew no light save that of the tremulous stars. But as the night advanced, the moon arose and made a turquoise light in the far off aisles. With steady heart he kept his painful way, harried by the brush and the twisted thorny shrubs, assailed by the stench of the fens, and dragged back by the drifts of foul dead weeds. Betimes he caught the smell of driven smoke from the camp-fires miles away, and fancied he could hear the flying songs of the birds in the lonely groves, sounding weird and terrible in those doleful solitudes. With heart that did not droop he pressed ahead until he reached the Long Bridge, now rotting and insecure, that spanned the stream severing the fens, made his way across and entered once again the protecting gloom of the forest.

The night far advanced, Evander came to the Field of Death. A swarm of fetid odors prepared him for the heaped-up horrors. With eyeballs fixed he staggered into an open space, the last rendezvous of the Army that Never Came Back. Here he beheld rude altars linked with the skeletons of the Roman tribunes. On the trees that formed an amphitheatre around him were fastened hundreds of grinning skulls that mocked him as he paused there alone, the moonlight falling on his glittering helmet. It was not wise in him to stand thus in the open, yet he could not choose but cast a mournful glance over the ground. Here were heaps of skeletons piled high inextricably by War's frightful hand: yonder a slimy ditch half filled with bones and broken javelins: while on top of the ruined rampart lay a chain of twisted skeletons tracing the story of Roman defeat. Evander shuddered as he gazed, for it was in this awful place, embosomed in the spawns of Death, surrounded by damp and deadly lonelinesses, that the eagles of Varus had been taken and disgrace had come upon the Roman arms.

Evander stood wrathfully contemplating the scene, and with the sense of being encompassed by fearful dangers. Suddenly his eye caught the glint of something shining in the air, and a rude shock in the head told him that a javelin from an unseen foe had struck the top of his helmet. The warrior in him leaped up at once, and it was well; for coming towards him was a stalwart German, evidently a scout like himself, who had seen the Centurion surveying the remains of Rome's great army. In that lone place they quickly fell upon each other, their clanging swords ringing out a horrid music in the night. There was the hurried flash of arms in the light, the stout advance and the reluctant breaking away, but ere many moments had elapsed Evander had hacked his foe into insensibility, if not death. And now he felt that there were need of all his caution. Other scouts might be wandering around, and the noise of the combat might have reached them. He quickly threw his helmet away, and donned the skin robe of the German; then with the captured osier shield and sword of his dead foe, he stole away towards the distant twinkling lights.

The comrades of Arminius were holding a brave carousal that night by the light of flickering torches. They were gathered about the banquet tables while their bards chanted the songs of victory. Their savage shouts filled the gloomy groves with terror; and they were far too intent on their revel to detect the stealthy approach of Evander, even had they been on guard.

The Centurion found himself near a beautiful grove, in the centre of which was an altar. As he beheld the object that crowned the altar, he trembled in every limb, as one who was smitten with palsy, and crouched to the ground, so fearful was he then of being seen. He was harried with joy, rage and staggering excitement. He was as one who grasps at a priceless treasure in his dreams; for there before him was an object that meant glory, and to possess which were worth any man's life — a jewel more valued than rubies or the gems that

glittered on the neck of an empress. For the figure defined by the light was the last of the lost eagles, set there by the swaggering Germans as an object of worship.

The grove was silent and empty. There brooded the ghosts of the sainted heroes. There a fell superstition held its bloody rites. But it had no terrors for Evander. Why should he not steal in and carry off the eagle boldly? He thought of the fame that would be his, if he could achieve his purpose, and he paused to take counsel of his prudence. Even as he meditated the action, he observed a procession of white-robed priests with a milk-white horse approaching the grove. To his dismay they made ready to enter it, and consult the omens. Fastening the beautiful horse to a post just at the rim of the grove they began their observation of the mystic rites.

Baffled by a flock of screaming priests? No; by the splendor of Rome! this was too much for the Centurion's hot blood. His spirit sped forward like a shooting star, and he acted at once. Drawing around him the animal skin which he had taken from the dead German, he walked straight up to the altar, clasped the precious eagle in his arms, and then with drawn sword he confronted the panic-stricken priests. Mechanically they surrounded him to bar his exit, but he scattered them as if they were chaff, and now there was thorny danger ahead. The commotion in the sacred grove would soon attract the revelers from their cups, and he would be surrounded and slain, or pursued to death through the terrible fens. But the religious traditions of the German grove had no claim on him. They fettered not his reckless spirit. Yonder gleamed the sacred white horse, a peerless animal. What recked he of its power of divination or its sacred character? To him it was the symbol of escape, the means of undying fame. With his sword he cut the tether, leaped upon the animal's back, and with a pack of wailing priests behind, clattered from the grove like a flying satyr.

Then of a sudden a light seemed to break in upon the

revelers. There was a call for horses, the clangor of collecting arms, the fierce howl of pursuit. The white horse sped past the camp in the topaz light of the moon, and then the frenzied pursuit began. Wild and awful were the yells that rent the silence of the night, but with a fearful joy in his heart, on and away fled the daring Roman. Now he toiled through marsh and stench, soiling the purity of his noble steed; anon he cantered away over a reach of dry land, and laughed when his pursuers splashed and moiled in the mire he had left behind him. Through the black shadows he raced like a streaking ghost, still followed by a chorus of unearthly cries. Then he came to a stretch of swampy ground, where the mud was a drag upon the spirit of the white courser; and now the avengers were crowding fast in his rear, for they were at home, and every foot of that weird region was known to them. Far ahead of him he caught the gleam of the Long Bridge, and the race shot for that point. If his pursuers reached it close upon him, he was lost; and he too would die in the forest, a vain suitor for the lost eagle.

He heard the hiss of the awakened serpents in his path, and ever and anon the glazed eyeballs of wild animals shone like fires of death upon him as he swung onward through the forest. At last he was within reach of the bridge, and a fierce cry of exultation escaped him when the hoofs of his horse first struck, hard and ringing, upon the wooden way. The Germans were now in full view. He turned and saw the tips of their lances moving like fireflies in the forest behind him.

The bridge was old and uncertain. It wavered with the wild rider who was plunging across it. His horse became panic-stricken and checked its gait. The bridge had been rocking to the stormy motion, and the horse and it were out of harmony. Evander felt the blood freezing in his veins, for his pursuers were coming on like huntsmen certain of their prey.

Only a hundred feet or more, and he would be over the treacherous bridge, but before he could reach the bank, there

was a shudder throughout its length, and it gave way gently, dipping the horse and rider into the stream, just as the Germans came to the other shore.

There was a howl of triumph from the pursuers ; checked, however, as soon as they perceived that both horse and rider were swimming for the opposite bank. Their exultation gave way to rage, for they saw that the Roman held in one hand above the water, as a taunt to them, the precious eagle. A number of them plunged with their horses into the stream, and just as Evander and the white horse reached the bank, a cloud of frams was sent after him.

Evander mounted the horse, which made no attempt to escape from him, and they were soon moving away like a flash of light towards the Roman camp. In his excitement he did not notice for some time that he had been wounded ; but as he rocked along through the chill damp air, the sting of his wounds became very acute. He felt himself growing fainter and fainter, and the yells behind him were redoubled in fury ; but he hugged the eagle to his heart as if it had been a child. He spoke tender and incoherent words to his horse. Still he flashed onward through the shadows that seemed to gather about him and then reel away like bewildered spirits in the moonlight ; until at last his eyes beheld the pale green fires of the Roman bivouac beyond the forest.

He did not know that the Germans had given up the pursuit ; their wild cries had died out, but they still echoed in his frenzied head, multiplied by the fever that held him, and so he rode at full tilt into the Roman camp, making mad confusion there, and he never stopped until he stood in front of the tent of Germanicus. The General, aroused by the alarms of the camp, was at the door of his tent as he approached.

“What means this tumult?” he asked peremptorily.

“It is I, Evander,” said the Centurion thickly.

“Well, what hast thou for me?” impatiently asked the General.

The soldier tried to speak, but he dropped forward,

clutched at his horse and fell to earth. The General approached him and bent over him, while the white horse sniffed at him as if they were comrades of long standing.

"The last eagle, Imperator," whispered Evander, and fainted.

The General did not understand for a moment. He stood looking at the poor fellow as he lay there, smeared with blood, foul with the stench of the marsh, and soiled with mud; and a sense of disgust arose in him. Then his eyes fell on the object clutched in the grimy hand, and he knelt and kissed the pallid lips.





*T*HEN Glory came with eyes aflame, and wild locks waving free, came on her steed of fire. And the winds parted to let the storm-queen pass. Her radiant helmet shot through the air like a meteor, the wail of the rising tempest was heard in her track, and the vapors of the sky became gigantic carbuncles announcing her coming. And whither she went, men forgot the splendor of Life, and made of Death a mighty and glorious king. And a ray of the irresistible light from her sparkling shield pierced the Soul through and through.

THE morning broke clear for the triumph of Germanicus. The streets were filled with gay people in holiday attire. Shops had been closed, and the artisans and their wives and children were hastening to the Sacred Way, where platforms had been raised for their accommodation. The temples were agape today, and the statues and monuments along the route of triumph were garlanded with flowers. The city was dazzling with its palpitant colors, moving 'past its white and golden beauty.

Among those who hastened with the eager throng to the Sacred Way were Issachar and his family and Mary Magdalene. Luckily they had bespoken a place on the steps of the Temple of Concord, not far from the Capitol, where all that was noteworthy in the procession could be seen.

Outside the city, in the Field of Mars, Germanicus formed his heroic cavalcade. Entering the city by the Gate of Triumph under the Capitoline Hill, the shining line crossed the Velabrum, the yellow Tiber gleaming to the right. Taking its way through the Circus Maximus, it wound along through the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian Hills. It skirted the rear end of the gorgeous home of Augustus, bent abruptly to the north, and gleamed in front of the palaces of the senators and the millionaires of Rome. Thence its stately tread resounded in the narrow streets under gigantic tenement houses, from whose windows the starvelings of the city threw down their poor and withered flowers upon the conqueror. It then climbed the Velian Hill, from the top of which burst upon the eyes of the hero the magnificent spectacle of Jove's amber temple crowned with its plunging quadriga. And now the train moved with something of Assyrian pomp through all that was majestic and peerless in Rome — by the circular Temple of Vesta, beyond the shops

of the silversmiths, past the Temple of Castor, the bewildering basilica of Julius Cæsar and the carven statues and monuments of the Forum, beyond the rostra where the orators were wont to bend to their will the fierce democracy, on to the *clivus capitolinus* that girt the Temple of Saturn and reached over the frowning hill on which the icon of Jupiter stood in its golden state.

Along the route a host of splendors greeted the gaze of the victor. From every side radiated lines of marble columns of every color and from every clime. There were fluted pillars of Numidian stone, and columns of marble from the mysterious East and gloomy Africa; there were lofty porticos graced with silver statues and figures in bronze, ivory and gold; there were matchless peristyles topped with marble personages; there were bronze and silver Colossi that told the vanity of Augustus and preserved the memory of Cæsar; there were arcades of alabaster arches, and elaborate palaces proclaiming the wealth, the incrustated power, and the staggering greatness of Rome. There were gardens along the route of triumph from which a profusion of roses and violets tossed storms of perfume upon the passing procession, while scores of fountains made music in their splashing basins beneath solitary palms that lifted high in air their tufted heads. And finally beyond it all, set crown-like above the marble city, was the capitol, bursting with trophies raped from every clime, gleaming with art torn from the prone arms of Greece, sacred forsooth to Rome's relentless spoliation of the world.

As Mary Magdalene pressed onward through the crowd, she was bewildered at the multiform life that swirled about her. The whole city had fallen into revel. Gaunt artisans in borrowed bravery of festal attire could be seen greedily attacking the provisions spread upon the public tables. Now the pale face of some desolate woman in the crowd fixed Mary's attention for a moment by its look of artificial gaiety, and was then obliterated by the vision of a noble lady flashing by in her gown of emeralds and pearls. In the palaces

dissolute freedmen grown rich by thrifty sycophancy could sometimes be seen drinking their Setian or Chian wine from myrrhine cups and goblets of gold. In the streets were people of every nationality and every trade reputable and infamous. Flatterers clung to the train of the noble and the rich. Unctuous slaves and slaves of savage mien were revealed everywhere. Here stalked a brawny gladiator from Dacia with his retinue of howling admirers gathered from the fickle crowd. There strutted a pompous flamen or a dignified augur. Saucy buffoons walked side by side with the gay and picturesque priests, while long-bearded philosophers seemed hand in glove with Chaldean magicians and quacks from Greece. Now an Oriental dancer with jingling tambourine pirouetted in a circle cleared for her by the lively populace. Anon a loquacious crier with strident voice drew a crowd about him in the Forum, and endeavored to dispose of his worthless wares. Here a hungry citizen was hurrying to the public tables, and perhaps just behind him came a perfumed nobleman who later on would dine on peacocks' brains and tongues of nightingales. Spies of the Emperor and Jewish exorcisers, vagabond priests from Cybele and enervated youths from Antioch, sober clients and reckless debauchees crowned with sickening flowers, threaded in and out of the ever-shifting, changing pageant.

Mary Magdalene looked upon the surface of all this and saw that it was radiant and heroic. It seemed to her that these people had discovered the secret of life, that they had learned how to banish gloom and haunting sorrow, and lived only for the joy of living. She did not see the canker behind luxurious Pleasure, the restlessness that pursued vain shadows, the blank Despair that drove the chariot of empty Joy, the darkness that hovered over all the fury of color, nor could she foretell the silence that would swallow up all the noisy revelry.

And so it was with quickened pulse and a thrill of exalted feeling that she took her place far up on the steps of the

Temple of Concord, and waited the appearance of the triumphal cortège.

And certainly a more beautiful face could not have been found in all that multitude than that of the woman of Magdala. The sun had left a loving token of his warmth amid the roses on her cheeks. Her eyes were filled with unfathomable beauty; and the pantherish grace of the woman was emphasized by the richness of her gown, and the crimson scarf that was allowed to bind the splendor of her dark and rippling hair. She looked a passionate flower of the desert as she stood there waiting with eager eyes the coming of the hero.

At last a mysterious calm fell upon the populace, announcing the approach of the procession, and confirming the announcement came the daring notes of a trumpet soaring far into the limpid sky. In the distance could be heard the responsive shouts of the populace like gathering thunder.

The head of the procession was composed of the magistrates of the capital and the Roman senators. They passed by to give place to a brilliant company of mounted trumpeters who brought stirring music with them. Then followed the train of frames laden with spoils taken from the Germans, including arms and standards captured from Arminius. In this group there were representations of battles and towns, rivers and mountains in Germany, and many a banner with pompous legends borne by dusky slaves. At the head of the group rode a youthful warrior bedight in dazzling armor. The point of his lance gleamed in the sun like a star. His plumes nodded gracefully as he bent his crested head. Mary noticed that his face was bold and cold and free, with something of that nerveless rigidity of feature that marked the Roman Centurion. She could fancy that he would look Death in the face with eye that did not droop, with lips that faltered not. He was the incarnation of the youthful Mars. In one hand he bore an old and battered standard, and as he made his way through the multitude, the brazen din of applause was enough to arouse the dead legions of Quintilius Varus.

“Who is yonder Centurion that bears the ragged ensign?” asked Mary Magdalene, strangely moved.

“’Tis Evander,” said Issachar, “and he carries with him the last of the lost eagles.”

No wonder the heart of Mary glowed with heroic ecstasy at the sight of that proud young son of war; and in a trice she recalled the ballad of the bard in the Forum, and that fiery exploit in the gloomy forest took form again in her fancy.

The long train of spoils drifted on to the capitol, and a troop of flute-players making shrill but warlike music approached. Behind them came the sacrificing priests with the white oxen doomed for death.

The frenzy of applause far up the Sacred Way caused Mary to turn her eyes in that direction, and the cause of the tumult was apparent. The hero Germanicus, the victor of the day, was coming. And now her veins were on fire with eagerness, and the sunset roses burned like living flowers in the glorified beauty of her face. She felt herself swept away by the magic, the sublimity, the superbness of war. She had the sensation of a bird flying the infinite sky.

But while straining her eager eyes for a glimpse of the approaching hero, she failed to note that part of the procession now passing. Hitherto all had been magnificent, inspiring, joyful, and triumphant. This was the stately legend of war, this the meed of victory, this the music of heroic achievement.

Now as Mary looked ahead of her, taking up the train where her eyes had wandered from it, all the elation died in her heart, and she was smitten suddenly with horror. Who were those persons bound in golden chains who graced this festal occasion? Never before had she seen such despair inscribed on human faces. Some were young and beautiful, some were old and weary, some men, some women. Prominent among them was a young and beautiful woman whose attitude and face were indicative of absolute horror. What

was it she saw ahead of her that filled her eyes with dread? For a moment Mary was only confusedly impressed with the personality of the young woman, then a deeper wave of dread rushed over her; for it was Esther she saw before her in chains, the sister who had wronged her; and by her side was Segimund, soldier-like no more, but sullen and dejected. What did it all mean? Why this note of terror in the joyous and festal proceeding? With beating heart Mary framed the question, and Issachar carelessly answered: "Those are the reserved captives."

"Reserved?" said she with sinking heart, "reserved for what?"

"For death," said Issachar grimly.

"Death?" said Mary as one speaking in a dream. "Why should it be allowed to mar such a day as this?"

"That is a part of the triumph. These captives will be put to death in honor of the victory of Germanicus."

"When? Where?" asked Mary, now pale as a statue, a curious perplexing light in her eyes.

"Very shortly. Indeed, when the procession reaches the capitol, they will be led aside by the Knight Evander, who hath the honor of executing them, and they will be slain to the glory of Germanicus. But see! the hero approaches."

"Victory and death," murmured Mary unconsciously.

Nearer, nearer went the train of captives to the capitol, and Mary's heart almost ceased to beat. She longed to fly from that place, hurry to her sister's side, and take her to her breast before she died. She tried indeed to edge her way through the crowd. It was an impossible task. She was hemmed in. Even as she stood there, perhaps her sister and Segimund were being put to death. Curiously enough, her mind wandered back to the evening when she had last beheld him and had advised him to serve his country, and she also remembered that she had told him she would be his destruction if he should ever love another better than he did her. So he had taken her advice and her prophecy had come true.

It were some consolation after all to die a patriot rather than live a traitor. But Esther! She shrank almost into a state of unconsciousness at the horror of it. She went far back beyond the wrong that had been done her and thought only of the timid, fragile sister whom she had loved with the double love of mother and sister; and the cruelty of this splendid thing called war smote her with despair and utter helplessness. And this was glory, this was the most exalted passion in the world!

From that moment she saw no more of the stateliness of the pageant. The lictors with their wreathed faces came before the Cæsar, but they were phantoms to the stricken Magdalene. The smiling Germanicus, dressed like the Capitoline Jove in embroidered toga and flowered tunic, passed before her eyes, but her soul was following those sad captives to their cruel death. The hero in his circular chariot with his four restive steeds, holding in his right hand a laurel bough and in his left an ivory sceptre pointed with an eagle head, and his brows wreathed with Delphic laurel, set the crowd wild with horrid clanging enthusiasm; but Mary could only think of the death that was his courier, and her eyes beheld only the death's symbol in the shape of a golden crown of Jupiter which a slave behind held over the hero's head. Little did she or anyone else in all that concourse think that in a few brief years the hero would pass with shriven honors to the shadow-land where the captives, who graced his triumph, had gone.

The procession travelled onward, and Mary Magdalene stood as one enclosed in an airless, encroaching tomb. Then something seemed to burst in her brain, and chaos fell upon the world.

A thousand demoniac noises were fighting in the air. The Temple of Jupiter swung before her like the weight on a pendulum. A myriad of dancing skeletons performed in the streets. There was blood upon the marble statues, and impending fire, death, and disease were above the city. The glittering line of triumph writhed like a wounded serpent.

The heavens were blotted out, the sunlight failed in midsky,
and Death was monarch of the world.

The triumph was at an end. Issachar turned to greet the
Magdalene; but she had gone, and he never saw her again.



THEN Night fell and through the blackness flew winged shapes of fire with colors changing momentarily, now beautiful, now terrible. The Seven Devils led the Soul to their obscene retreat, and there passion blazed and Love was not; there madness was and Beauty lost its torch; there reason fled afar, and the Soul wandered purposeless in bolted chambers.

IT was an afternoon in December. The air was filled with the balm of springtime. The groves about Magdala were green, and many flowers were in bloom. Slender bluebirds flitted from garden to garden, larks were dreamily skimming the heavens, turtle doves gossiped in the eaves of the houses, storks sauntered familiarly about like official inspectors, and the little brook turtles came out and warmed themselves in the sun.

Like a globe of fire the sun was poised upon the crests of the Western hills, and the Sea of Galilee lay in the tender swoon. In the town of Magdala there was an unusual stir, and the people were hurrying down to the sea. Quite a crowd had already gathered there, and all eyes were turned towards the East, as if they expected to behold some wonder emerge from the heart of the sea. Stately Sadducees and Roman scoffers, canting Pharisees and withered Scribes, beautiful mothers with babes in their arms, curious maidens with the dark beauty of the hill tribes in their faces, modest Hebrew girls, and not a few serious and exalted men, to whom the coming event, whatever it might be, was no idle or frivolous affair, might have been observed in the eager crowd gathered by the waters that tender gracious evening.

The valley was a goblet brimming over with liquid sunshine; and the face of the sea was an unspeakable glory, too dazzling for the eye to look upon. For awhile everything seemed dissolving in a golden mist: the town became more ethereal—the spirit of its noonday self; the outlines of the hills were lost in the glittering obscuration, when suddenly the insupportable radiance was tempered by the soft approach of crimson shadows. Then a tender purple light made its

way slowly over the face of the waters; and at last, born apparently of that retreating glory, came a gossamer sail breasting the sea like a swan.

All eyes were fixed on the approaching sail: awe held each heart, silence each tongue, as if something beyond the common grasp of things were about to be. There was in the air a sweet premonition that the veil was about to be torn from the face of a Hope, long cherished but unseen. Many who stood by the shore of the beautiful sea were there, as already written, out of curiosity; some were there to scoff; some, perhaps, were ready to do violence.

But as the boat neared the shore, a hush was upon every idle tongue. In the prow of the boat was One whose glance was far away on the Western sky, or mayhap on some golden strand beyond its softened splendor. There was in his face a gentleness such as a mother wears while looking at the babe asleep near her heart: but at times a fire was in the clear blue eyes that bespoke the spirit of a man steadfast in high resolve. In him the tenderness of women seemed intertwined with the fearlessness of lions.

There was naught in his attire different from that of the plain people on the shore: his demeanor was composed and unassuming; yet no one who looked upon his face once ever forgot it. To him who looked lovingly, the memory of it was as the light of a lamp guiding his faltering feet and illuminating his weary heart forever. To him who looked in hate, the memory was an ever-burning remorse.

When his comrades — simple fishermen — had fastened the boat to its moorings, he arose gently in his place to speak to the people on the shore. How divinely beautiful he was as the light of that ineffable evening streamed about him! The skies were the tenderer for his coming: the listening palm trees by the water's edge were fixed upon a ground of conscious blue: only the sound of dripping oars could be heard at times as the other boats drew nigh that the boatmen might hearken to the mellow voice as its music drifted over

the listening sea. There were those in the assemblage who hated this beautiful teacher of the children of men; but as he stood there in the boat, armed with victorious purity and love, indifferent to angry looks, the turbulent souls felt a benign influence they could not resist. The curse refused to defile the Pharisee's lips: the storm was quelled in many a tempestuous heart, and a sweet peace, unbidden, entered.

And when he began to speak, that eager multitude upon the shore hung enchanted upon his words. The gentlest and the sweetest voice that ever fell on listening ears was speaking to them, bringing tidings new and wondrously glad to the famished and the broken heart. In the hushed, expectant air of evening, with the blue waves idly lapping the pebbles on the beach, and the shadows of twilight falling, dream-like, upon the sea, that voice became the voice of infinite love from the infinite azure above them.

Apart from the multitude gathered to hear the beautiful teacher was Mary of Magdala. Upon a broken pillar she sat, gazing with eyes that saw not at the tiny waves rippling at her feet. Her hair was no longer smooth and beautiful, but wild and unkempt. Her clothing was soiled and ragged, her feet bare, and her beautiful neck and bosom were cruelly lacerated. The face was pallid and drawn, and the dark eyes glittered with the seven deadly fires of animal madness. She sat there alone, unconscious of the multitude, unconscious of the glory in the sky and the peace that dreamed upon the hills. For a time the wildness slept in her weary brain, the fire was smouldering in her tired limbs.

Day and night, far and near had she wandered at the call of a purposeless impulse. Lands and seas had she crossed in search of a light that never came. By all the wells of Galilee had she dragged her forlorn and distorted spirit. Some had pitied her and helped her on her way. Some had laughed at her and even pelted her with stones. And so she wandered on like a lost river among the mountains, beautiful still but wild as the foaming cataract. And now she had come back

to Magdala, and some unaccountable influence had held her there.

But little heed was paid her by the multitude. Their thoughts were on the words of the Beautiful Teacher, and it was surely a wonderful story he told them — this story of a kingdom without a king, or a palace or a pleasure house; where there were neither temples nor tabernacles, where the sound of a trumpet calling to arms was never heard and the voice of the warrior was silent. It was a kingdom where strife was found not, where wealth could never enter, where Lazarus was richer than Dives, and the hardy shepherd who tended his flocks alone on Esdraelon was the peer of the king in his purple and fine linen. It was a kingdom where there was neither ceremonial, nor slavery, nor injustice, where broken hearts were healed and weary spirits were at rest.

To all who saw the light, he promised a place in this kingdom which had no foundations in the earth and had ne'er been seen of men; and neither pride, nor vanity, nor riches, nor any greatness of this world, would avail to gain an entrance there. To all who had vain longings he spoke: to all whose hearts were stirred with anger and revenge: to all who had trailed the spirit in the dust of earth. And the multitude marvelled when they learned that a place in His Father's house was not to be won by praising him loudly to the children of men, but by loving him in the virgin silence of the heart, and doing his will. Let them accept the tidings he brought, and though their hearts were overflowing with sorrow, they should be comforted; and though their wandering feet should lead them deep into the Wilderness, or their weary limbs should repose in the far-off tents of Kedar, there would the Father be to lead their steps aright.

And Mary Magdalene still sat apart and looked hungrily at the sea, and she neither saw nor heard. For awhile she had been troubled with fantastic visions that were no part of the prospect, and she had heard awful, storm-like voices in the peaceful twilight. But a change came over her gradually.

Somewhere from out the blessed heavens, it seemed to her, stole a sweet, insistent music. The demon voices were silent. The music rippled on, and Mary listened to it as a delighted child, but her eyes were still vacantly upon the sea. How beautiful it was, yet it was but the music of a voice. And as the sweet tones fell like the footfalls of evening upon her spirit, the storm died out of her forever, the mist cleared from her eyes, and there at her feet she saw frail flowers amid the waving grass, and star-eyed things peeping from the stones. Once more the glory of the sky was unrolled before the soul of Mary Magdalene, once more the beauty of the sea was revealed to her loving sight. And there came upon her an intense longing to see *Him*.

Slowly she arose from her seat. Timidly and with down-cast eyes, as one wanders in a dream and dreads the awakening, she approached the multitude, drawn by the Voice. She felt that the music was about to cease, and her eyes longed to see the Truth and the Light.

The crowd involuntarily made way for her, and when the Beautiful Teacher had finished, the Magdalene stood before Him with such yearning in her eyes as he had never seen before. It seemed as if Nature stood still a moment as the Saviour looked at the woman who paused there with uplifted face. Then he contemplated her compassionately, murmured "Peace" so softly that she alone heard it, and the madness had gone as a vanished cloud.

The woman remained a moment as one in an ecstasy, then her plight became apparent to her; and drawing her long dark hair over her breast, she turned swiftly, and glided away like a shadow.

Before many days had passed Mary Magdalene become one of that little band following the Light. She saw, she knew the Master, and from that time forth, doubts and vain longings were not for her. Again she wandered from her home, but the way was no longer in the dark.

She had languished for earthly love, but when she thought she held it next her heart, behold, her arms were empty. She but grasped a shadow.

For a time learning and philosophy had cooled the fever in her brain, and they had seemed the substance of life, but again disappointment, the eternal intruder, had snatched the wan dream from her.

Then came the thirst for glory, and the end of all riotous passions in the ashes of war.

The woman of Magdala was transformed. A divine sweetness filled the urn of life. A muted music was ever in her veins. She looked into the face of humanity, and loved it with a tenderness that sanctified her own spirit. Towards every maimed and bruised thing her swift sympathy went out. Self had died within her and all the desires that writhed about it.

But there came a time when the Light was enveloped in thick shadow, and there were many timid souls that fain would say that it had been quenched forever. A great desolation fell upon the heart of Mary, but even in the darkest night, she could see the silver fringes of the light, and her faith never faltered. A great pain was upon her all the while, the pain of a tender sympathy for the shrouded light, but her faith had refined her spirit, and so she was the first ordained to see the breaking day.

Just as from the dead driven sand unified by the Spirit of Nature emerges the perfect opal, dreaming its way from darkness to light, a concentrated miracle of dazzling color, so from the dead self of Mary Magdalene there grew the rare flower of perfect love whose perfume cannot die.



THERE is no night so cold but that it holds in its heart the essence of fire. No space is so distant that it may not be pervaded with heat. Light lurks in every crevice of the Universe, and Divinity knows no boundaries. Before the vision of the Soul shone an orb of the Divine Light, whose soft and unescapable influence made the parting with the passions a serene and exalted surrender; and so the Soul became a manifestation of the Divine tenderness to the flying generations of man.

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THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 12

NOVEMBER 1ST

THERE IS AN ORCHARD

THERE is an orchard beyond the sea,
And high is the orchard wall ;
And ripe is the fruit in the orchard tree —
O my love is fair and tall !

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And joy to its haven hies ;
And a white hand opens its gate to me —
O deep are my true love's eyes !

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Its flowers the brown bee sips ;
But the stateliest flower is all for me —
O sweet are my true love's lips !

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Where the soft delights do roam ;
To the Great Delight I have bent my knee —
O good is my true love's home !

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
With a nest where the linnets hide ;
O warm is the nest that is built for me —
In my true love's heart I bide !

GILBERT PARKER.

A STEP BACKWARD?

IT can hardly be thought a good omen for American literature when so careful a writer as my old friend, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton,—who is undoubtedly the most artistic and careful, though not quite the most inspired, among our women-poets—steps back into what may be called the colonial attitude, as to the out-door setting of her poems. The colonial attitude in America was, it is well known, to treat birds and flowers as things not existing in themselves, but only in literature; so that it was the duty of every person of English descent to carry the nightingale and the skylark with him in all works of imagination, as an Englishman carries Bass's ale. Until within some sixty years, American poetry may be searched in vain for any other ornithological stage-properties than these. It cost half a century of struggle for Lowell to get the bobolink and the oriole established in literature; and Emerson the chickadee, and Whittier the veery. At a later period, Emily Dickinson added the blue jay. The introduction to our own birds being once effected, it might have been hoped that it would remain valid; and that the nightingale and skylark might be relegated to museums, where those who sung of them had possibly seen them stuffed.

The hope, it seems, was premature. Now comes Mrs. Moulton and writes in the *Century Magazine* for September:

“Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky . . .
The morning lark to the far heavens soar;
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh?”

But she has lain down to sleep all her life in America, and never looked forward to seeing the morning lark on awaking. She never saw or sought the nightingale at dusk in the green lanes of her native Connecticut. Why then should she revert to the habits of her colonial ancestors, and meditate on these pleasing foreign fowl as necessary stage-properties for a vision

of death and immortality? Had she printed the sonnet in an English periodical, as a graceful concession to the natural prejudices of kind hosts around her, very well; but why in a New York magazine?

The explanation, doubtless, is that this particular sonnet was written in England, and that the author, who has spent many summers there, has, so to speak, interchanged her birds. Poor American birds! it was the general impression in England, down to Audubon's days, that they were songless, and perhaps it is now coming to be considered that they are non-existent; — as Mr. Grant Allen somewhere asserts that we have no wild flowers. Yet Thomas Hughes crossed the Atlantic, as he once told me, to hear Lowell's bobolink; and it is not rare to hear a caged mocking bird singing with banished melody in the alien realms of the Strand. It must be rather hard for the poor things when a gifted country woman thus walks straight by them and goes to her lodgings to bid a pensive farewell to the nightingale and the skylark.

Nor is Mrs. Moulton — who dwells in the sunshine of so many praises that she can bear a little criticism — the only offender in this way. Opening "Songs from Vagabondia," the reader finds on the very second page:

"But hearts like the throstle
A-joy in the bush."

Was it put in for rhyme, or is there any bird in America which is called, even locally, a throstle? The recent enlarged edition of Nuttall reports none. This name belongs to England and to literature; and it does not command much more confidence when our young authors write:

"As the nuthatch there that clings to the tip of the twig
And scolds to the wind that it buffets too rudely its nest."

But the American nuthatches put their nests in hollow trees or stumps, where the winds do not reach them; the description here given befits rather the Baltimore oriole. Perhaps,

however, it would be just to waive all criticism on Mr. Carman and Mr. Hovey, in view of the fact that they fairly and unequivocally avow themselves cis-Atlantic by their mention of the chipmunk.

Nothing is so hard as to foresee literary tendencies. When the first steamship crossed the Atlantic, Willis predicted that American literature would be colonialized by it, though Emerson and Hawthorne were already busy in establishing the contrary. On the other hand, when the International Copyright Bill was passed, there was a general prediction that now, at last, American literature would surely stand on its own feet. Is it a fulfilment of this when our authors now revert, for stage-properties, to the throstle and the nightingale?

The vexed question of realism and idealism does not enter into this matter of local coloring. For one, I have always maintained, even against Mr. Howells, that this issue merely concerns itself with the swing of the pendulum; and that the domain of literature is large enough to include both extremes. Adopt which alternative you please, touch the earth as much or as little as you will, it must be the genuine concrete earth, and not an abstraction. You cannot strike an average and distribute the features of your landscape between England and America, for instance; they must belong to the one or the other. To sprinkle them in at hap-hazard is as hopeless as that figure, satirized by Ruskin, which was a generalization between a pony and a pig. In walking with Tennyson in his own garden, I was struck with the fact that he could tell me, at a glance, which of his ferns grew also in America and which did not. And if an appeal to Tennyson as authority is a thing already old-fashioned, I would transfer the appeal to Shakspeare, who is never old-fashioned. In one of the finest lines of the fine characterization of Shakspeare by John Sterling, he says:

“With meaning learned from him forever glows
Each flower that England sees or star it knows.”

Let the *fin de siècle* movement go as far as it pleases, the literature of a nation must still have its own flowers beneath its feet, and its own birds above its head; or it will perish. If it begins by confusing these, it will end by confusing the facts of society and life also. Indeed, this additional process may be regarded as begun, when Mr. Crawford, in his latest novel, makes his New York heroine resort to "a dissenting minister" for purposes of consultation; the personage in question being as completely out of place in that locality as would be a queen or a parish beadle.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.



ASPIRATION

A FIERY soul set forth across the day,
 From out the west beyond the blood-red sun,
 And winged in arcs of light its flaming way
 To meet the silence where the east grew dun.

And lo! upon the summit of a star
 That marked the limit of the universe,
 The word of God set up its iron bar,
 And said, "No further, or I launch my curse."

The pinioned soul lay prone upon the crest
 And moaned, "'Twere heaven to break yon azure spell;
 But here to stay with question-tortured breast
 Through all eternity — ah, this is hell!"

W. J. HENDERSON.



IN THE HOUSE OF THE NORNS

THE valley of the Yonderhills lies east and west, with the sunrise at one end and the sunset at the other. Far away over the South mountain is the level world under the track of the sun, while beyond the North mountain stretch the unlit wastes of snow. It is a tenantless dooryard of silence, haunted by perpetual autumn and memories of empty years.

In the midst of that valley, beside the small silver water which runs whisperingly all day out of the fabulous Orient where no one has ever been, into the spacious West whence no one will ever return, stands the low house of the Norns, called Doomstead.

One day there was a sound of spinning within,— the soft, droning, dusty sound of the wheel. The Three were at work.

The house was of stone and oak,— hewn square, broad in the eaves. The door was square and wide and low. It stood open. The hinged windows stood open.

And where the October sunlight shifted upon the floor, a man-child sat absorbed with a tangled thread of yarn between his hands. Outside, the yellow leaves of the old ash tree in

the grassy yard rustled sweetly and fitfully in the wake of the journeying wind ; for it was morning day.

Almost fretfully now the child's fingers pulled at the snarl which was so weary to unravel, and his brows gathered in a knot. The small voice quivered as it cried to the eldest Norn,

“ O nurse, I cannot at all undo this tangle.”

Then the solemn figure left her spinning and came to him with a smile, and stood over him, and replied,

“ O manling, hast thou forgot so soon the lesson of yesterday? Surely the irresponsible stars have been about thee in thy dreams to make all my hard teaching vain. They have allured thee with some wayward fancy of their own. But the stars are sorry playmates, and thou must heed my word. Hast forgotten?

“ Twenty-four strands make one thread,
Seven threads make one skein,
Fifty-two skeins make one hank,
Eighty hanks make one spindle.”

“ O yes, yes, nurse ; I know, I know ! But this knot ; it says nothing of knots in the table. And I cannot find the end of the thread.”

“ Poor one, see ! ”

And the kind spinner took the thread in her hand, and passed it swiftly through her knowing fingers, until she showed him, where he had supposed there was only a blemish of the stuff or an unevenness of the spinning ; a tiny place where the two ends of the thread were knotted together into one.

As she smiled down on him, there was wonder in his answering eyes ; for he was too young to understand. He said no more.

Still she smiled, “ Poor one, dear one ! ”

And her laboring hand travelled down over his shining hair, fondling this waif, this apple of her eye.

“ Poor heart, dear heart,” she said, “ do not be discouraged.”

Then as she went over the lesson that was so hard to him, so old a story to herself, in the very monotony of the task there seemed to be relief, so that the child thought himself wiser as the well-worn words fell from his tongue, saying after her,

“Twenty-four strands make one thread,
Seven threads make one skein,
Fifty-two skeins make one hank,
Eighty hanks make one spindle.”

So the Norm went back to her spinning, and as the smile faded from her face, she mused half aloud,

“Fifty-two skeins make one hank,
Eighty hanks make one spindle.

“Yes, and a thousand and one spindles is the tale of work these aging hands must accomplish between one dawn and another. And for every day’s spinning there goes a notch upon the door-post, against the time when the overseer shall come. Brief is the light of day in this Auroral world. And I think the sun will have tired journeying so often from Yonderhill to Yonderhill, before the fill of the order be complete, and the tally reckoned upon the door-post, and the number of the spindles made up.

But the manling did not hear. He was busy with a saffron butterfly, flickering across the sunbeams above his reach.

B. C. GUEST.



MR. GILBERT PARKER

IN the summer of 1890 I was sitting one morning in the editorial room of *The Independent*, then at the corner of Broadway and Murray Street, when a card was handed to the editor.

“ Ask him to walk in.”

There appeared in the doorway a quiet man of the world. He was tall rather than medium, well-built, alert, with dark hair, dark square beard, and keen, observant, gray eyes. The forehead was a student's, serene and distinguished; the lower face an adventurer's — Hannibal's, perhaps, or Cartier's. He walked quickly without striding. When he spoke, his face lighted up with human friendliness, and as the conversation wore on he followed his topics with animation. He was earnest — not too earnest; the finished manner of a gentleman of culture and travel. Well-groomed, and marked with breeding rather than fashion, you would take him at once for an Englishman — or a New Yorker.

It was Mr. Gilbert Parker. And soon after this visit *The Independent* printed “The Patrol of the Cypress Hills,” the first of those wonderful tales of the far North, many of which were to appear in the same journal during the next year or two. In 1892 they were collected in a volume, and “Pierre and His People” was given to the world.

In these stories it was Mr. Parker's good fortune to be first in an unoccupied field. The unknown vastness of the Canadian Northwest furnished him with good hunting, only to be equalled in Mr. Kipling's India. In this little-known region, stretching far away into the land of perpetual night and everlasting snow, touched with the glamor of uncivilized romance and the mysticism of an earlier race, he found a background well suited to his purpose, a canvas large enough for the elemental scenes he wished to portray. For “Pierre” is not a drawing-room product — that daring, reckless, gambling, adorable half-breed. He has morals of his own, and is

not amenable to our strait code of petty conventions. A sinner he may be, a *man* he certainly is, and a distinct creation in our contemporary letters.

Indeed, it seems to me that one of Mr. Parker's strongest claims for a permanent place in literature will probably be based on his power to create character. Pierre, Gaston Belward, Mrs. Falchion, Andrée, Brillon, the Chief Factor,—these are characters of clear and biting distinctness. After reading of their doings, you have a strong individual remembrance of the men and women themselves, not a mere recollection of the story in which they figured. Yet the story is always there too, full of interest and movement, a thing to keep you up into the small hours of the night. It is a rare and telling combination of powers, this,—the power to portray striking figures to the life, added to the power of recounting any incident with a thrilling vividness. Give a man these two gifts, and then give him a third gift of style, a genius for phrase, and you may be sure to lend the world a great story writer. All these faculties Gilbert Parker has in abundance.

I said that Mr. Parker was fortunate in finding a background like the great Northwest. There is a primitive element in all he does that could be made apparent only with great difficulty if he had been confined to conventional life for his models. It is present, this strong, self-assured, manly outlook upon life, only in the youngest and the oldest communities. And by bringing these two into contact, Mr. Parker has emphasized very clearly the traits of human character he most admires. On every page he will be found in accord with the new romance movement.

“Gaston Belward was not sentimental: that belongs to the middle class Englishman's idea of civilization. But he had a civilization akin to the highest; incongruous, therefore, as the sympathy between the United States and Russia. The highest civilization can be independent. The English aristocrat is at home in the lodge of a Sioux chief or the bamboo-

hut of a Fijian, and makes brothers of 'Savages,' when those other formal folk, who spend their lives in keeping their dignity, would be lofty and superior."

And in this interplay of civilization and rough life, Mr. Parker, like some other of the most manly of his contemporaries, finds his inspiration. We know what an inveterate world-wanderer Mr. Kipling is. The ends of the earth will not let him rest. The elemental gypsy in a man drives him from India to Vermont, as it drove Mr. Stevenson from the Adirondacks to Samoa and many another corner of the world. It sends Mr. Richard Harding Davis to Paris, to Africa, to the plains, to the slums of New York,—anywhere where life is fresh and sincere and bare to the eye. It gives us, too, stories like "The Raiders," "The House of the Wolf," "A White Company," and all those restless novels which are crowding upon us today. We had become so over-nice in our feelings, so restrained and formal, so bound by habit and use in our devotion to the effeminate realists, that one side of our nature was starved. We must have a revolt at any cost. Naturally, then, all these young men who have at once the artist's eye and the adventurer's heart, as soon as they turned their hand to story-telling, sprang at once into favor. They have many things in common — spirit, courage, knowledge of the world, honesty, education, breeding, and a dislike of mawkishness and sentimentality. Art seems to them second to life; and a day of sport is better than a night of study. They would rather have gone down the world with Alexander of Macedon, or crossed the Alps with Napoleon, than have walked with Plato or supped with Virgil.

Mr. Stevenson in every volume, indeed, shows himself a writer for men rather than women. The stress and turmoil of the pursuits of men are more entertaining to him than the admirable virtues and beauties of women. And in all that excellent series of stories of the troublous times of Henry of Navarre, "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the

Wolf," "The Man in Black," as well as in "Francis Cludde," it is the thrilling incident, a new one to every page, which chiefly engages the writer's attention and captures his readers. Not analysis, but story-telling, pure and simple, is the aim of the school. To be life-like concerns them less than to be moving, enthralling, and vivid. And they are right. Great as has been the service rendered to English prose in the last half century by the realists (as they are called), they nevertheless cannot hope to have established a permanent manner in fiction or a permanent method. They have made palpable falsity and childish exaggeration forever impossible; and in future, whatever fashion of novel may come into vogue, its style must bear the impress of truth and conscientiousness given it under the tutorship of realism. All our careful studies in dialect and local color will come to be valued as contributions to the faithful history of our own time, as pieces of accurate self-portraiture; but they will in the main cease to be valued as literature. Only a few masterpieces of realism, and these touched by imagination, will find an abiding place in English letters. Realism has given us a careful and studious manner in art, which renders it delightful to the quiet and curious reader; but for the incurious and active man it is somewhat lacking in interest. The fault, perhaps, has been not so much in the theory of the realists as in their practice. They have not dared. They have been lacking in sincerity and manhood. They have too often allowed themselves to choose vapid and maudlin subjects, forgetting that while a charming manner is an inestimable aid to a storyteller, it can avail him nothing if he have after all no story to tell. A scrap of real life, say the realists, is always interesting, however humble or tame. But it is not. The commonplace in life does not interest us as much as the dramatic. Common people do not interest us as much as the uncommon, whether they be uncommon for virtue or beauty or daring or vice. We demand in art something better than we can find in ourselves.

Realism, like evolution, is good as a means to an end; of itself it proves nothing. And the one or two masters of realism in this country, while inculcating a doctrine of art neither final nor altogether sound, have been themselves such finished artists, that we have come until very lately to set too much store by their creed. At least, so it seems to me. But one must not be too insistent; for the great thing at last is to secure the spread of the beautiful and the right by whatever means. And if a man can get through "The Heavenly Twins" or "Marcella" or "Ships That Pass in the Night," and feel the better of it, in Heaven's name let him.

As a piece of literature, however,—as a piece of art really valuable,—any one of half a dozen stories in "Pierre and His People" will outlast anything ever written by the authors of these three monstrosities of letters.

"God's Garrison," "Three Outlaws," "The Stone," "Antoine and Angelique,"—these short stories along with a few by Mr. Quiller-Couch, in "Noughts and Crosses," cannot be overmatched anywhere short of the English Bible. And it is for the present a sufficient estimate of their author to say that he is one of the half dozen English novelists to whom the opening of the twentieth century is likely to belong.

BLISS CARMAN.



QUATRAINS

I. ART TO THE ARTIST

“ARE you content to yield me up your peace,
To bid me drink your youth as so much wine;
Fevered, to know not yours the perfect line,
And, when your brush begins to breathe, to cease?”

II. THE TORCH-RACE

Swift as on wing the first has sped his course,
And, wearied, fainting, dim with vain remorse,
Surrenders bright the torch to him behind
Who starts as swift to end as faint and blind.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.



MANDANY'S FOOL

“YE ain't got hungry for termarters, be ye?”

Someone had knocked at the screen door, and as there was no response, a man's strident, good-humored voice put the above question concerning tomatoes.

But somebody had heard.

A woman had been sitting in the kitchen with a pan of seek-no-further apples in her lap. She was paring and quartering these and then stabbing the quarters through and stringing them on yards of white twine, preparatory to festooning them on the clothes-horse which stood in the yard. This horse was already decorated profusely in this way. A cloud of wasps had flown from the drying fruit as the man walked up the path. He swung off his hat and waved the insects away.

“I say, have ye got hungry agin for termarters?” he repeated.

Then he rattled the screen; but it was hooked on the inside.

He turned and surveyed the three windows that were visible in the bit of a house.

"They wouldn't both be gone, 'n' left them apples out," he said to himself. "I'm 'bout sure Ann 's to home; 'n' she's the one I want to see."

A woman in the bed-room which opened from the kitchen was hurriedly smoothing her hair and peering into the glass. She was speaking aloud with the air of one who constantly talks to herself,

"Jest as sure 's I don't comb my hair the first thing, somebody comes."

She gave a last pat and went to the door. There was a faint smirk on her lips and a flush on her face.

Her tall figure was swayed by a slight, eager tremor as she saw who was standing there. She exclaimed,

"Goodness me! 'Taint you, Mr. Baker, is it? Wont ye walk right in? But I don't want no termarters; they always go aginst me. Aunt Mandany aint to home."

"Oh, aint she?" was the brisk response. "Then I guess I will come in."

The speaker pushed open the now unfastened door and entered. He set his basket of tomatoes with a thump on the rug, and wiped his broad, red face.

"Fact is," he said with a grin, "I knew she was gone. I seen her goin' crosst the pastur'. That's why I come now. I ain't got no longin' to see Aunt Mandany — no, sir-ee, not a grain of longin' to see her. But I thought 'twould be agreeable to me to clap my eyes on to you."

The woman simpered, made an inarticulate sound, and hurriedly resumed her seat and her apple cutting.

"Wont you se' down, Mr. Baker?" she asked.

Her fingers trembled as she took the darning needle and jabbed it through an apple quarter. The needle went into her flesh also. She gave a little cry and thrust her finger

into her mouth. Her large, pale eyes turned wistfully toward her companion. The faded, already elderly mouth quivered.

"I'm jest as scar't 's I c'n be if I see blood," she whispered.

Mr. Baker's heavy under lip twitched; his face softened. But he spoke roughly.

"You needn't mind that bit er blood," he said, "that wont hurt nothin'. I don't care if I do se' down. I aint drove any this mornin'. I c'n jest as well as not take hold 'n' help ye. I s'pose Mandany left a thunderin' lot for ye to do while she's gone?"

"Two bushels," was the answer.

"The old cat! That's too much. But 'twont be for both of us, will it, Ann?"

The woman said, "No."

She looked for an instant intently at the man who had drawn his chair directly opposite her. He was already paring an apple.

"I d' know what to make of it," she said, still in a whisper.

"To make of what?" briskly.

"Why, when folks are so good to me 's you be."

"Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like your Aunt Mandany."

"'Sh! Don't speak so loud! Mebby she'll be comin' back."

"No, she wont. 'N' no matter if she is."

The loud, confident tone rang cheerily in the room.

During the silence that followed Mr. Baker watched Ann's deft fingers.

"Everybody says you're real capable," he remarked.

A joyous red covered Ann's face.

"I jest about do all the work here," she said.

She looked at the man again.

There was something curiously sweet in the simple face. The patient line at each side of the close, pale mouth had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.

He had been known to say violently in conversation at the store that he "never seen Ann Tracy 'thout wantin' to thrash her Aunt Mandany."

"What in time be you dryin' seek-no-furthers for?" he now exclaimed with some fierceness. "They're the flattest kind of apples I know of."

"That's what Aunt says," was the reply; "she says they're most as flat's as I be, 'n' that's flat 'nough."

These words were pronounced as if the speaker were merely stating a well known fact.

"Then what does she do um for?" persisted Mr. Baker.

"She says they're good 'nough to swop for groceries in the spring?"

Mr. Baker made a deep gash in an apple, and held his tongue.

Ann continued her work, but she took a good deal of seek-no-further with the skin in a way that would have shocked Aunt Mandany.

Suddenly she raised her eyes to the sturdy face opposite her and said,

"I guess your wife had a real good time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she was livin'?"

Mr. Baker dropped his knife. He glanced up and met the wistful gaze upon him.

Something that he had thought long dead stirred in his consciousness.

"I hope so," he said gently. "I do declare I tried to make her have a good time."

"How long 's she be'n dead?"

"'Most ten year. We was livin' down to Norris Corners then."

The man picked up his knife and absently tried the edge of it on the ball of his thumb.

"I s'pose," said Ann, "that folks are sorry when their wives die."

Mr. Baker gave a short laugh.

"Wall, that depends."

"Oh, does it? I thought folks had to love their wives, 'n' be sorry when they died."

Here Mr. Baker laughed again. He made no other answer for several minutes. At last he said,

"I was sorry enough when my wife died."

A great pile of quartered apples was heaped up in the wooden bowl before either spoke again.

Then Ann exclaimed with a piteous intensity,

"Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt Mandany's fool!"

Mr. Baker stamped his foot involuntarily.

"How jew know they call you that?" he cried in a great voice.

"I heard Jane Littlefield tell Mis' Monk she hoped nobody 'd ask Mandany's fool to the sociable. And Mr. Fletcher's boy told me that's what folks called me."

"Damn Jane Littlefield! Damn that little devil of a boy!"

These dreadful words burst out furiously.

Perhaps Ann did not look as shocked as she ought.

In a moment she smiled her immature, simple smile that had a touching appeal in it.

"'Taint no use denyin' it," she said; "I aint jes' like other folks, 'n' that's a fact. I can't think stiddy more 'n a minute. Things all run together, somehow. 'N' the back er my head 's odd 's it can be."

"Pooh! What of it? There can't any of us think stiddy; 'n' if we could what would it amount to, I should like to know? It wouldn't amount to a row of pins."

Ann dropped her work and clasped her hands. Mr. Baker saw that her hands were hard, and stained almost black on fingers and thumbs by much cutting of apples.

"Ye see," she said in a tremulous voice, "sometimes I think if mother had lived she'd er treated me so 't I could think stiddier. I s'pose mother 'd er loved me. They say mothers do. But Aunt Mandany told me mother died the

year I got my fall from the cherry tree. I was eight then. I don't remember nothin' 'bout it, nor 'bout anything much. Mr. Baker, do you remember your mother?"

Mr. Baker said "Yes," abruptly. Something made it impossible for him to say more.

"I d' know how 'tis," went on the thin, minor voice, "but it always did seem to me 's though if I could remember my mother I could think stiddier, somehow. Do you think I could?"

Mr. Baker started to his feet.

"I'll be dumb'd 'f I c'n stan' it," he shouted. "No, nor I wont stan' it, nuther!"

He walked noisily across the room.

He came back and stood in front of Ann, who had patiently resumed work.

"Come," he said, "I think a lot of ye. Le's git married."

Ann looked up. She straightened herself.

"Then I should live with you?" she asked.

"Of course."

She laughed.

There was so much of confident happiness in that laugh that the man's heart glowed youthfully.

"I shall be real glad to marry you, Mr. Baker," she said. Then, with pride, "'N' I c'n cook, 'n' I know first rate how to do housework."

She rose to her feet and flung up her head.

Mr. Baker put his arm about her.

"Le's go right along now," he said, more quickly than he had yet spoken. "We'll call to the minister's 'n' engage him. You c'n stop there. We'll be married to-day."

"Can't ye wait till I c'n put on my bunnit 'n' shawl?" Ann asked.

She left the room. In a few moments she returned dressed for going. She had a sheet of note-paper, a bottle of ink and a pen in her hands.

"I c'n write," she said confidently, "'n' I call it fairer to leave word for Aunt Mandany."

"All right," was the response; "go ahead."

Mr. Baker said afterward that he never got much more nervous in his life than while Ann was writing that note. What if Mandany should appear! He wasn't going to back out, but he didn't want to see that woman.

The ink was thick, the pen was like a pin, and Ann was a good while making each letter, but the task was at last accomplished. She held out the sheet to her companion.

"Aint that right?" she asked.

Mr. Baker drew his face down solemnly as he read:

DERE AUNT MANDANE

I'm so dretfull Tired of beeing youre fool that ime going too be Mr. Bakers. He askt me.

ANN.

"That's jest the thing," he said explosively. "Now, come on."

As they walked along in the hot fall sunshine Mr. Baker said earnestly,

"I'm certain sure we sh'll be ever so much happier."

"So'm I," Ann replied with cheerful confidence.

They were on a lonely road, and they walked hand in hand.

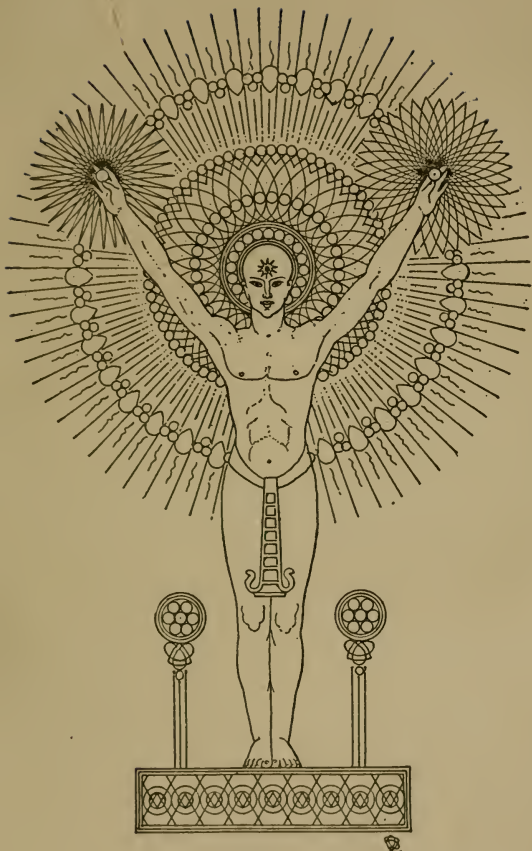
"I'm goin' to be good to ye," said the man with still more earnestness. Then, in a challenging tone, as if addressing the world at large, "I guess 'taint nobody's business but our'n."

Ann looked at him and smiled trustfully.

After a while he began to laugh.

"I'm thinkin' of your Aunt Mandany when she reads that letter," he explained.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.



A PRIEST OF RA

NOTES

IN view of the impending publication of "The Sphinx," is there any significance in Porter & Coates' announcement of "Oscar in Africa," by Harry Castlemon?

Robert Louis Stevenson and Conan Doyle have never met. For several years, however, they have corresponded with more or less regularity, and when Dr. Doyle announced his intention of coming to America, Mr. Stevenson wrote him, characteristically, from Samoa:

"Come out and stop awhile with us. You can easily find your way. After leaving San Francisco, we're the second town on the left."

Dr. Doyle, by the way, is a larger man than I fancied him. He must be six feet three or four, and proportionately thick set. He is splendidly big and manly looking and is little like the conventional literary man. He is an athlete and he evidently thinks more of a good out-of-doors time than of literary and artistic interiors, for the first thing he did, after landing in New York, was to arrange for a week's hunting in the Adirondacks.

In some pleasant way Dr. Doyle seems to have inspired a faith in the accuracy of his stories such as has been rarely accorded to a writer of historical novels. The Longmans announce "Micah Clarke. A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. Adapted for School Use." How dare they confess they have been giving us history,—true history such as they study in schools,—hidden under a coating of romance! The days of literature with a purpose are evidently still with us.

It is quite unfair in any publishers to print a book of folklore tales and label them "for children." For my part I do not mean to be cheated out of them, and I warn the Century Company that I—to whom classification among youngsters

would be the veriest flattery—shall read “The Man who Married the Moon.” If Mr. Charles Lummis has made his stories of the Pueblo Indians half as delightful as the title is I shall not waste my time.

Furthermore, I accuse these same publishers of an attempt to defraud me in the same way of Peter Newell’s “Topsys and Turvys No. 2,” and of a book with a most engaging title, “Imaginations. Truthless Tales by Tudor Jenks.”

They have an odd duty on books in Canada. It was formerly an *ad valorem* duty of fifteen per cent; but this spring it was changed to a specific duty of six cents per pound. Now here is a fine way of estimating literature! So much a pound! On consideration, however, you will find it a wise precision. Canada is a protected country. The publishing business is small, and is chiefly in cheap books. Costly books would not be made there in any case. And a duty of so much per pound bears heavily on the importation of twenty-five and fifty cent literature from the States and lightly on the importation of expensive books, English or American. When I have to pay five or ten dollars on one of Mr. William Morris’s handsome volumes, I wish I were under that happy Canadian tariff, six cents on the pound.

Mr. Eugene Field is soon to publish—through the Messrs. Scribner—a new book of verses, called “Love Songs of Childhood.” Of this I am very glad, for Mr. Field’s work of this sort is always charming: it is pretty and childlike; it is supremely simple and sufficiently sentimental. (And I confess I like sentimental things now and then.) To my mind, no one, in this country at least, has ever done lovelier lullabies, and word of a new volume of them gives one a premonition of pleasure.

Someone who has just come from Bowdoin College tells me that the new art building, for which Elihu Vedder did the

decorations, is one of the most satisfactory pieces of architecture done of late years in America. The little corner of Maine is fortunate. In painful contrast the art building at Harvard stands out. For I hear that Professor Charles Eliot Norton has already given it his qualified condemnation. He says, I believe, that it is pleasing neither from its location, material, nor its architecture. Everyone in any way connected with Harvard will deplore the necessity which prevented the corporation from allowing Professor Norton free scope for his ideas, and very few can doubt that if this had been done the result would have been better.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is to be honoured beyond the majority of American writing men. He has just been "discovered" by the French and they are about to pay him a very pretty compliment. His "Main-Travelled Roads" are being translated and will soon appear in a leading Parisian Review; and there is, into the bargain, a plan to bring out an elaborate French edition of the stories. This, I fancy, will be as much of a surprise to Mr. Garland as to anyone else. Contrary to expectation, his stories did not have any considerable success in England and one little dreamed of their taking in France. And yet, when one comes to think of it, they have exactly the qualities which are popular among the French. They ought to attract not a little attention, and the comments of the other French papers will be edifying.

I confess I had been boasting a bit. My friend interrupted me. "That's a queer kind of economy you practice," he said. "It reminds me of a Japanese proverb which goes something like this: 'The good man and his wife go to bed at eight o'clock to save coal-oil — and beget triplets.'"

Boston has a new magazine — *The Bostonian*. It is issued in two editions: one in paper, the other bound in cloth. In its way, it is unique. Number one contains the early chapters

of a suppressed novel and the first instalments of a serial history of "The Development of the Shoe and Leather-Trade in Massachusetts (beautifully illustrated)." What more could one desire?

Admirer that I am of M. Maeterlinck, I find the Belgian poet's new volume of "Three Little Dramas for Marionettes" unfortunately lacking in freshness. Though his old motives of the fear of death are used effectively, they are the same old motives; and though his scenery of decaying ancient castles is still effective, it is the same. I find there is danger of no longer feeling the "new shiver" which "La Princesse Maleine" and "Les Aveugles" gave me.

The popularity—if I may call it that—of Maeterlinck suggests a contrast with the comparative obscurity of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, his predecessor and in many ways his master. Maeterlinck has a scene in "Alladine et Palomides" where the lovers are left to die in subterranean vaults. They seem to be surrounded by wonders of beauty until, as the rescuers pierce the walls, the daylight shows all their marvels to be cheap and tawdry. This reminds me of the closing scene of "Axel," that wonderfully significant drama of Villiers! Axel has renounced the intellectual world, and Sara the religious world, each in the search for a hidden treasure. They meet, for the first time, in the crypt of an ancient castle. Life, at that moment, seems to offer to them wealth, power, and, above all, a new birth of love. "We can now realize all our dreams," exclaims Sara. And Axel replies, summing up the thought of a whole generation in one illuminating sentence: "Why realize them? They are so splendid!" A deeper meaning, it seems to me, than any to be found in Maeterlinck's plays; it explains half the vagaries of the century's end.

I confess myself somewhat at a loss to understand the opinion most Englishmen seem to have had of the *National*

Observer when it was under Mr. William E. Henley's direction. To my mind it was far and away the most entertaining of the reviews, and it had such new and clever stuff that I marvel at its failure. You remember the "Barrack Room Ballads" were first published in its pages, and then there were Kenneth Graham's essays and stories, and Mr. Street's delightful "Autobiography of a Boy," and parts of "Pierre and His People," and any number of other things. There was always a suggestion of the lasting in the *National Observer's* literature which the other papers didn't have.

Without discussing the value or significance of the work the lady-novelists have been giving us during the past year, they have yet made the period one of stress and confusion. The calm dignity of a novel like "The Manxman" comes with a great relief. Not that Mr. Hall Caine's book does not stir one. He has made of his old, old story of love and friendship something passionate, strong, alive. And even if to some he has at places, as he has to me in Pete's final and great sacrifice of his child to Philip, been not entirely convincing, he has proved one most important thing. The simple, elemental passions and motives are as real and living to us as the most complex and curious which we are told to believe are the essence of modernity. "The Manxman," like "Tess" before it, is written for all men and all times.



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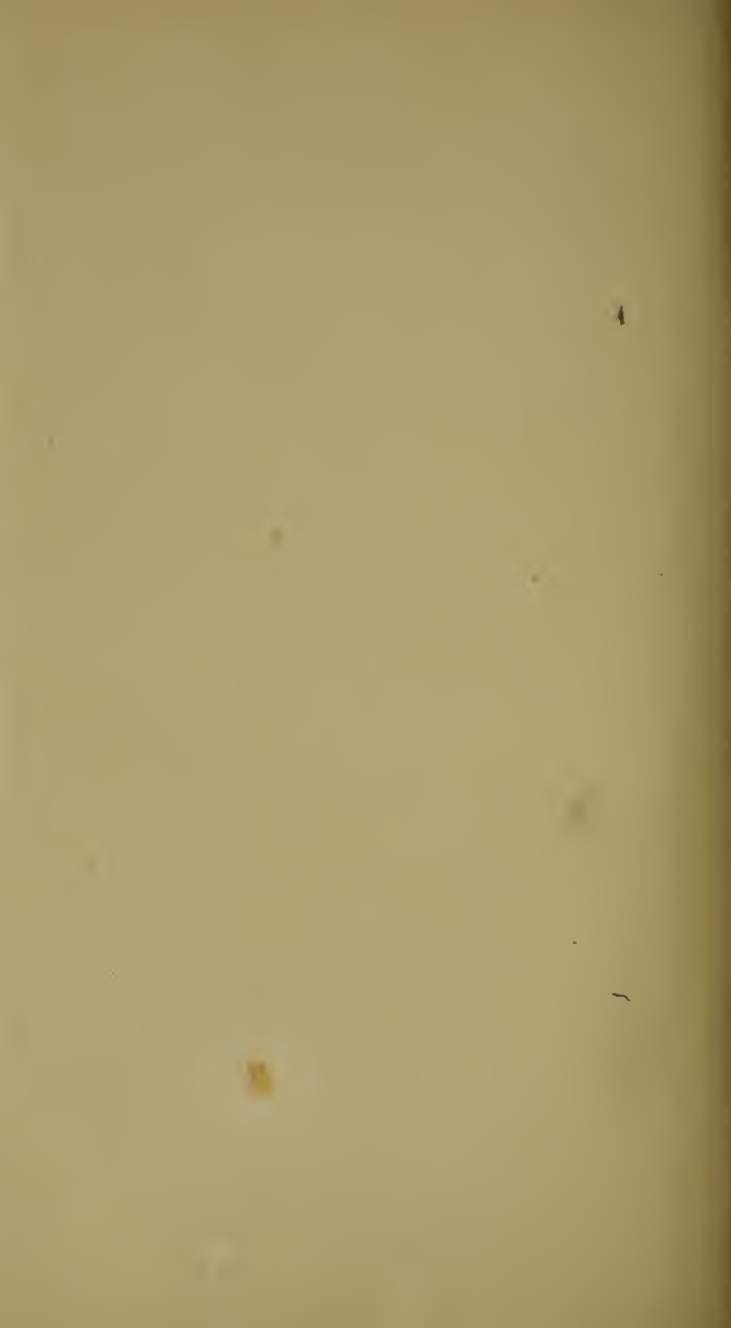
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